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THE SEA-BUILDERS.

By Ray Stannard Baker.

TYPICAL INSTANCES OF THE BOLDNESS, SKILL, AND ENDURANCE OF THE MEN WHO ERECT THE DANGER SIGNALS ON ROCKS AND SHOALS.

Illustrated with Photographs Loaned by the United States Lighthouse Board, and Other Pictures.

UPON a dark night, the entire Atlantic coast of the United States from the easternmost point of Maine to Cape Lookout in North Carolina is marked with lights like a city street. Before the watch on a coastwise steamer plying down loses one light over the vessel's stern, another flashes white or red above the prow. Southward from Cape Lookout to the tip of Florida, around the Gulf of Mexico, and up the Pacific coast, a steamer is never more than two hours' sailing beyond the range of some one of these signboards of the sea. Every harbor fairway on the entire 25,000 miles of coast-line bears its own distinctive lights and buoys, so that even the most blunder-headed skipper cannot go astray. The navigator of fresh water may travel the length of the great lakes and up the Mississippi, or up any one of a score of other great rivers, and find a warning light blinking at him from every bar and reef.

In its solicitude for the ships that seek its harbors, the United States Government maintains more than 1,100 lighthouses and lighted beacons; eighty-eight light-vessels and lantern buoys; and nearly 1,800 post lights, most of which mark the shores of navigable rivers. Three hundred and fifty-four siren signals, besides other hundreds operated in connection with the regular lighthouse service, blow a deep bass warning at the rising of a fog. Whistling-buoys, bell-buoys, and shoal-buoys to the number of nearly 5,000 are distributed along the channels of a hundred harbors. In the daytime dangerous bits of coast or river are indicated by 434 day beacons. A fleet of forty-one vessels and more than 4,200 men are required to attend, repair, and supply these aids to navigation; the cost to the people of the country being between $3,000,000 and $4,000,000 a year.

A large proportion of the lighthouses, which are by far the most important governmental works for the protection of the mariner, are built on land well above the wash of the sea, where the construction requires only the ordinary skill of the carpenter, the mason, and the iron-worker. The small remaining residue, the off-shore lights, built in the most difficult and dangerous locations that can be selected, have cost more, both in construction and in subsequent maintenance, than all the others put together. The true sea-builder speaks with something akin to contempt for the ordinary shore light. He must have tides, breakers, ice-packs, wrecks, fierce currents, and wind storms to test his metal and to show what he can do. Not only must he be a skilled engineer and builder, but he has need of the mysterious human elements of courage, executive foresight, re-

"WHEN IT IS EVENING" (opposite page).—*When it is evening, ye say, It will be fair weather: for the sky is red.* —Matt. xvi. 2. Not literally red, but, as I have observed it, of a fiery glow of red and yellow, a brazen sky, the ending of a brilliant day. The intense vividness of color in the sky is peculiarly Syrian, and the contrast of reds and violets on the earth is equally Syrian. Where the olives do not give a note of green—a real green, in this envelope of yellow light—there are but the two harmonies, orange and violet, running their gamuts of varying tones.—Artist's Note. See "The Life of the Master," by Dr. John Watson, p. 278.

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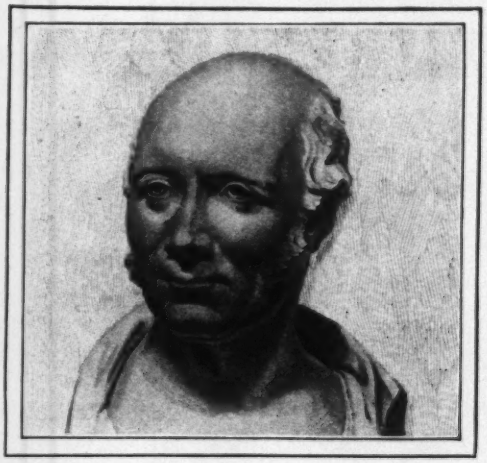
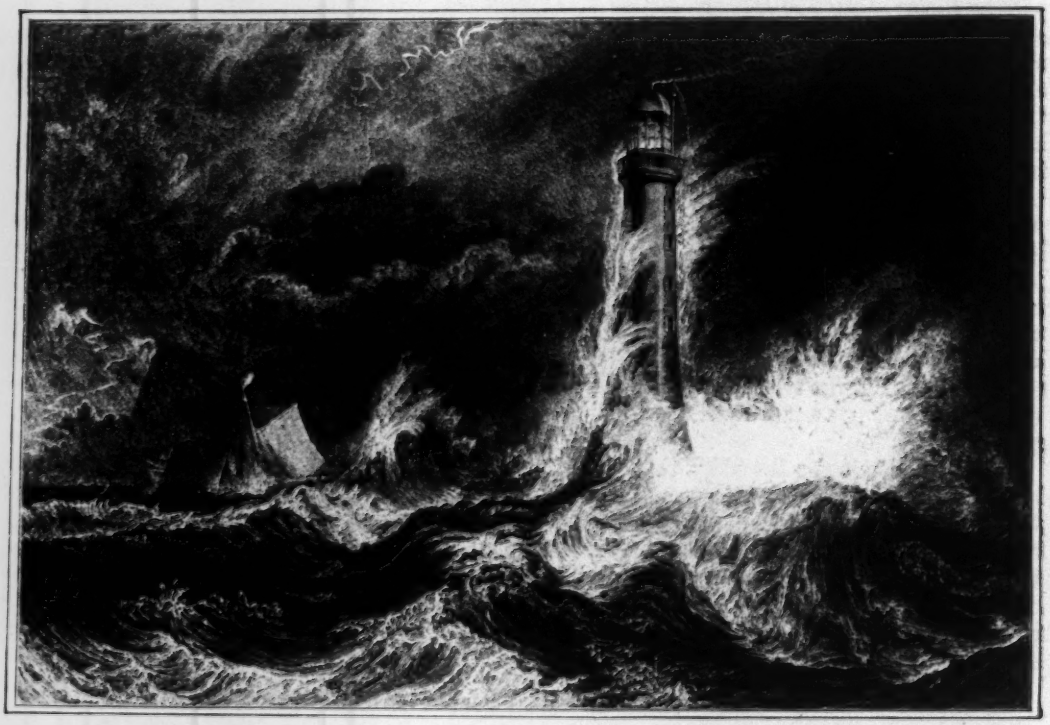
sourcefulness in the face of danger, and perseverance in surmounting obstacles.

In lighthouse building, the stone-tower light easily takes precedence both in age and in the difficulties and dangers which attend its construction. A little more than 140 years ago, John Smeaton, a maker of odd and intricate scientific instruments and a dabbler in mechanical engineering, was called upon to place a light on the bold reefs of Eddystone, near Plymouth, England, and it is to him that the world owes the idea of building a lighthouse in the form of a solid stone tower. In stone-tower lights, as in all other kinds, the first and greatest difficulty which the builder has to meet lies in placing the foundation. For instance, when Captain Alexander began work on Minot's Ledge, in 1855, he had an apparently impossible problem to solve. A bold, black knob of rock lay in the sea just off the southeastern chop of Massachusetts Bay. At high tide the waters covered it entirely, and its place was indicated by a few restless breakers, or, if the water was very calm, by a smooth, oily, treacherous eddy. At the lowest tide, a glistening head, laced around with a collar of surf, protruded a few feet above the surface of the water. In thirty years' time forty-three vessels had been dashed to pieces upon it,



ROBERT STEVENSON, BUILDER OF THE FAMOUS BELL ROCK LIGHTHOUSE, AND AUTHOR OF IMPORTANT INVENTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS IN THE SYSTEM OF SEA LIGHTING.

From a bust by Joseph, now in the library of Bell Rock Lighthouse.



THE BELL ROCK LIGHTHOUSE, ON THE EASTERN COAST OF SCOTLAND.

From the painting by Turner. The Bell Rock Lighthouse was built by Robert Stevenson, grandfather of Robert Louis Stevenson, on the Inchcape Reef, in the North Sea, near Dundee, Scotland, in 1807-1810.

twenty-seven of which were totally lost, together with their crews. A small light, propped on wrought-iron piles, had already occupied the rock; but on a stormy night in April, 1851, while the bell in the tower was ringing furiously, the waves and the wind twisted it from its moorings, and hurled it more than a hundred feet off into the sea, carrying the keepers with it. Upon this ill-fated rock Captain Alexander agreed to build a stone tower 106 feet high and thirty feet in diameter at the base. On his first visit to the reef, it was so slippery with sea moss, and the waves dashed over it so fiercely, that he could not maintain his footing. Part of the ledge was always covered with water, and the remainder, even at low tide, was never bare more than three or four hours at a time.

THE PRESENT LIGHTHOUSE ON MINOT'S LEDGE, NEAR THE ENTRANCE OF MASSACHUSETTS BAY, FIFTEEN MILES SOUTHEAST OF BOSTON.

"Rising sheer out of the sea, like a huge stone cannon, mouth upward."—LONGFELLOW.

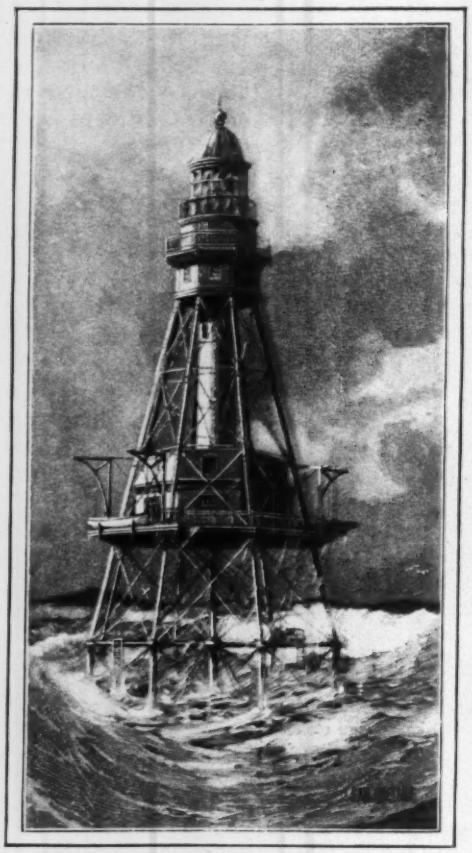
Captain Alexander sent a crew of men to the rock to scrape it clear of weeds and to cut level steps on which they could maintain a firm footing. They worked with desperate haste and energy. When a great wave came rolling in from the sea, the foreman shouted, and they all fell on their faces, clinging together, and held their breath until the rock was bare again. Sometimes when a storm blew up suddenly and the boats dared not approach near enough to effect a landing, the boatswain was accustomed to cast out a line. One of the workmen would seize it, make it fast to his wrist, and plunge boldly into the sea. Then the sailors would pull him in like a great clumsy cod. Working in instant danger of their lives, and continually drenched and suffering from the smarting of salt-water sores, Captain Alexander's men were able to cut only four or five little foot-holes in the rock during the whole of the first season. But they could console themselves with the fact that it took Winstanley, in building the first Eddystone light, four years to drill twelve foundation holes and fit them with iron rods.

In the second year, the workmen succeeded in building an iron platform twenty feet above low water. Ropes were stretched between the piles on which it rested, and when the waves were high, the men clung to them to prevent being washed into the sea. The next winter a big coast-wise bark, driven in by a storm, swept away the platform, crushed the face of the rock, and ruined the result of two years of hard work in a single night. In the third year, the workmen succeeded in laying four foundation stones; and in the fifth year, the six lower courses of the tower were completed. The work of fitting the stones in place was full of excitement. Stout bags of sand were swung on a crane from a boat to the rock. While they were pitching and tossing in the air, the men caught them, and piled them up in the form of a small pen, and rammed them firmly together. Sometimes it took three or four staggering men, each clinging with one hand to the life-ropes, to handle a single bag. The inside of

this primitive coffer-dam was then bailed out, and wiped dry with a sponge. Meantime the men on the boat had prepared the stone by laying it on a piece of thin muslin covered with mortar, like a mustard plaster. The edges of the muslin were then drawn up around the top of the stone, and it was lowered into the coffer-dam. Each stone was dovetailed so that it fitted closely into the stone next adjoining it in the course. The difficulty of fitting a stone held aloft on a swinging crane with the waves dashing around the workmen's legs can well be imagined. Quantities of sledges and drills were swept from the rock and lost. One of the more inventive workmen conceived the idea of wearing a life-belt and fastening his sledge to his wrist. This method was generally adopted, and it worked admirably until a breaker washed one of the men off the rock. Owing to the weight on his wrist, he went down head first, and his legs were left sprawling above the surface of the water. He was rescued with the greatest difficulty.

In five years' time the light was finished, "rising sheer out of the sea," as Longfellow describes it, "like a huge stone cannon, mouth upward." It cost the government $300,000.

The devotion and the loyalty of the lighthouse builder approach the enthusiasm of the soldier in the heat of battle. When the first of that famous family of engineers, the Stevensons, was building the Bell Rock Light on the Inchcape Reef, his Scotchmen worked with the desperation of despair. Only two could remain on the rock at a time, but they stuck there with the tenacity of leeches, the cold water of the North Sea bearing down every few minutes and whipping entirely over them. In describing the progress of the work, Stevenson tells with quaint humor how the drenched workers were cheered by a sailor on board the work-ship who played sweetly on a German flute. Iron rods were fastened into the reef to hold the courses of the tower. When the first stone was at last swung out on the tipsy crane, the workmen, ragged and chilled, and worn with the hard struggle, clung to the iron rods and cheered madly, like soldiers just over the crest of an enemy's fort.



THE FOWEY ROCKS LIGHTHOUSE, FLORIDA.

LAYING A WALL UNDER THE ICE-COLD WATERS OF LAKE HURON.

One of the most difficult of all stone-tower lighthouses to build was the Spectacle Reef Light, in the northern end of Lake Huron, near the Straits of Mackinac. Here the problem was to deal not with tides or heavy seas, but with the crushing force of the ice-packs that came down out of the North and moved with all of the mighty power of a glacier. The site of the tower was a lone rock lying more than ten miles from land and eleven feet under the surface of the water. At first the engineers declared the work impossible of accomplishment, but the wreck of a number of valuable vessels on the reef spurred them to attempt it. The plans were drawn by General O. M. Poe, who was Sherman's chief engineer on the famous march to the sea. An enormous wooden crib, ninety-two feet square, twenty-four feet high, and enclosing a space sixty-eight feet square, was built at a harbor twelve miles away, and towed out to the rock. Here it was sunk to the bottom, and weighted with stone, and thus was formed a quiet pond in which the work could be prosecuted. A bottomless tub, thirty-six feet in diameter and having staves fourteen feet long, was now built, and suspended exactly over the site of the tower. A rope of oakum was tacked to its lower edge; and then when a diver had

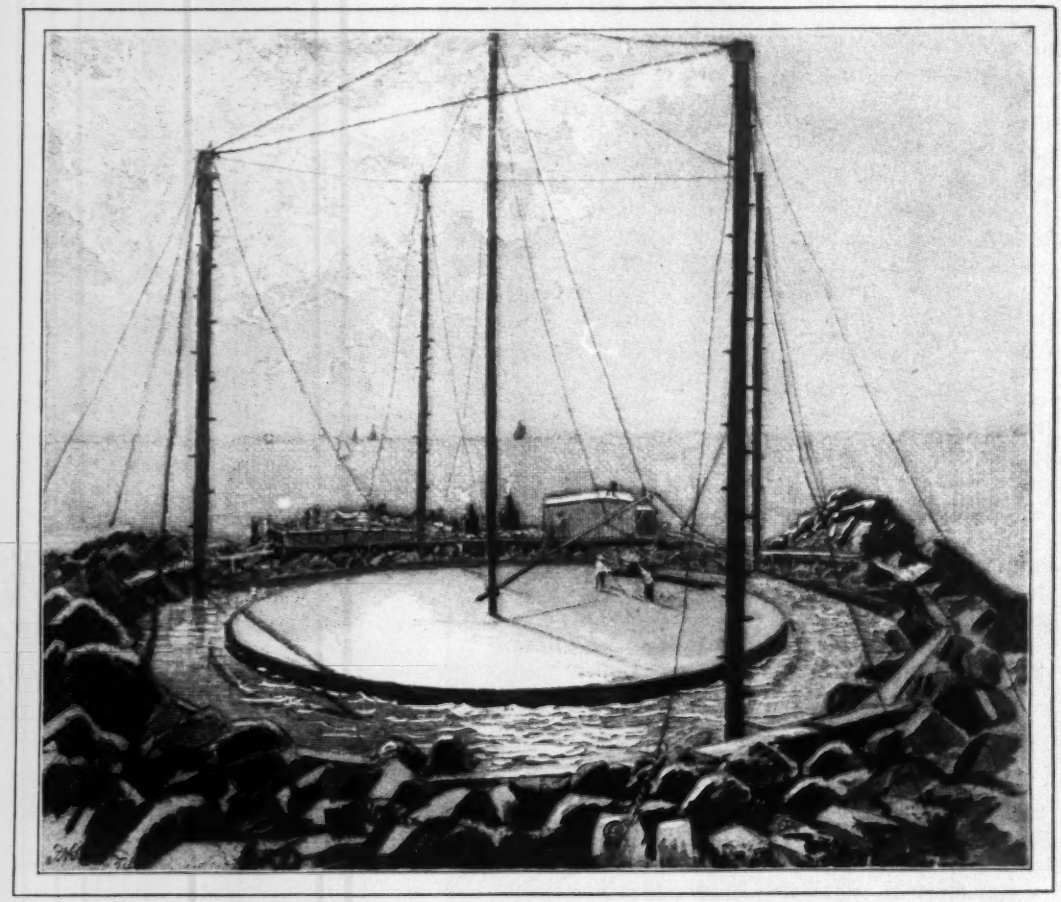
A STORM AT THE TILLAMOOK LIGHTHOUSE, IN THE PACIFIC, ONE MILE OUT FROM TILLAMOOK HEAD, OREGON.

cleaned off the rock below, the tub was lowered into the water and down to the rock. The staves were mauled down until each pressed close down on the rock. Then the divers, toiling in the icy water, filled all of the openings around the bottom of the tub with hay and Portland cement. The tub being thus made perfectly tight, a huge pump soon emptied it of all the water, and the rock lay clean and bare, ready for the workmen.

Owing to the approach of winter, great haste was necessary to secure the preliminary work so that it would not be affected by the ice. Not infrequently the men were called out at three o'clock in the morning, and they were allowed only a few minutes for meals during a day's work, which often lasted from eighteen to twenty-one hours. During the last days of the season, snow and sleet fell almost constantly, and the waves frequently dashed over the breakwater, keeping the men drenched. The next summer the work was continued with renewed zeal. For the first thirty-four feet, the tower was built of solid masonry, thirty-two feet in diameter, the stones all dovetailed firmly together, and the courses attached one to another with heavy iron rods. In the top of the tower, five keepers' rooms were built, one above the other, and connected with spiral stairways. Far up at the pinnacle, stands the cylindrical box of iron and glass which protects the light. The cost of the Spectacle Reef tower was $375,000. In the spring after it was finished, the work of the builders was given a remarkable test. The keepers, returning to their sturdy charge, found the hitherto irresistible ice-pack piled to a depth of more than thirty feet around the tower, so that they had to cut their way in to the door. Following General Poe's plans, a similar lighthouse was afterwards constructed on Stannard Rock, in Lake Superior.

WINTERING ON A WAVE-SWEPT ROCK IN THE NORTH PACIFIC.

Even more formidable difficulties and dangers were encountered in building Tillamook



CONSTRUCTION OF THE RACE ROCK LIGHTHOUSE, LONG ISLAND SOUND, NEW YORK.

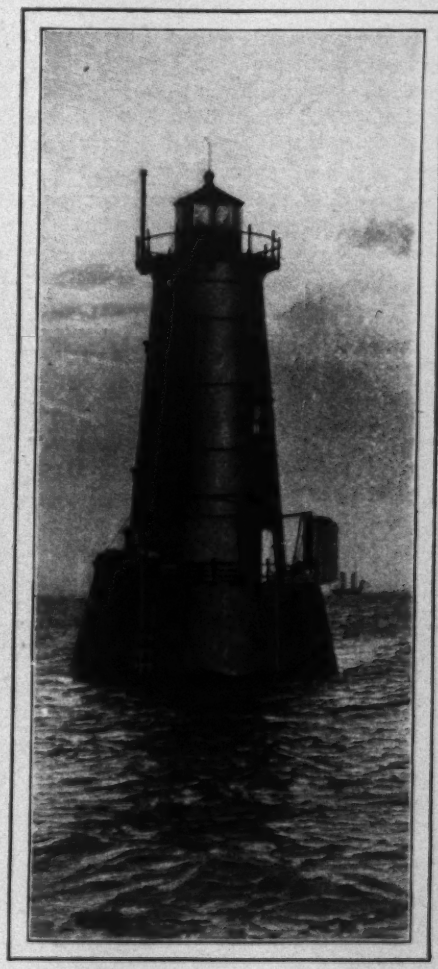
This picture, showing the state of the foundation on September 5, 1874, is from a sketch by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, the constructing engineer.

lighthouse, off the coast of Oregon. While its foundation is not submerged, yet because of its exposed position in the ocean it belongs properly among the off-shore lights. The island rock on which it rests rises a sheer eighty feet above a brawling sea. It is only a mile from the mainland, but the nearest harbor, owing to the precipitous shores, is twenty miles away, at the mouth of the Columbia River. So violent are the waves that break around the ragged edges of the island, that it was only with the utmost difficulty that the surveyors made their first landings. One expedition was headed by an experienced English lighthouse-builder named Trewavas. When he reached the rock, it was edged with surf, although the sea outside was almost wholly calm. When the boat was swept up close to the rock, he and one of the sailors leaped for shore. Trewavas stumbled, and was carried out to sea, and drowned in sight of his boat's crew.

One of the earliest and oddest difficulties with which the Tillamook builders had to contend was an immense herd of sea-lions, which defended their ancient citadel with persistent valor. Before the workmen were allowed undisputed possession, they were compelled to arm themselves, and drive the herd repeatedly into the sea.

Owing to the great difficulty in making landings, most of the workmen were sent to the rock in a breeches-buoy. A thick hawser was stretched from the summit of the island to the mast of a ship lying 300 feet away in calm water. Along this traveled the buoy, which consisted of a life-preserver fastened to a stout pair of breeches cut off at the knees. Sometimes when the water was a trifle rough, giving the ship a rolling motion, the hawser would slacken suddenly, let the buoy and its passenger drop with sickening velocity into the sea, and then snatch them out, and hurl them fiercely a hundred feet

in air. Only men of seasoned pluck could be persuaded to make this trip at all. A large crew were finally landed, with supplies enough to last them several months, and at the coming of winter and rough weather the ship was compelled to leave them to their fate. One night in January, a tornado drove the waves entirely over the rock, crushing the tent in which the men slept, and washing away most of their provisions and nearly all of their tools, clothing, and equipment. For days at a time, in the coldest weather of a northern winter, they were compelled to lie clinging to the slippery rock, drenched with icy water, exposed to swiftly succeeding storms of snow and sleet, and cut by the sharp sea winds. During all of this time they had no sufficient means of warming themselves, practically no fresh water to drink, and nothing to eat but hard-tack and bacon, soaked in sea water. Few Arctic explorers have had to suffer the perils and privations to which these lighthouse-builders were subjected. And yet they lived, and built a great lighthouse on the summit of the rock.



THE GREAT BEDS LIGHT STATION, RARITAN BAY, NEW JERSEY—A SPECIMEN OF IRON-CYLINDER CONSTRUCTION.

Colonel G. L. Gillespie, the engineer who had charge of this wonderful work, tells an amusing story of the difficulties of the lighthouse establishment in finding a cook who was willing to live on the rock, cut off wholly for months at a time from communication with the outside world. Finally, a portly, good-natured German named Greuber agreed to accept the position. He was promptly sent down to Tillamook, but when he saw the tossing breeches-buoy in which he was expected to make the passage to the rock, he held fast to the rail of the ship. "I'm too fat," he explained.

On his return to Astoria his friends made so much fun of him that he declared he would go to the rock if it killed him. He turned as white as chalk when the buoy was strapped around him, but he made the trip without even wetting his feet. After that, however, nothing would persuade him to venture again in the perilous buoy, and he died recently on the rock after nearly sixteen years of continuous service there.

The builder of Race Rock Light, in Long Island Sound, was Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, known as the author of "Colonel Carter" and "Caleb West." Here again the work of construction was fraught with extraordinary difficulties and dangers. The foundation rock is just off Fisher's Island Sound, at a point where the water rushes both ways, according to the tide, with great force. A quantity of stone riprap was thrown into the swift water, where it was arranged by divers, and then covered with a circular mass of concrete, on which a tower of solid granite was constructed.

A stone-tower lighthouse bears much the same relation to an iron-pile lighthouse that a sturdy oak bears to a willow twig. One meets the fury of wind and wave by stern resistance, opposing force to force; the other conquers its difficulties by avoiding them. The principles of construction in the two are entirely different, and the builder of the screw-pile or disk-pile light is confronted by his own peculiar problems and dangers. For southern waters, where there is no danger of moving ice-packs, iron-pile lighthouses have been found very useful, although the action of the salt water on the iron piling necessitates frequent repairs. More than eighty lights of this de-

scription dot the shoals of Florida and the adjoining States. Some of the oldest ones still remain in use in the North, notably the one on Brandywine Shoal, in Delaware Bay, but it has been found necessary to surround them with strongly built ice-breakers.

A BRILLIANT WAITING BATTLE FOUGHT ON SOLDIER KEY.

Two magnificent iron-pile lights are found on Fowey Rocks and American Shoal, off the coast of Florida, the first of which was built with much difficulty. Fowey Reef lies five miles from the low coral island of Soldier Key. Northern storms, sweeping down the Atlantic, brush in wild breakers over the reef and out upon the little key, often burying it entirely under a torrent of water. Even in calm weather the sea is rarely quiet enough to make it safe for a vessel of any size to approach the reef. The builders erected a stout elevated wharf and storehouse on the key, and brought their men and tools to await the opportunity to dart out when the sea was at rest and begin the work of marking the reef. Before shipment, the lighthouse, which was built in the North, was set up complete from foundation to pinnacle and thoroughly tested.

At length the workmen were able to stay on the reef long enough to build a strong

SAVING THE CYLINDER OF THE LIGHTHOUSE AT SMITH POINT, CHESAPEAKE BAY, FROM BEING SWAMPED IN A HIGH SEA.

When the builders were towing the unwieldy cylinder out to set it in position, the water became suddenly rough and began to fill it. Workmen, at the risk of their lives, boarded the cylinder, and by desperate labors succeeded in spreading sail canvas over it, and so saved a structure that had cost months of labor and thousands of dollars.

WORK ON THE SMITH POINT LIGHTHOUSE STOPPED BY A VIOLENT STORM.

Just after the cylinder had been set in place, and while the workmen were hurrying to stow sufficient ballast to secure it against a heavy sea, a storm forced the attending steamer to draw away. One of the barges was almost overturned, and a lifeboat was driven against the cylinder and crushed to pieces.

working-platform twelve feet above the surface of the water and set on iron-shod mangrove piles. Having established this base of operations in the enemy's domain, they lowered a heavy iron disk to the reef, and the first pile was driven through the hole at its center. Elaborate tests were made after each blow of the sledge, and the slightest deviation from the vertical was promptly rectified with block and tackle. In two months' time, nine piles were driven ten feet into the coral rock, the workmen toiling long hours under a blistering sun. When the time came to erect the superstructure, the sea suddenly awakened, and storm followed storm, so that for weeks together no one dared venture out to the reef. The men rusted and grumbled on the narrow docks of

the key, and work was finally suspended for an entire winter. At the very first attempt to make a landing in the spring, a tornado drove the vessels far out of their course. But a crew was finally placed on the working-platform, with enough food to last them several weeks, and there they stayed, suspended between the sea and the sky, until the structure was complete. This lighthouse cost $175,000.

BUILDING FIRMLY UNDER WATER ON SHIFTING SANDS.

Another class of lighthouse, quite different from either of those already described, consists of a solid iron tower with a core of concrete. This is designed especially to mark sandy shoals lying under some depths of water, at a greater or less distance from shore. It was less than twenty years ago that sea-builders first ventured to grapple with the difficulties presented by these offshore shoals. In 1881, Germany built the first cylinder iron lighthouse, at Rothersand, near the mouth of the Weser River, and three years later the Lighthouse Establishment of the United States planted a similar tower on Fourteen Foot Banks, over three miles from the shores of Delaware Bay, in twenty feet of water. Since then many dangerous shoals have been marked by new lighthouses of this type. A few years ago, W. H. Flaherty of New York built such a lighthouse at Smith Point, in Chesapeake Bay. At the mouth of the Potomac River the opposing tides and currents have built up shoals of sand extending eight or ten miles out into the bay. Here the waves, sweeping in from the open Atlantic, sometimes drown the side lights of the big Boston steamers. The point has a grim story of wrecks and loss of life; last year alone four sea craft were driven in and swamped on the shoals. The Lighthouse Establishment planned to set up the light just at the edge of the channel, about eight miles from shore and 120 miles south of Baltimore. Eighty thousand dollars was appropriated for doing the work. In August, 1896, the contractors formally agreed to build the lighthouse for $56,000, and, more than that, to have the lantern burning within a single year.

By the last of September a huge, unwieldy foundation caisson was framing in a Baltimore shipyard. It was made in the form of a bottomless box, thirty-two feet square and twelve feet high, with the top nearly as thick as a man is high, so that it would easily sustain the weight of the great iron cylinder soon to be placed upon it. It was lined and caulked, painted inside and out, to make it air tight and water tight. When finished, it was dragged out into the bay, together with half an acre of mud and dock timbers. Here the workmen crowned it with the first two courses of the iron cylinder—a collar thirty feet in diameter and about twelve feet high. Inside of this, a second cylinder, a steel air-shaft, five feet in diameter, rose from a hole in the centre of the caisson, thus providing a means of entrance and exit when the structure should reach the shoal. Upon the addition of this vast weight of iron and steel, the wooden caisson, although it weighed nearly a hundred tons, disappeared completely under the water, leaving in view only the great black rim of the iron cylinder and the top of the air-shaft.

On April 7th of the next year, the fleet was ready to start on its voyage of conquest. The whole country had contributed to the expedition. Cleveland, Ohio, furnished the iron plates for the tower; Pittsburg sent steel and machinery; South Carolina supplied the enormous yellow pine timbers for the caisson; Washington provided two great barge loads of stone; and New York City contributed hundreds of tons of Portland cement and sand and gravel.

Everything necessary to the completion of the lighthouse and the maintenance of eighty-eight men was loaded on boats; and quite a fleet they made as they lay out in the bay in the warm spring sunshine. The flag-ship was a big, double-deck steamer, 200 feet over all, once used in the coast-wise trade. She was loaded close down to her white lines, and men lay over her rails in double rows. She led the fleet down the bay, and two tugs and seven barges followed in her wake. The steamer towed the caisson at the end of a long hawser. In three days the fleet reached the lighthouse site.

During all of this time the sea had been calm, with only occasional puffs of wind, and the builders planned, somewhat exultantly, to drop the caisson the moment they arrived. But before they were well in sight of their destination the sea awakened suddenly, as if conscious of the planned surprise. A storm blew up in the north, and at sunset on the 10th of April, the waves were washing over the top of the iron cylinder and slapping it about like a boy's raft. A few tons of water inside the structure would sink it entirely, and the builder would lose months of work and thousands of dollars. From a

"GREAT WAVES DASHED ENTIRELY OVER THEM, SO THAT THEY HAD TO CLING FOR THEIR LIVES TO THE AIR-PIPES."

In erecting the Smith Point lighthouse, after the cylinder was set up, it had to be forced down fifteen and a half feet into the sand. The lives of the men who did this, working in the caisson at the bottom of the sea, were absolutely in the hands of the men who managed the engine and the air-compressor at the surface; and twice these latter were entirely deluged by the sea, but still maintained steam and kept everything running as if no sea was playing over them.

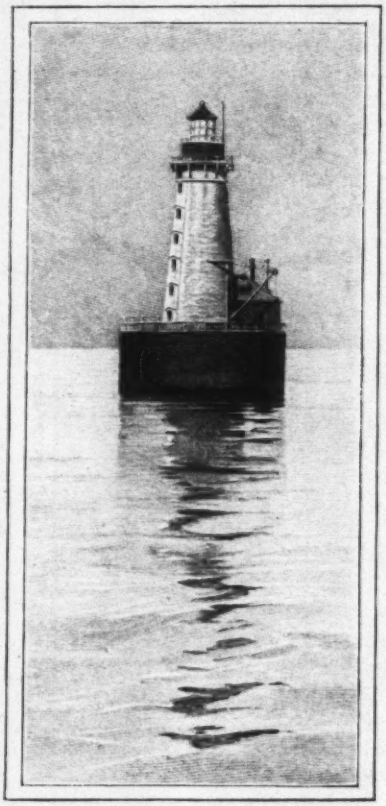
rude platform on top of the cylinder two men were working at the pumps to keep the water out. When the edge of the great iron rim heaved up with the waves, they pumped and shouted; and when it went down, they strangled and clung for their lives.

The builder saw the necessity of immediate assistance. Twelve men scrambled into a lifeboat, and three waves later they were dashed against the rim of the cylinder. Here half of the number, clinging like cats to the iron plates, spread out a sail canvas, and drew it over the windward half of the cylinder, while the other men pulled it down with their hands and teeth, and lashed it firmly into place. In this way the cylinder shed most of the wash, although the larger waves

still scuttled down within its iron sides. Half of the crew were now hurried down the rope ladders inside of the cylinder, where the water was nearly three feet deep and swashing about like a whirlpool. They all knew that one more than ordinarily large wave would send the whole structure to the bottom; but they dipped swiftly, and passed up the water without a word.

It was nothing short of a battle for life. They must keep the water down or drown like rats in a hole. They began work at sunset, and at sunrise the next morning, when the fury of the storm was somewhat abated, they were still at work—and the cylinder was saved.

The swells were now too high to think of planting the caisson, and the fleet ran into the mouth of the Great Wicomico River, to await a more favorable opportunity. Here the party lay for a week. On April 17th, the weather being calmer, the fleet ventured out stealthily. A buoy marked the spot where the lighthouse was to stand. When the cylinder was exactly over the chosen site, the valves of two of the compartments into which it was divided were quickly opened, and the water poured in. The weight of the water carried it downward, and the moment the lower edge touched the shoal, the men began working with feverish haste. Large stones were rolled from the barges around the outside of the caisson to prevent the water from eating away the sand and tipping the structure over. In the meantime a gang of twenty men had taken their places in the compartments of the cylinder that were still unfilled with water. A shute from the steamer vomited a steady stream of dusty concrete down upon their heads. A pump drenched them with an unceasing cataract of salt water. In this terrible hole they wallowed and struggled, shoveling the concrete mortar into place and ramming it down. The whole crew, even the cooks and the stokers, were called upon at this supreme moment to take a hand in the work. Unless the structure could be sufficiently ballasted while the water was calm, the first wave would brush it over and pound it to pieces on the shoals.



THE LIGHTHOUSE ON STANNARD ROCK, LAKE SUPERIOR.

This is a stone-tower lighthouse, similar in construction to the one built with such difficulty on Spectacle Reef, Lake Huron.

WORK AND WORKMEN NEARLY DESTROYED BY A SUDDEN STORM.

After this exhausting labor had continued nearly two hours, the captain of the steamer suddenly shouted the command to cast away. The sky had turned black, and the waves ran high. All of the cranes were whipped in, and up from the cylinder poured the shovellers, looking as if they had been freshly rolled in a mortar bed. There was a confused babel of voices and a wild flight for the steamer. In the midst of the excitement one of the barges snapped a hawser, and being now lightened of its load, it all but turned over in a trough of the sea. The men aboard her went down on their faces, clung fast, and shouted for help, and it was only with difficulty that they were rescued. One of the life-boats, venturing too near the cylinder, was crushed like an egg-shell, but a tug was ready to pick up the men who manned it. So terrified were the workmen by the dangers and difficulties of the task, that twelve of them ran away that night without asking for their pay.

On the following morning, the builders were appalled to see that the cylinder was inclined more than four feet from the perpendicular. In spite of the stone piled around the caisson, the water had washed the sand from under one edge of it, and it had tipped part way over. Now was the supreme crisis in the whole enterprise. A little lack of courage or skill, and the work was doomed.

The waves still ran high, and the freshet currents from the Potomac River poured past the shoals at the rate of six or seven miles an hour. But one of the tugs ran out daringly, dragging a barge load of stone. The barge was made fast, and although it pitched so that every wave threatened to swamp it, and every man aboard was sea-sick, they managed to throw off 200 tons more of stone around the base of the caisson on the side toward which it was inclined. In this way further tipping in that direction was prevented, and the action of the water on the sand under the opposite side soon righted the structure.

Beginning on the morning of April 21st, the entire crew worked for forty-eight hours without sleeping, or even stopping for meals more than fifteen minutes at a time. When at last they were relieved, they came up out of the cylinder shouting and cheering because the foundation was at last secure.

The structure was now about thirty feet high, and was filled nearly to the top with concrete. The next step was to force it down fifteen and one-half feet into the hard sand at the bottom of the bay, thus securing it forever against the power of the waves and the tide. An air-lock, which is a strongly built steel chamber about the size of a hogshead, was placed on the top of the air-shaft, the water in the big box-like caisson at the bottom of the cylinder was forced out with compressed air, and the men prepared to enter the caisson.

FOURTEEN-FOOT BANK LIGHT STATION, DELAWARE BAY, DELAWARE.

No toil can compare in its severity and danger with that of a caisson-worker. He is first sent into the air-lock, and the air pressure is gradually increased around him until it equals that of the caisson below; then he may descend. New men often shout and beg pitifully to be liberated from the torture. Frequently they bleed at the ears and nose, a terrible clutching comes at the throat, and for a time their heads throb as if about to burst open.

In a few minutes these pains pass away, the workers crawl down the long ladder of the air-shaft, and begin to dig away the sand of the sea bottom. It is washed high around the bottom of a four-inch pipe which leads up the air-shaft and reaches out over the sea. A valve in the pipe is opened, and the sand and stones are driven upward by the compressed air of the caisson and blown out into the water with tremendous force. As the sand is mined away the great tower above it sinks slowly downward. In prosecuting the work the marine toilers often grow sallow-faced, yellow-eyed, become half deaf, and lose all appetite.

ALMOST SMOTHERED TO DEATH IN A CAISSON.

When the Smith Point tower was within two feet of being down deep enough, the workmen had a strange and terrible adventure. Thirty-five men were in the caisson at the time. They noticed that the candles stuck along the wall were burning a lambent green. Black streaks, that widened swiftly, formed along the white-painted walls. One man after another began staggering dizzily, with eyes blinded and a terrible burning in the throat. Orders were instantly given to ascend, and the crew with the help of ropes succeeded in escaping. All that night the men lay moaning and sleepless in their bunks. In the morning only a few of them could open their eyes, and they all experienced the keenest torture in the presence of light.

That afternoon, Major E. H. Ruffner, of Baltimore, the government inspector of the district, appeared with two physicians. An examination of the caisson showed that the men had struck a vein of sulphureted hy-

drogen gas. When the air-lock was opened, the stench became almost unendurable even at a steamer's length from the cylinder.

For three days the force lay idle. There seemed no way of completing the foundation. On the fourth day, after another flooding of the caisson, Mr. Flaherty called for volunteers to go down the air-shaft, agreeing to accompany them himself—all this in the face of the spectacle of thirty-five men moaning in their bunks, with their eyes burning and blinded and their throats raw. Fourteen men stepped forward, and offered to "see the work through."

Upon reaching the bottom of the tower, they found that the flow of gas was less rapid, and they worked with almost frantic energy, expecting every moment to feel the gas griping in their throats. In half an hour another shift came on, and before night the lighthouse was down to within an inch or two of its final resting-place.

The last shift was headed by an old caisson-man named Griffin, who bore the record of having stood seventy-five pounds of air pressure in the famous Long Island gas tunnel. Just as the men were ready to leave the caisson, the gas suddenly burst up again, with something of explosive violence. Instantly the workmen threw down their tools and made a dash for the air-shaft. Here a terrible struggle followed. Only one man could go up the ladder at a time, and they scrambled and fought, pulling down by main force every man who succeeded in reaching the rounds. A moment later they began to stagger apart, blinded by gas, some of them even striking at the solid walls of the caisson with their bare fists. Then one after another they dropped in the sand unconscious. A few of the stronger ones scrambled up the ladder.

Griffin, remaining below, had signaled for a rope. When it came down, he groped for the nearest workman, fastened it around his body, and sent him aloft. Then he crawled around and pulled the unconscious workmen under the air-shaft. One by one he sent them up. The last was a powerfully built Irishman named Howard. Griffin's eyes were blinded, and he was so dizzy that he reeled like a drunken man, but he managed to get the rope around Howard's body and start him up. At the eighteen-inch door of the lock the unconscious Irishman wedged fast, and those outside could not pull him through. Griffin climbed painfully up the thirty feet of ladder, and pushed and pulled until Howard's limp body went through. Griffin tried to follow him, but his numbed fingers slipped on the steel rim and he slid backward into the death-hole below. They dropped the rope again, but there was no response. One of the men called Griffin by name. The half-conscious caisson-man aroused himself, and managed to tie the rope under his arms. Then he, too, was hoisted aloft, and when he was dragged from the caisson, more dead than alive, the half-blinded men on the steamer's deck set up a shout of applause—all the reward that he ever received.

Two of the men prostrated by the gas had to go into a hospital, and were months recovering. Another went insane. Griffin was blind for six weeks. Four others came out with the malady known as "bends," which attacks those who work long under high air pressure: the victim of it cannot straighten his back, and often his legs and arms are cramped and contorted.

Nor were the men who ran the engine and air-compressor on the top of the cylinder exempt from peril. Twice while the work was in progress great waves dashed entirely over them, so that they had to cling for their lives to the air-pipes. These sudden inundations of cold water also had the effect of cooling the boiler and reducing steam, so that the air-compressor barely moved. If the pressure once failed entirely, the men below would suffer instant death; and the stokers and engineman were compelled to make fire when they could hardly keep their places on the boiler platform.

Having sunk the caisson deep enough, the workmen filled it full of concrete, and sealed the top of the air-shaft. In the meantime a storm had come up, and before the steamer could free itself from its moorings, the waves drove it bodily against the cylinder. Eight of the heavy iron plates in the sixth course, each of which was over an inch thick and weighed a ton, were crushed in like so many panes of window-glass. For three weeks, in May and June, the men lay idle again, waiting the coming of new plates. It seemed impossible that the tower could be completed within the year, but so thoroughly had the builder prepared for emergencies, that within twenty-four days after the new plates were in place, the light-keeper's quarters had been completed, and the lantern was ready for lighting. Three days within the contract year the tower was formally turned over to the Government. And thus the builders, besides providing a warning to countless vessels, had erected a lasting monument of their own skill, courage, and perseverance.

A TRAGEDY OF FRONTIER FORT LIFE.

By W. J. Carney.

A TRUE STORY FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE IN THE ARMY.

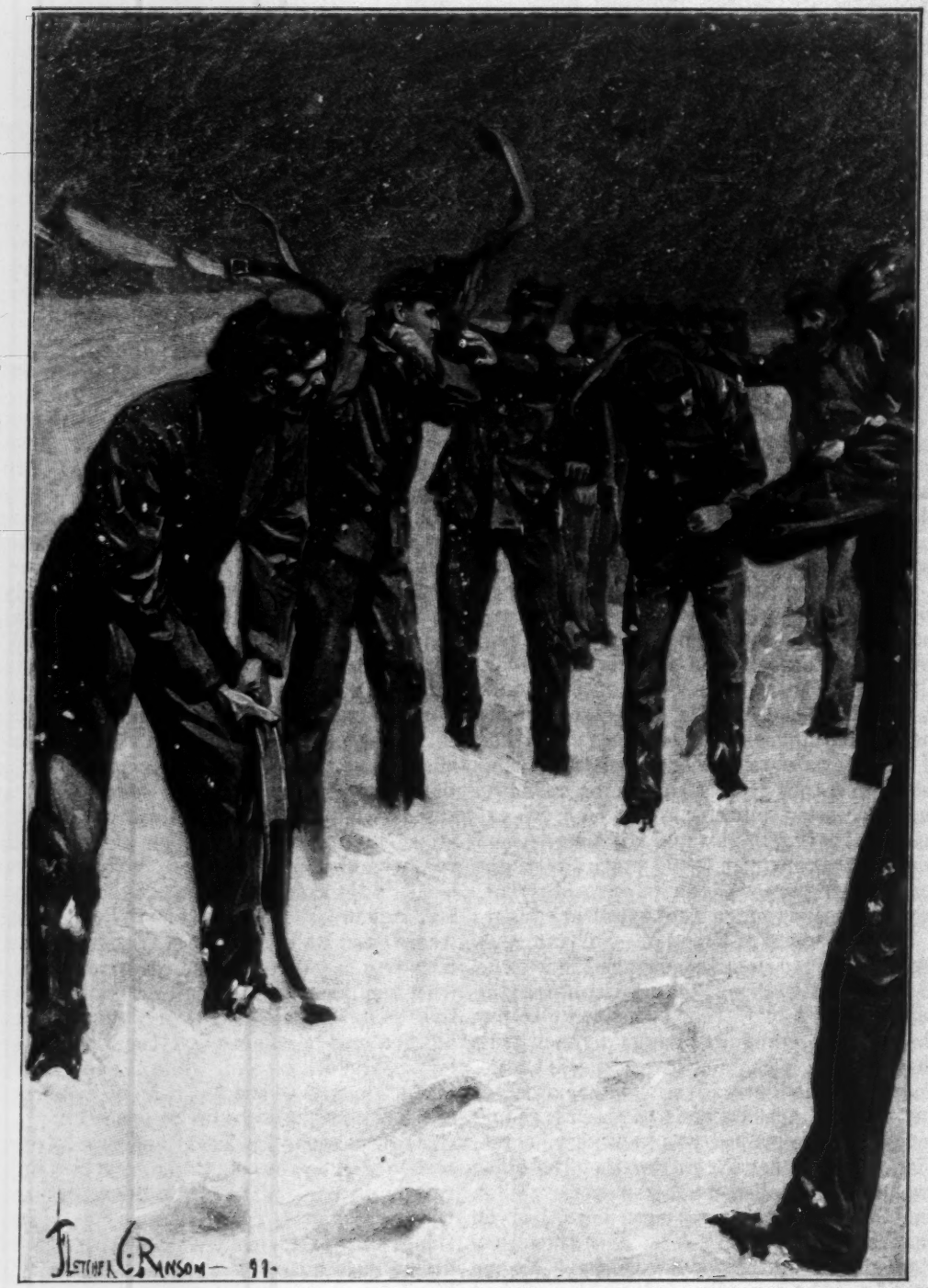
FORTS on the plains, in most cases, are not forts at all: they are nothing but military settlements. A four-company fort, like Fort Sedgwick, is a pretty large settlement, and it is out of the question to so guard it as to effectually prevent men from going in and out at night. It would require a chain guard of not less than fifty men to challenge all comers and goers.

New Year's Eve, 1866, was a night of awful cold and storm. Looking back now, it seems to me that I never saw another so frightful. The wind howled and roared, and the sleet and snow that had been coming down all afternoon beat heavier than ever. All the guards had been taken off but No. 1, at the guard-house. The men stood around the big box-stoves in the barracks and talked of the storm outside, congratulating themselves that they did not have to be out in it, and expressing pity for any who were exposed to its fury. It would not have seemed possible that any man would brave that night for a lesser purpose than to save life; but, nevertheless, two men went out after whisky.

Four members of Troop M—Sullivan, Cullen, Clarke, and Hooker—engaged in a game of freeze-out, each man taking fifty beans; the pair who first lost their beans were to pay the debt by going to Meiggs's ranch with the canteens. The ranch was up Pole Creek. To reach it the Platte River had to be crossed, and the trip must be made between taps and reveille. The project was kept very secret. Clarke and Hooker were older than the other two, and accomplished poker-players; Cullen and Sullivan, who were mere boys, had no chance to win. They lost, and then they started on their trip for the whisky. No one outside of the four who made up the original party knew of their departure till the next morning, when a guard, who had been sent the night before to see why there was a light after taps in the laundry, reported that he had seen Cullen and Sullivan there with Clarke and Hooker. Hooker and Clarke were sent for and questioned. They were frightened by this time, and though for a while they denied all knowledge of the missing men, they finally told how they had left the fort and why.

A searching party was at once organized, and mounted on the best horses in the company, for the storm was still raging. Another party, on foot, were set to search in and about the fort. Cullen was soon found lying close to a woodpile, one of a detail of men that had been sent out after fire-wood accidentally stumbling on the snow-covered body. He had wrapped his head in his overcoat, and there were three canteens of whisky strapped to his shoulders. He had a rooster buttoned up under his overcoat, and the fowl was frozen solid. He was carried into the barracks, and it took heroic efforts to bring him around. He could have survived in the snow only a very short time longer. After much thumping and pounding, we got him aroused enough to tell what he knew of Sullivan, which was not much—only that Sullivan had left the ranch with him and they had soon lost each other. He was taken to the hospital, where examination disclosed that he was terribly frozen. When the surgeon got through with him, about a week later, he was a sight to behold. Both ears and one hand were cut off, and only one finger and the thumb were left on the other hand, while the left side of his face looked as if it had been badly burned, and his mouth was drawn to one side.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, the party sent to Meiggs's ranch, in the hope that Sullivan might have gotten back there, returned with no tidings. The storm was now, if anything, worse than ever. I got orders to saddle up and report to Sergeant Hall. With him I found Private Fenton, and we received orders to go down the South Platte as far as the old town of Julesburg. It was only four miles below the fort, but we were a full



"BETWEEN THE TWO RANKS CLARKE WAS MADE TO WALK—*WALK*, NOT RUN—AND AS HE PASSED, EACH MAN . . . GAVE HIM A SMART LASH WITH A SURCINGLE."

hour forcing our horses through the snow and the storm those four miles. Sullivan had not been heard of in Julesburg. On our way back, Fenton was lost in a way I shall presently describe, and search parties were out looking for both men until midnight, but neither was found. Two days later, the body of Sullivan was discovered about half a mile below the old ford and near the middle of the river. He was lying in a snowdrift, three canteens of whisky with him, his knees drawn close up to his chin, his mouth wide open and full of solid ice. His eyes were full of ice, and a ball of ice was grasped in each hand.

There was a great deal of feeling shown against Clarke and Hooker by both officers and men. Hooker soon deserted, and when, a little later, Clarke was caught stealing, he was tried by drum-head court-martial and condemned to be "surcingled" out of the service. The company was formed in two ranks, each rank facing the other and the two standing about six feet apart. Between the two ranks Clarke was made to walk—*walk*, not run—and as he passed, each man in the lines gave him a smart lash with a surcingle. He was then given five days' rations, and escorted out of the fort with strict orders not to return or worse punishment would be given him. He could go in any direction he chose; but at this time nearly all the ranches along the overland stage route had been abandoned, and the nearest towns were Platte City, 110 miles south, and Denver, 150 miles north. Meiggs's ranch, twelve miles away, was the nearest habitation, for old Julesburg was deserted. The weather was so cold that one day's exposure was dangerous. So Clarke's punishment was not light.

Now as to Fenton: On our way back from Julesburg it became plain that Fenton had run across some whisky. He was a good soldier when not drinking, and he did not drink often, but a little liquor turned his head. Now he was flighty, and was sparring and fighting his horse, as young cavalrymen almost always do when a little tipsy. Sergeant Hall spoke sharply to him, and told him to let his horse alone. Fenton rode over to me, and told me to say nothing about it, but he was going to run a buffalo into the fort. I tried to reason with him and keep him quiet. He and I had enlisted on the same day, and I had always had a great deal of influence over him, but now he seemed utterly beside himself. Soon he put spurs to his horse, and disappeared in the direction of the bluffs. He did not have to go far to disappear, for one could not see mounted men fifty yards away. We followed him a short distance, but as his tracks could be found only by one of us dismounting, and as they soon seemed to lead toward the fort, the sergeant ordered me to remount, and we made our way back to the fort.

I went to the stables and took care of my horse. As I came out I met a half-witted fellow named Pete Myers, leading Fenton's horse. When I questioned him, he said that Fenton was up at the barracks. I went there and to Fenton's bunk, but did not find him, and could find no one who had seen him. I again saw the man who had caught the horse, and he then said that the horse had come running in from the south side of the fort without a rider, but he had supposed that Fenton was about. I felt sure now that Fenton was still on the prairie, and I so reported at once to the lieutenant. Nearly all the men in the fort now turned out, and, as I said before, we kept up a search till midnight; but no trace of Fenton was found then, nor during all that winter.

The next summer, on an occasion when some men were out exercising horses, one of them lost control of the horses in his charge, and they ran up a ravine. Two or three men were sent after them, and about half-way up the ravine they came on a human skeleton. The bones were clean, and, strange as it may seem, undisturbed by any wild animal. Some scraps of blue uniform still clung to them, and in a fob-pocket of the trousers was found part of a letter, wrapped around a badly worn two-dollar bill. The letter was falling to pieces, but here and there something could be read. The company clerk made out the words, "Your loving mother;" and then, though the first part of the signature was gone, the name "Fenton."

THE OUTSIDER.

By Rudyard Kipling,

Author of "The Day's Work," "The Jungle Book," "Stalky & Co.," etc.

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From Stormberg's midnight mountain,
From Sanna's captured post,
Where Afric's Magersfontein
Rails down her wounded host,
Three days and nights to su'thard,
Twixt D'Urban Road and Paarl—
In dust and horse dung smothered—
There lies a Cursed Kraal.

ABOUT the time that Gentleman Cadet Walter Setton was posted to the Second Battalion of Her Majesty's Royal Rutlandshire Regiment, the Vicar, his father, read a telegram that the Pretoria Government was searching the mines of the Rand for hidden arms. The Vicar and his wife were profoundly unimpressed. They were on their way to the Army and Navy Stores to buy Walter's many uniforms; and the Vicar doubted that he would escape for less than £200.

"But we cannot repine," said his wife. "Walter's position demands—" she ceased for a breath. "And as an officer—you see, William? We have much to be thankful for."

The Vicar lowered the paper, remembering how an accident of a legacy had saved Walter from horrid fates. He and his wife had agreed to forget a certain terrible afternoon when Walter, aged sixteen, had been examined *viva voce* by an unsympathetic person, sent down by a friend, with a view to getting him a "position in the city" at something under eighteen shillings a week. He had forgotten, too, how he and his wife were grateful for this chance. A week later, when the Vicar's aunt was gathered to her sisters, and the money was sure, they wrote a letter, declining that post for Walter, which letter remains as a curiosity in a business man's desk to this day.

"Yes," said the Vicar, "as you say, my dear, we have much to be thankful for. As an officer—" he turned down the paper.

Had he read ten lines further he would have learned that "much amusement has been caused in mining circles owing to the activity of the police, who are searching Thumper's Deep, on information supplied by Mr. J. Thrupp, who asserted that 2,000 stand of arms had been buried at the bottom of the shaft."

At the hour the Vicar was speculating in "tunics richly laced, lined silk, £6 14*s.* 16*d.*"; "undress trousers, blue doe or twill, £1 16*s.* 0*d.*"; "forage caps (badge extra) £1 0*s.* 6*d.*"; and all the other grim realities of war, Jerry Thrupp, in charge of the thirty odd thousand pounds of modern machinery on Thumper's Deep, was cheering a batch of perspiring Johannesburg police to break out the bottom of South Africa. Business was slack in Johannesburg by reason of a raid, and Jerry's ten years on the Rand had taught him that the police were least dangerous when most busy. Two thousand rifles in a concrete vault, ten feet below the solid foot of the shaft, would be a great haul for the Boers. That they were working in the living rock was to them a detail. The Devil had given these Uitlanders powers denied to sons of the soil; and no community in their senses would start a revolution on less than 20,000 rifles. A scant 1,500 only had, so far, come to light.

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"They had a very nice time," he explained to his professional friends. "They dug nearly four feet into the bottom of the shaft before they sickened, and Patsy Gee burned about a hundredweight of his precious Revolutionary Committee's papers in my boiler fires while they were down below. But *as* a revolution, if you ask *me*, it's bumblepuppy. After this, we're goin' to have war."

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Time, Circumstance, and Necessity continued in charge of this world, of Jerry Thrupp and Second-Lieutenant Walter Setton. To the former they brought from eight to twelve hours' work a day—shifting, varying, but insistent. Sometimes a batch of 324 stamps in the Thumper's Deep crushing-mills would go wrong, and Jerry must doctor them ere the output suffered. Sometimes a sick friend in charge of the cyanide process would call Jerry in to watch the health of the big vats that win the last of the gold; or a furlong or two of tram-line would need relaying. His winding-engines, his boilers, his crushing-tables, his dynamos, and the hundred things that men needed below the surface were always with him. For recreation Jerry consorted with fellow-engineers of the Rand, their wives, and their children; and, being energetic, found opportunities for what he called "overtime." When Hagan's ankle was crushed, thanks to a Kafir's carelessness, Jerry carried him home, and because Hagan's ten-year-old son was in hospital with typhoid, Jerry, as a matter of course, visited and reported on the boy daily. He lent the Vincents the money that took them home in the terrible year '98, when Johannesburg lost heart and business shut down, and Vincent was turned out into Commissioner Street with Mrs. Vincent seven months gone. It is even said that by bribes and threats he kept the conservancy people up to their work in his street when the typhoid that comes from neglected filth struck down three heads of families in 200 yards.

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The life of Second-Lieutenant Walter Setton followed its appointed channel. His battalion, nominally efficient, was actually a training-school for recruits, and to this lie, written, acted, and spoken many times a day, he adjusted himself. When he could by any means escape from the limited amount of toil expected by the Government, he did so, employing the same shameless excuses that he had used at school or Sandhurst. He knew his drills; he honestly believed that they covered the whole art of war. He knew the "internal economy of his regiment." That is to say, he could answer leading questions about coal and wood allowances, cubic footage of barrack accommodation, canteen routine, and the men's messing arrangements. For the rest, he devoted himself with no thought of wrong to getting as much as possible out of the richest and easiest life the world has yet made; and to despising the "outsider"—the man beyond his circle. His training to this end was as complete as that of his brethren. He did it blandly, politely, unconsciously, with perfect sincerity. As a child he had learned early to despise his nurse, for she was a servant and a woman; his sisters he had looked down upon, and his governess, for much the same reasons. His home atmosphere had taught him to despise the terrible thing called "dissent." At his private school his seniors showed him how to despise the junior master, who was poor, and here his home training served again. At his public school he despised the new boy—the boy who boated when Setton played cricket, or who wore a colored tie when the order of the day was for black. They were all avatars of the "outsider." If you "got mixed up with an outsider" you ended by being "compromised." He had no clear ideas of what that meant, but suspected the worst. His religion he took from his parents, and it had some very sound dogmas about outsiders behaving decently. Science to him was a name connected with examination papers. He could not work up any interest in foreign armies because, after all, a foreigner was a foreigner and the rankest form of "outsider." Meals came when you rang for them; you were carried about the world, which is the home counties, in vehicles for which you paid. You were moved about London by the same means; and if you crossed the Channel you took a steamer. But how, or when, or why these things were made, or worked, or begotten, or what they felt or thought or said who belonged to them, he had not, nor ever wished to have, the

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Time, Circumstance, and Necessity continued in charge of this world, of Jerry Thrupp and Second-Lieutenant Walter Setton. To the former they brought from eight to twelve hours' work a day—shifting, varying, but insistent. Sometimes a batch of 324 stamps in the Thumper's Deep crushing-mills would go wrong, and Jerry must doctor them ere the output suffered. Sometimes a sick friend in charge of the cyanide process would call Jerry in to watch the health of the big vats that win the last of the gold; or a furlong or two of tram-line would need relaying. His winding-engines, his boilers, his crushing-tables, his dynamos, and the hundred things that men needed below the surface were always with him. For recreation Jerry consorted with fellow-engineers of the Rand, their wives, and their children; and, being energetic, found opportunities for what he called "overtime." When Hagan's ankle was crushed, thanks to a Kafir's carelessness, Jerry carried him home, and because Hagan's ten-year-old son was in hospital with typhoid, Jerry, as a matter of course, visited and reported on the boy daily. He lent the Vincents the money that took them home in the terrible year '98, when Johannesburg lost heart and business shut down, and Vincent was turned out into Commissioner Street with Mrs. Vincent seven months gone. It is even said that by bribes and threats he kept the conservancy people up to their work in his street when the typhoid that comes from neglected filth struck down three heads of families in 200 yards.

"After the war," Jerry would say as excusing himself, "it will be all right. We've got to do what we can till after the war."

The life of Second-Lieutenant Walter Setton followed its appointed channel. His battalion, nominally efficient, was actually a training-school for recruits, and to this lie, written, acted, and spoken many times a day, he adjusted himself. When he could by any means escape from the limited amount of toil expected by the Government, he did so, employing the same shameless excuses that he had used at school or Sandhurst. He knew his drills; he honestly believed that they covered the whole art of war. He knew the "internal economy of his regiment." That is to say, he could answer leading questions about coal and wood allowances, cubic footage of barrack accommodation, canteen routine, and the men's messing arrangements. For the rest, he devoted himself with no thought of wrong to getting as much as possible out of the richest and easiest life the world has yet made; and to despising the "outsider"—the man beyond his circle. His training to this end was as complete as that of his brethren. He did it blandly, politely, unconsciously, with perfect sincerity. As a child he had learned early to despise his nurse, for she was a servant and a woman; his sisters he had looked down upon, and his governess, for much the same reasons. His home atmosphere had taught him to despise the terrible thing called "dissent." At his private school his seniors showed him how to despise the junior master, who was poor, and here his home training served again. At his public school he despised the new boy—the boy who boated when Setton played cricket, or who wore a colored tie when the order of the day was for black. They were all avatars of the "outsider." If you "got mixed up with an outsider" you ended by being "compromised." He had no clear ideas of what that meant, but suspected the worst. His religion he took from his parents, and it had some very sound dogmas about outsiders behaving decently. Science to him was a name connected with examination papers. He could not work up any interest in foreign armies because, after all, a foreigner was a foreigner and the rankest form of "outsider." Meals came when you rang for them; you were carried about the world, which is the home counties, in vehicles for which you paid. You were moved about London by the same means; and if you crossed the Channel you took a steamer. But how, or when, or why these things were made, or worked, or begotten, or what they felt or thought or said who belonged to them, he had not, nor ever wished to have, the

shadow of an idea. His lack of imagination was equaled only by his stupendous lack of curiosity. It was sufficient for him and for high Heaven (this in his heart of hearts, well learned at his mother's knee) that he was an officer and a gentleman incapable of a lie or a mean action. For the rest, his code was simple. Money bought you half the things in this world; and your position secured you the others. If you had money, you took care to get your money's worth. If you had a position, you did not compromise yourself by mixing with outsiders.

And in the fullness of time one old gentleman, who knew his own mind, knocked the bottom out of Lieutenant Setton's and Jerry Thrupp's world. Jerry came first, unwillingly with a few thousand others, by way of Koomatipoort. He helped the women and children out of Johannesburg—the few that remained; and left his house barricaded in charge of a Hollander official. "Remember," said Jerry, "I advise you to look after this house. If anything happens to it you won't be happy when I come back."

"We shall chase you into the sea at D'Urban," said the Hollander.

"Shouldn't wonder—seeing how behindhand we are; but then we'll chase you back again. S'long, you four-colored impostor. I hope you won't blow yourselves up before you're shot."

He climbed into a cattle-truck, where his valise was stolen, and arrived at Delagoa Bay, his shirt torn to the waist in a scuffle to get water for a sick man. His home, his business, and all his belongings were gone; but the war that men had doubted was upon them at last, and Jerry was happy. He went round to Capetown on the deck of a crowded steamer, and disappeared into thronged and panic-stricken Adderley Street. Here he met Phil Tenbroek, ex-mine manager, also ruined for the time being, and conferred with him about raising a corps of Railway Volunteers in event of future trouble.

Lieutenant Setton, 7,000 miles away, was scornful when he heard that Buller would not undertake the war with less than 70,000 troops. Thirty thousand, he held, was more than enough, for the Rutlandshire's mess would remember that the army was not what it had been in '81. It had now learned to shoot; Setton did not say where or how. He wished very much to see how the Boers would look after a cavalry brigade had boxed their ears across ten miles of open country. Except twice, near Salisbury, he had never seen anything that remotely resembled ten miles of open country in all his life. He had never seen a cavalry brigade; nor, indeed, a target at a greater distance than 900 yards. Having spoken, he went up to town to see a play, pending the absorption of the Transvaal.

The Rutlandshires landed at Capetown fairly late in the war, and, serene as hundreds who had gone before him, Lieutenant Setton, dining at the Mount Nelson, gave, in the fine, clear voice he had inherited from his mother, his opinion that "those colonials looked a most awful set of outsiders." He hoped, aloud, that it would not be his fate "to have to work with these bounders."

In another place, at another time, an informal after-dinner court of inquiry with unlimited powers sat on his irreproachable regiment after this fashion:

"Are those Rutlandshires any use?" The questioner had good right to ask.

"Mark Two, *I* think. It's the same old brand—Badajos, Talavera, Inkermann, Toulouse, Tel-el-Kebir——"

"Same tactics as those which were so brilliantly successful at Tel-el-Kebir," a spade-bearded officer whispered as though he were quoting scripture.

"Ye-es. Same old catch-words—same old training. 'Shoulder to shoulder—up boys and at 'em.' Southsea, Chichester, Canterbury; with the Long Valley for a campaign. Colonel past his work; second in command devoutly hoping never to see a soldier again when he's got his pension; a jewel of an adjutant who's mothered his men till they can't button their own breeches; sergeant-major great on eye-wash and a bit of a lawyer. The rest, the regular idiots—all in a blue funk of funking. They want a chance to 'get in with the bayonet,' of course."

"That's the last refuge of the lazy man," said a quiet-faced civilian who had not yet spoken.

"Oh, they'll learn in time," the spade-bearded officer grunted.

"When half the men are in Pretoria and half the rest are wounded—if *that's* what you mean? I'm so sick of that 'in time.' The colonel will die—I wish he was dead now—'fighting heroically' in some dam-fool trap he's walked into with his eyes open!"

"Well, I'm going to split 'em up. They were promised they should go in—ah—shoulder to shoulder, but the hospitals are quite full enough."

To their immense rage the Rutlandshires were rent into four or five pieces and dis-

tributed where they could not do much harm. The colonel, exactly as was prophesied, died heroically, shot through the stomach at the head of four companies to whom he was explaining the cowardice of advancing in open order when the enemy were yet a mile distant. This fixed in the second's mind the fact that a Mauser can carry 2,000 yards—wisdom which he did not live long to profit by. He went down at 1,100 before an insignificant crack in the veldt which happened to be lined with Boers. Thus his successor discovered that a donga is better flanked than fronted. Truly they learned.

To Lieutenant Setton, by the death of a captain, fell the charge of two companies, which operated with an Australian contingent on a disturbed and dusty border. The men clung to him for a week expecting miracles; but he could not smite water from rocks, nor vary the daily beef-tin and four dry biscuits. They learned a little rude well-sinking from their allies, and a little stealing on their own account. After this, to his relief, they abandoned him as nurse and midwife. Had he played the game with an eye to the rules, he might have profited as much as his more open-minded fellow-officers, but his demon tempted him one clear twilight to capture a solitary horseman in difficulties with a spent horse. It was not "sporting" to pot him at 800 yards, so Setton took horse and rode a somewhat uncertain wallop directly at the man, who naturally retreated between two steep hills where, for just this end, he had posted four confederates. They, being children of nature and buck hunters to boot, allowed their quarry to pass, and after twenty rounds at 400 yards—the Boer in a hurry is not a good shot—dropped him with a broken arm. Setton was not pleased, but the five Australians who, without orders, so soon as they saw what he would be at, had galloped parallel with him behind the kopjes, were immensely gratified. They dismounted, lay down, and slew the Boer on the tired horse as he returned to join his fellow-plunderers, of whom they shot two and wounded one. They reached camp with Setton and—much more valuable loot—three efficient Boer ponies.

"If you'd only told us you were goin' to commit suicide this way," said a Queensland trooper, "we'd have rounded up the whole mob—usin' you for bait."

The shattered arm ended Setton's career as a combatant officer, but, in the great scarcity of sounder material, they made him station commander of the peculiarly desolate siding of Pipkameeleepompfontein, which, as every one knows:

> "Is on the road to Bloemfontein;
> And there the Mausers
> Tear your trousers,
> And make your horses jompfontein."

But the tide of war had rolled back, leaving only a mass of worrying work for the Railway Pioneer Corps that Phil Tenbroek had organized from the wreck of the mine *personnel* months before. Three short, low bridges, little larger than culverts, but two of them built on a curve, crossed three dry, shallow watercourses, and of course the Boers blew them up on departure. Phil, commandant of the Railway Pioneers, busy on Folly Bridge, could only spare thirty men to the job, but he gave Hagan, late in charge of the machinery of the Consolidated Ophir and Bonanza, with rank of lieutenant, his choice, and Hagan took the cream. They lumbered into Pipkameeleepompfontein in open trucks—thirty men, each anxious to return to the Rand; each holding more or less of property there; most of them skilled mechanicians in their own department, and all exalted—body, soul, and spirit—by a rancorous, razor-edged, personal hatred of the State that had shamed, tricked, and ruined them. They found there a station commandant moved by none of their springs—a being from another planet, fenced about with neatly piled boxes of rivets and a mass of crated iron-work that was pouring up from the south—who proposed to camp them a mile from the broken bridges.

"What, no water?" said Hagan.

"Oh, no. But I expect a detachment of Regulars shortly. They must have the near camp."

"Good Lord, man! your blessed regulars can't get forward till we've mended the bridges. We must be close to our work."

"I'm afraid your knowledge of the British army is a little limited," said the station commandant.

"I was fool enough to cross a ridge after one of the Regulars had reported it cleared," said Hagan sweetly. "'Twasn't any fault of theirs my knowledge didn't last till the day of judgment. But look here, this isn't a question of precedence. *We* don't want to stay here. We want to mend the bridges and get up to the Rand again."

After a while, but ungraciously, Setton gave way, and the Railway Pioneers went to work like beavers. The Regulars arrived "to protect the bridge-head," two companies

of them, fresh from home, and Setton, with unspeakable delight, found himself once more among men who talked his limited tongue and spoke his more limited thoughts. As he wrote to his mother, "You can get as good hunting talk here as you can at home." The Pioneers were not a seemly corps. They unstacked the accurately piled rivet boxes and dumped them where they could be easiest handled; they dismantled an abandoned farm-house to get at the roof-beams because they were short of poles; they stuck a home-made furnace at the far end of the platform, where it made itself a black, unlovely bed of cinders; they worked at all hours of the day and night, ate when they had leisure, and called their officers by their lesser names. Hagan asked Setton—only once—what arrangements he had made for Kafir labor. Setton had made none, for he had no instructions. Whereupon Hagan, talking in an unknown tongue, made his own arrangements, and strange niggers crept out of the dry Karroo by scores. Setton wished to know something about them. "It's all right," said Hagan over his shoulder; "I'm responsible. It's cheaper for us" (he meant the Consolidated Ophir and Bonanza) "to pay out of our pocket than to wait for the Government to fiddle through it. *I* want to get back to the Rand."

That last sentence always annoyed Setton. These voluble Johannesburg gypsies made it their dawn song, their noon chorus, and their midnight chant. It swung girders into place, sent home rivets, and spiked rails. It echoed among the hills at twilight, when the startlingly visible night picket of the Regulars went out to relieve its fellows, cut in black paper against the green sky-line, on the tallest kopje. It greeted every truck of new material, this drawling, nasal "*I* want to go back to the Rand."

It helped to build the bridges, though that Setton did not notice. He did not know a spike from a chair, a girder from an artesian pump, a thirty-foot metal from a tie-rod. The things lumbered up the siding, which he wished to keep neat. Men took them out of the trucks and did things to them or with them, and the bridges, somehow or other, spanned the watercourses. But Lieutenant Setton would no more have dreamed of taking interest in the manner of their fitment than at school he would have read five lines beyond the day's appointed construe.

When the last of the three bridges was nearly finished, Hagan dashed into his office with a wire from Phil, who wanted him back at once. The big center girder of Folly Bridge was going up, and only Hagan could take charge of that end of it which was not under Phil's comprehending eye.

"But the men here know exactly what's to be done. If anything goes wrong, ask Jerry—I mean Private Thrupp. He ought to begin riveting up to-morrow, and after that they've only got to lay the track. It's as easy as falling off a log."

Setton did not approve of this unbuttoned man with the rampant voice. Had indeed—but Hagan was too busy to notice it—withdrawn markedly from his society. Nor did Setton comprehend how a private could be in charge of anything—least of all when a Regular officer—not to mention a Station Commandant—was on the horizon. He assumed that Hagan would have told the senior non-com. of the Pioneers to come to him for orders for the day; but Hagan, eating, sleeping, and thinking bridges only, had not communicated with Sergeant Rayne—late accountant of Thumper's Deep, and promoted because Government had insisted that the corps should keep books. Hagan had spent his last hours at an informal committee-meeting with Jerry and another private, Fulsom, ex-head of the Little North Bear's machinery—and under the lee of a Karroo-bush, drawing diagrams in the dirt, had settled every last detail of the bridge that was to help the corps back to their own Rand.

Brightly and briskly, then, in the diamond-clear dawn uprose Lieutenant Walter Setton to command the station of Pipkameeleepompfontein. But early as it was, the Pioneers were before him. The situation when he arrived at the bank of the third watercourse was briefly this: They were lowering, with hand-made derricks, two fourteen-foot girders, one from either bank, to meet in the middle, where Jerry and Fulsom stood, ready to join them. The twenty-eight-foot girder, which should have covered the span, had been sent round to Nauwport by mistake; and Jerry believed devoutly that the Cape Minister of Railways, whom he habitually alluded to as "the worst rebel, but one, of the lot," had made the delay on purpose. The mischief of it was that, expecting the twenty-eight-foot iron, they had used up the last of their wood sleepers to lay a sharp curve just before the bridge where iron sleepers were different to bed and adjust. Consequently, they had no temporary crib of sleepers in the middle of the

watercourse to take the weight of the two fourteen-foot irons when these were lowered. So Jerry had extemporized a stage of rivet-boxes and laths, sufficient to bear his weight and Fulsom's, and knowing his men, trusted to rivet up the butt-strap temporarily at any rate, while the men on the derricks held the girders, lowering them or raising them fractionally at his signal. It was unorthodox engineering, but it would carry the line. By four in the morning the heels of the girders were neatly butted against their permanent resting places, and their noses began to dip towards the meeting in the center.

"North girder!" Jerry raised his hand and lowered it slowly.

The obedient gang at the derrick slacked away with immense care. They were not watching Private Thrupp, but Jerry of Thumper's Deep, and Fulsom of the Little North Bear—both mighty men.

"Ready with the rivets now! Here she comes! Hold her! Hold her! As you are! Not another hairbreadth. South girder raise a shade. Half the fraction of a hair!" He laid a spirit-level across the half-inch gap between the two girders, and cocked his head on one side. Nobody breathed, except Lieutenant Setton, who had walked some distance in a hurry. He observed that a bucket of blazing coals—stolen of course—was slung under the belly of either "iron thing." He always thought of concrete objects beyond his experience as "things." Four men passed up two flat iron things—the specially designed butt-straps—one to Jerry and one to Fulsom, who faced him on the other side of the girders. So close was the adjustment that the weight of the straps, as they were slid between the flanges of the girder, made the south one—held by ropes, not chains—dip a fraction, and Jerry swore as only a Rand mechanist on twelve hundred a year and a bonus has a right to swear—emphatically and authoritatively.

"What are you doing there, men?" The voice passed Jerry like the summer wind. One hand was on the spirit-level, the other held a riveting-hammer; one eye squinted at the bubble in the glass, the other, red with emotion, glared through the holes in the butt-strap waiting till the expansion of the heated girders should bring the rivet-holes in line. Astronomers watching for an eclipse gaze not so earnestly as did Jerry and Fulsom.

"I say, what are you men doing there without orders?" cried Lieutenant Setton for the second time.

"Hsh!" said Jerry, wagging the hammer to command silence. He was half aware now of some disturbing presence. The four holes covered each other absolutely.

"Rivets to me! Quick, McGinnis. Meet me, Fulsom." A man passed up the pincers with the red-hot rivet, and Jerry hammered like an artist. "That'll make old—" he mentioned the Cape Minister of Railways by name—"pretty sick! Thought he'd hang us up by sending our stuff round by Nauwport, *did* he? Hope to goodness his brother puts a bullet into him when he comes down. Hold on! Rivet, rivet, McGinnis! What's the good of you? Derricks there! Hold *on!* What are you men doing! Oh, good Lord!"

If Jerry on the rivet-boxes was losing his temper, Lieutenant Setton had lost his altogether.

"You thought!" he shouted to the amazed gang. "You thought! Who in the world told you to think? D'you suppose you're here to do what you please? *I* gave no orders for the work to go on. Your orders, if you'd thought to come to my office to get them, are to clean up some of the filthy mess you've made round the Station."

Then to Sergeant Rayne. "Fall in your men at once, and march them up to the Station. You'll get your orders there."

"But half a mo— Sir. Half a minute, Sir. We can't let go——"

"Do you refuse your duty, then? I warn you it'll be the worse for you. You can't do this—you can't do that? Let go that rope-thing at once. It's mutiny, by God!"

They let go, at the south end. They fell back, not knowing the limits of Imperial power. The unsupported girder bit heavily on the single soft rivet that Jerry and Fulsom had put in—and shore through. The north gang let go an instant later. A howl of rage came out of the ravine as both girders dropped into a dolorous broken-backed V, knocking over the light staging, and, twisting as they fell, scattered the fire in the buckets among the dry scrub and fragments of timbering in the bed of the watercourse. They lit at once, and blazed merrily. A man with a hammer erupted.

"Who slacked the ropes without orders?" he demanded in a voice no private should use. One or two men had heard it before—at the time of the big dynamite explosion in Johannesburg, and straightened up.

"Fall in with your company there and

don't talk," said Lieutenant Setton. He was willing to concede much to a mere volunteer —even in time of war.

"It was him, Jerry," whispered Sergeant Rayne.

Jerry turned a full mulberry color as he strove to control himself—he was quivering all over. Then he grew pale and rigid.

"Ha—half a minute, please. I want to explain to you exactly how the work stands. The girders were just in position, and I was riveting them up—my name is Thrupp——"

It carried some weight on the Rand, but Lieutenant Setton almost laughed aloud.

"If you wouldn't mind listening to me, please. It was an absolutely vital matter—absolutely vital. We were actually riveting the butt-strap when you meddled with the derrick. Let me show you!"—he laid one shaking hand on the lieutenant's cuff—to lead him to the wreck.

"Meddle with the derrick! What the devil do you mean by your insolence? Do you know who I am?"

"In half an hour—in five minutes—we could have put in enough rivets to hold her. We shall have to go to work again. It means half a day's delay, though, even if the girders are not twisted by the fall. . . . You can see it hung on only one rivet——"

"Fall in with your company—for the last time!"

"But you don't understand—you don't understand. Let me explain a minute, and come here"—again the hand on the cuff. "Of course you don't realize what you've done. It was only a question of minutes—minutes, do you see?—before we should have had those two girders—those short irons down there—riveted up. Good Lord! That scrub's burning like tinder—we must shovel earth on it or it will twist the girders out of shape, and"—the voice rose almost to a shriek—"we shall have to send down the line for duplicates. I—you—tell the men to chuck earth on that blaze, for God's sake. The girders will buckle. They'll be ruined."

"March this man up to the guard-tent," said Lieutenant Setton, who had endured enough. It was the insolence and insubordination of the man that galled him. "Another time, perhaps, you'll take the trouble to obey orders."

"What for? What have I done? My dear chap, this isn't the time to fiddle about with guard-tents. The whole donga's alight, and we shall have those girders buckling in ten minutes. You can't be going to leave the mess as it is—you can't."

"Oh, I've stood enough of this. Silence! Understand you're a prisoner."

"Me! Oh, yes; I'm anything you please, if you'll only let me put out that fire. Where the deuce do you think I'd want to run to? I'll come up to the guard-tent the minute it's out. I give you my word of honor."

By this time the Railway Pioneer Corps was in two minds—some laughing and others looking very black. Only Sergeant Rayne, busy with a pocket-book, seemed to take no interest in the matter.

"March me off? With that fire burning? We'll be delayed a week at least? Why—why—why—" again Jerry turned plum-color. Fulsom and McGinnis, who knew his habits, closed in on him at once.

"Come on, Jerry," whispered Fulsom. "You've done all you can; come on."

"All I can? What do I matter? I'm thinking about the bridge." He walked in a sort of stupor, looking back from time to time to watch the smoke in the donga. The Railway Pioneer Corps followed slowly to assist in sweeping up Pipkameeleepompfontein.

"Rayne has got down every word you said in shorthand," said Fulsom when the prisoner reached the guard-tent. "And he's going to wire to Hagan now. For God's sake don't open your mouth, Jerry, and we'll get that young idiot Stellenbosched in a day or two."

"Hung up for a week—hung up for a week," moaned Jerry. "Am I mad, or is he? Tell Rayne to wire for spare girders. God knows where they are to come from! Perhaps Phillip 'll have a couple at Folly Bridge. Better wire there as well. Those two will have buckled by now."

. . . . . .

"And you say he refused your orders?" This was Hagan, dirty and drawn after a journey in a draughty cattle-truck, standing at the foot of Setton's cot in dawn-light.

"He was extremely insolent, if that's what you mean. He deliberately questioned my authority before all the men several times. He kept pawing me all over, too. I don't suppose he really meant half he said."

"Didn't he?" Hagan gulped, but curbed himself.

"The trouble with you volunteers," said Setton, rising on one arm, "is that you've absolutely no notion of military discipline, and on active service one can't allow that sort of thing. However, I think forty-eight hours in the guard-tent will teach him a little sense. I've no intention of carrying the

matter any farther, so we needn't discuss it."

Hagan stared at him with a horror that carried something of admiration, and a little —not much—pity. He had come up with Colonel Palling, R. E, and shown him the third bridge.

"Is this his tent?" one cried without, and there entered a colonel of Her Majesty's Royal Engineers, not in a common regimental rage, but such a cold fury as an overworked man responsible for a few score miles of track in war time may justly wear. He chewed his three-month-old beard, and looked at Lieutenant Setton, who stood to attention.

"You will go," he whispered at last, "you will go back to the base by the seven-thirty train this morning. You will give this note to the General there."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know *why* you go?"

"No, sir."

The Colonel's neck veins swelled. "I—I wish to speak to this officer," he said.

It is the first maxim of internal economy that you should never reprimand a superior in the presence of his equal or his subordinate. Hagan withdrew. The camp sentry a few yards away stood fast. He was a reserve man of some experience.

"Gawd 'as been 'eavenly good to me," he said later to fifteen comrades. "I've 'eard quite a few things in my time. I've 'eard Duke 'imself pass the time o' day to an 'orse battery that turned up on the wrong flank in the Long Valley. I've 'eard a Brigadier on Salisbury Plain rope's endin' a Volunteer aide-de-cong 'oo couldn't ride, an' asked questions. I 'eard 'Smutty' Chambers lyin' be'ind an ant-'ill at Modder gettin' sunstroke. I've 'eard what General ——— said when the cavalry was too late at Stinkersdrift. But all that was 'Let me kiss 'im for 'is mother' to wot I 'eard this mornin'. The' wasn't any common damn-your-eyes routine to it. Palling, 'e just felt about with 'is fingers till 'e'd found that little beggar's immortal soul, —'e did. An' then 'e blew 'is nose on it like a bloomin' 'andkerchief an' then 'e threw it away. Swore at 'im? No. You chaps don't follow me. It was chronic. That's what it was—just chronic!"

. . . . . .

In the peaceful and loyal district of Stellenbosch there is a subaltern temporarily attached as supernumerary on the Accounts side of the Numdah and Girth-lace Issue Department who knows exactly how the Army ought to be reorganized. "It's all very well to talk about makin' the Army a business like those newspaper chaps do, but they don't understand the spirit of the Service. How can they? Well, don't you see, if they bring in those so-called reforms that they're always talkin' about, they simply fill up the Service with a lot of bounders and outsiders. They simply won't get the class of men to join that the Army really wants. No one will take up the Service then. I know *I* shan't, for one."

AN AVERTED TRAGEDY.

By Gertrude Norton.

MRS. GRUGGET sat on the back porch stringing beans. Her hands and thin, shallow face were wrinkled and brown. Now and then she would pause in her work and stretch her arms languidly in the air.

"I reckon it's about time to take another dose of that ager medicine, ain't it, Sim?" she said.

Her husband nodded. He had just returned from the field, and was cleaning an old gun.

"Goin' to hunt squirrels, Sim?" she asked, glancing toward the gun.

"Noap," replied Sim; "goin' to kill Bob Grunnel."

"He's come back, then?"

"Yes; bin back sense yisterday. Seed him plowin' over in the field as I went ter feed the shotes."

Mrs. Grugget let her hands fall helplessly into her lap, and sat looking out across the field.

"Has it got to be done?" she asked timidly.

"This very day," replied Sim.

"I've bin a-dreadin' it," said his wife. Her hands shook as she went on with her work.

"Ort ter done it long ago," declared Sim, "but the ole cuss has bin a-kinder hidin' out. He knows that the Gruggets come uv the stock that kills."

"Couldn't you put it off, Sim? It's my chill day, an'——"

"It's got ter be did terday. I reckon it will be ole Bob Grunnel's chill day when he sees me a-comin'."

He threw his gun over his shoulder, and went out across the field. Mrs. Grugget sat watching him, her hands shaking as she fumbled with the beans in her lap.

Sim crossed the field, climbed over the fence, and stood before his enemy. "I have come ter kill ye, Bob," he said, letting his gun rest in the hollow of his arm.

"I have bin expectin' it," said Bob.

He leaned upon the handles of the plow, and wiped the sweat from his brow. The two stood facing each other.

"Why don't ye shoot?" asked Bob.

Sim made a swift gesture of impatient anger.

"Mebby the Grunnels shoot unarmed men," he said, "but that ain't the Gruggets' way. Git yer gun."

"I reckon I'll haf ter go ter the house an' git it," remarked Bob.

"All right. I'll wait fer ye."

Sim bent down and began to pull some weeds from the corn row.

"Yer corn's powerful foul," he said.

"Got it in late," nodded Bob.

He drew a twist of "long green" from his pocket and bit off a liberal chew.

"I raised this on the new ground down by the garden patch," he remarked, as he held the piece of tobacco to Sim. "Have a chaw?"

"I don't mind. I reckon I'll jist plow a round fer ye while ye're gone after yer gun."

"All right. I won't be gone long."

By the time Sim had plowed a round Bob had returned with his gun.

"The thing is rusty, an' won't work," he said, "so I brought the screw-driver along, 'lowing I might fix it."

He began to take off the lock.

"I reckon I'd as well plow another round," said Sim.

When Sim returned, he found Bob sitting in the shade of the big elm in the corner of the fence, vainly endeavoring to mend the rusty lock.

"I never was much at fixin' things," Bob confessed.

"Let me see it," broke in Sim. "I never seed the thing I couldn't fix if it could be fixed."

He took the gun and began to examine it.

"It 'pears ter me that I've seed this ole gun before," he said, turning it over in his hands.

"Ye have. It's the one yer ole dad gave me more 'an forty years ago."

"Yes—it's the same gun, by Joe. Had most forgot all about it. It was the time my dad's house was burnt that he gave it ter ye," said Sim.

"About that time," nodded Bob. "We had bin ter ole Peter Snook's ter a corn shuckin'."

"So we had. We were both boys then. Dad was down with the rheumatiz, an' I 'low he'd 'a' got burnt up if ye hadn't 'a' got him out. That's how yer come ter burn yer hand."

"I reckon it was awkwardness that made me git my hand in the fire," said Bob, with a dry laugh. "It's kinder drawed on the back, but it don't bother me much."

He thrust the scarred and drawn member out of sight, and fell to looking fixedly at the gun. "I guess 'tain't no use ter fix the ole gun," he said, "fer I reckon yer dad didn't give it ter me ter shoot yer with."

Sim stood looking at the ground.

"If thar's any shootin' ter be done," Bob went on, "take yer gun an' do it. It won't be cheatin' ole Bob Grunnel out uv many days, anyhow."

He folded his arms, and stood leaning against the tree.

"Bob," said Sim, lifting his eyes to the other's face, "I am an ole fool. I reckon I ain't fit ter touch yer hand, but if yer can forgive the biggest scoundrel in Newton County——"

He extended his hand as he spoke, and stood with averted gaze.

"It hurts me ter have ye talk that way, Sim," said Bob, grasping the extended hand.

"No—the other hand, Bob—the burnt one—that. Thank God, an ole fool can some time come ter his senses long enough ter know that he's a fool."

Mrs. Grugget was standing on the porch when Sim returned, carrying a basket of red June apples.

"Bob Grunnel sent ye these," he said. "Stir around an' meck some apple dumplin's fer dinner."

She took the basket and went into the kitchen, the glad tears running down her wrinkled face.

BRET HARTE

A JACK AND JILL OF THE SIERRAS

A STORY OF THE CALIFORNIA MINES.

IT was four o'clock in the afternoon, and the hottest hour of the day on that Sierran foothill. The Western sun, streaming down the mile-long slope of close-set pine crests, had been caught on an outlying ledge of glaring white quartz, covered with mining tools and *débris*, and seemed to have been thrown into an incandescent rage. The air above it shimmered and became visible. A white canvas tent on it was an object not to be borne; the steel-tipped picks and shovels, intolerable to touch and eyesight, and a tilted tin prospecting-pan, falling over, flashed out as another sun of insufferable effulgence. At such moments the five members of the "Eureka Mining Company" prudently withdrew to the nearest pine tree, which cast a shadow so sharply defined on the glistening sand that the impingement of a hand or finger beyond that line cut like a knife. The men lay, or squatted, in this shadow, feverishly puffing their pipes and waiting for the sun to slip beyond the burning ledge. Yet so irritating was the dry air, fragrant with the aroma of the heated pines, that occasionally one would start up and walk about until he had brought on that profuse perspiration which gave a momentary relief, and, as he believed, saved him from sunstroke. Suddenly a voice exclaimed querulously:

"Derned if the blasted bucket ain't empty agin! Not a drop left, by Jimminy!"

A stare of helpless disgust was exchanged by the momentarily uplifted heads; then every man laid down again, as if trying to erase himself. "Who brought the last?" demanded the foreman.

"*I* did," said a reflective voice, coming from a partner lying comfortably on his back, "and if anybody reckons I'm going to face Tophet agin down that slope, he's mistaken!" The speaker was thirsty—but he had principles.

"We must throw round for it," said the foreman, taking the dice from his pocket. He cast—the lowest number fell to Parkhurst, a florid, full-blooded Texan. "All right, gentlemen," he said, wiping his forehead, and lifting the tin pail with a resigned air, "only *ef* anything comes to me on that bare stretch o' stage road—and I'm kinder seeing things spotty and black now—remember you ain't anywhar' *nearer* the water than you were. I ain't sayin' it for myself—but it mout be rough on *you*—and——"

"Give *me* the pail," interrupted a tall young fellow, rising. "I'll risk it."

Cries of "Good old Ned!" and "Hunky

boy!" greeted him as he took the pail from the perspiring Parkhurst, who at once laid down again. "You mayn't be a professin' Christian, in good standin', Ned Bray," continued Parkhurst from the ground, "but you're about as white as they make 'em, and you're goin' to do a heavenly act! I repeat it, gents,—a heavenly act!"

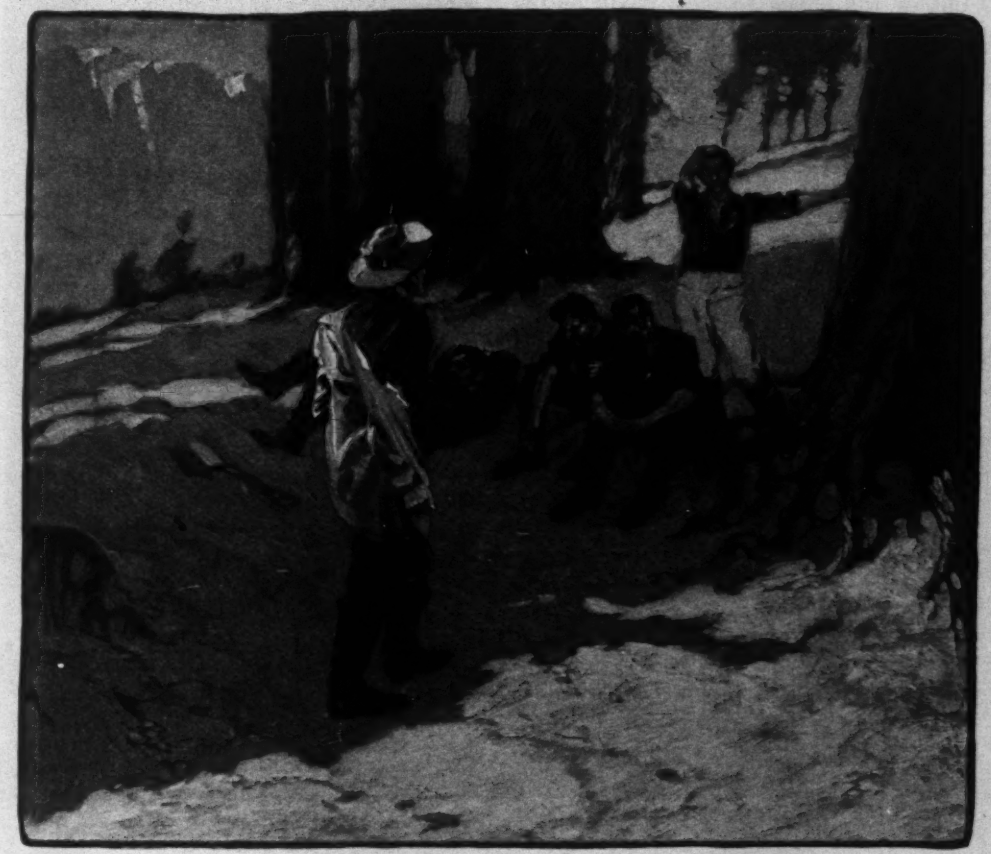
Without a reply Bray walked off with the pail, stopping only in the underbrush to pluck a few soft fronds of fern, part of which he put within the crown of his hat, and stuck the rest in its band around the outer brim, making a parasol-like shade above his shoulders. Thus equipped he passed through the outer fringe of pines to a rocky trail which began to descend toward the stage road. Here he was in the full glare of the sun, and its reflection from the heated rocks, which scorched his feet and pricked his bent face into a rash. The descent was steep and necessarily slow from the slipperiness of the dessicated pine needles that had fallen from above. Nor were his troubles over when, a few rods further, he came upon the stage road, which here swept in a sharp curve round the flank of the mountain. Its red dust, ground by heavy wagons and pack-trains into a fine powder, was nevertheless so heavy with some metallic substance that it scarcely lifted with the foot, and he was obliged to literally wade through it. Yet there were 200 yards of this road to be passed before he could reach that point of its bank where a narrow and precipitous trail dropped diagonally from it, to creep along the mountain side to the spring he was seeking. When he reached the trail, he paused to take breath and wipe the blinding beads of sweat from his eyes before he cautiously swung himself over the bank into it. A single misstep here would have sent him headlong to the tops of pine trees a thousand feet below. Holding his pail in one hand, with the other he steadied himself by clutching the ferns and brambles at his side, and at last reached the spring—a niche in the mountain side with a ledge scarcely four feet wide. He had merely accomplished the ordinary gymnastic feat performed by the members of the Eureka Company four or five times a day. But the day was exceptionally hot. He held his wrists to cool their throbbing pulses in the clear, cold stream that gurgled into its rocky basin; he threw the water over his head and shoulders, he swung his legs over the ledge and let the overflow fall on his dusty shoes and ankles. Gentle and delicious rigors came over him. He sat with half-closed eyes looking across the dark olive depths of the cañon between him and the opposite mountain. A hawk was swinging lazily above it—apparently within a stone's throw of him; he knew it was at least a mile away. Thirty feet above him ran the stage road; he could hear quite distinctly the slow thud of hoofs, the dull jar of harness, and the labored creaking of the Pioneer coach as it crawled up the long ascent, part of which he had just passed. He thought of it—a slow drifting cloud of dust and heat, as he had often seen it, abandoned by even its passengers, who sought shelter in the wayside pines as they toiled behind it to the summit—and hugged himself in the grateful shadows of the spring. It had passed out of hearing and thought, he had turned to fill his pail, when he was startled by a shower of dust and gravel from the road above. And the next moment he was thrown violently down, blinded and pinned against the ledge, by the fall of some heavy body on his back and shoulders. His last flash of consciousness was that he had been struck by a sack of flour slipped from the pack of some passing mule.

How long he remained unconscious he never knew. It was probably not long, for his chilled hands and arms, thrust by the blow on his shoulders into the pool of water, assisted in restoring him. He came to with a sense of suffocating pressure on his back, but his head and shoulders were swathed in utter darkness by the folds of some soft fabrics and draperies, which, to his connecting consciousness, seemed as if the contents of a broken bale or trunk had also fallen from the pack. With a tremendous effort he succeeded in getting his arm out of the pool, and attempted to free his head from its blinding enwrappings. In doing so his hand suddenly touched human flesh—a soft bared arm! With the same astounding discovery came one more terrible—that arm belonged to the weight that was pressing him down, and now, assisted by his struggles, it was slowly slipping toward the brink of the ledge and the abyss below! With a desperate effort he turned on his side, caught the body—for a body it was—dragged it back on the ledge, at the same moment that, freeing his head from its covering—a feminine skirt—he discovered it was a woman!

She had been also unconscious, although the touch of his cold, wet hand on her skin had probably given her a shock that was now showing itself in a convulsive shudder of her shoulders and a half opening of her eyes.

Suddenly she began to stare at him, to draw in her knees and feet toward her, sideways, with a feminine movement, as she smoothed out her skirt, and kept it down with a hand on which she leant. She was a tall, handsome girl, from what he could judge of her half-sitting figure in her torn silk dust cloak, which, although its cape and one sleeve were split into ribbons, had still protected her back against the mountain side. "Yes," she half murmured to herself, rather than to him, "it must be so. I was walking too near the bank—and—I fell!" Then, turning to him, she said, "And you found me lying here when you came?"

"I think," stammered Bray, "that I was here when you fell, and I—I broke the fall." He was sorry for it a moment afterward.



"THE FIVE MEMBERS OF THE 'EUREKA MINING COMPANY' PRUDENTLY WITHDREW TO THE NEAREST PINE TREE . . . WAITING FOR THE SUN TO SLIP BEYOND THE BURNING LEDGE."

delicate, well-fitting gown beneath. She was evidently a lady.

"What—is it?—what has happened?" she said faintly, yet with a slight touch of formality in her manner.

"You must have fallen—from the road above," said Bray, hesitatingly.

"From the road above?" she repeated, with a slight frown, as if to concentrate her thought. She glanced upward, then at the ledge before her, and then, for the first time, at the darkening abyss below. The color, which had begun to return, suddenly left her face here, and she drew instinctively She lifted her handsome gray eyes to him, saw the dust, dirt, and leaves on his back and shoulders, the collar of his shirt torn open, and a few spots of blood from a bruise on his forehead. Her black eyebrows straightened again as she said coldly, "Dear me! I am very sorry; I couldn't help it, you know. I hope you are not otherwise hurt?"

"No," he said quickly. "But you—are you sure you are not injured? It must have been a terrible shock."

"I'm not hurt," she said, helping herself to her feet by the aid of the mountain-side

bushes, and ignoring his proffered hand. "But," she added quickly and impressively, glancing upward toward the stage road overhead, "why don't they come? They must have missed me. I must have been here a long time. It's too bad."

"*They* missed you?" he repeated diffidently.

"Yes," she said impatiently, "of course! I wasn't alone. Don't you understand? I got out of the coach to walk uphill on the bank under the trees. It was so hot and stuffy. My foot must have slipped up there—and—I—slid—down. Have you heard any one calling me? Have you called out yourself?"

Mr. Bray did not like to say he had only just recovered consciousness. He smiled vaguely and foolishly. But on turning around in her impatience she caught sight of the chasm again, and lapsed quite white against the mountain side.

"Let me give you some water from the spring," he said eagerly, as she sank again to a sitting posture; "it will refresh you." He looked hesitatingly around him; he had neither cup nor flask, but he filled the pail and held it with great dexterity to her lips. She drank a little, extracted a lace handkerchief from some hidden pocket, dipped its point in the water and wiped her face delicately, after a certain feline fashion. Then, catching sight of some small object in the fork of a bush above her, she quickly pounced upon it, and with a swift sweep of her hand under her skirt, put on *her fallen slipper*, and stood on her feet again. "How does one get out of such a place?" she said fretfully, and then, glancing at him half indignantly: "Why don't you shout?"

"I was going to tell you," he said, gently, "that when you are a little stronger we can get out by the way I came in—along the trail." He pointed to the narrow pathway along the perilous incline. Somehow with this tall, beautiful creature beside him it looked more perilous than before. She may have thought so, too, for she drew in her breath sharply, and sank down again.

"Is there no other way?"

"None!"

"How did *you* happen to be here?" she asked, suddenly, opening her gray eyes upon him. "What did you come here for?" she went on, almost impertinently.

"To fetch a pail of water." He stopped, and then it suddenly occurred to him that, after all, there was no reason for his being bullied by this tall, good-looking girl, even

"A SINGLE MISSTEP HERE WOULD HAVE SENT HIM HEADLONG TO THE TOPS OF PINE TREES A THOUSAND FEET BELOW."

if he *had* saved her. He gave a little laugh, and added, mischievously: "Just like Jack and Jill, you know."

"What?" she said sharply, bending her black brows at him.

"Jack and Jill," he returned carelessly. "*I* broke my crown, you know, and *you*—" he did not finish.

She stared at him, trying to keep her face and her composure, but a smile, that on her imperious lips he thought perfectly adorable, here lifted the corners of her mouth, and she turned her face aside. But the smile and the line of dazzling little teeth it revealed were unfortunately on the side *toward* him. Emboldened by this he went on: "I couldn't think what had happened. At first I had a sort of idea that part of a mule's pack had fallen on top of me—blankets, flour, and all that sort of thing, you know, until——"

Her smile had vanished. "Well," she said impatiently, "until?"

"Until I touched you. I'm afraid I gave you a shock; my hand was dripping from the spring."

She colored so quickly that he knew she must have been conscious at the time, and he noticed now that the sleeve of her frock, which had been half torn off her arm, was pinned together over it. When and how had she managed to do it without his detecting the act?

"At all events," she said coldly, "I'm glad you have not received greater injury from—your mule pack."

"I think we've both been very lucky," he said simply.

She did not reply, but remained looking furtively at the narrow trail. Then she listened. "I thought I heard voices," she said, half rising.

"Shall I shout?" he asked.

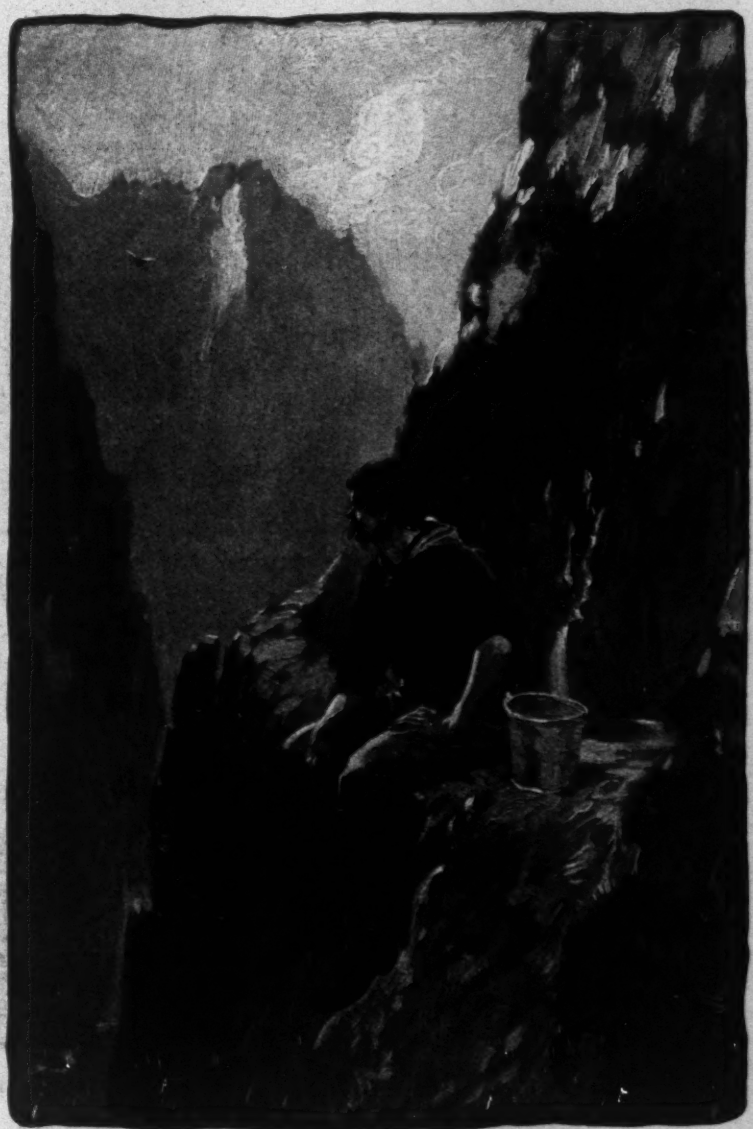
"No!" she said quickly. "You say there's no use—there's only this way out of it!"

"I might go up first, and perhaps get assistance—a rope or chair?" he suggested.

"And leave me here alone?" she said, with a horrified glance at the abyss. "No, thank you. I should be over that ledge before you came back. There's a dreadful fascination in it even now. No; I think I'd rather go—at once! I never shall be stronger as long as I stay near it. I may be weaker." She gave a petulant little shiver, and then, though paler and evidently agitated, composed her tattered and dusty outer garments in a deft, ladylike way, and leaned back against the mountain side. He saw her also glance at his loosened shirt front; and at his hanging neckerchief, and with a heightened color he quickly reknotted it around his throat. They moved from the ledge toward the trail. Suddenly she started back.

"But it's only wide enough for *one*—and I never—*never*—could even stand on it a minute alone!" she said earnestly.

He looked at her critically. "We will go together, side by side," he said quietly; "but you will have to take the outside."



"HE SAT . . . LOOKING ACROSS THE DARK OLIVE DEPTHS OF THE CAÑON BETWEEN HIM AND THE OPPOSITE MOUNTAIN."

"THEY BOTH STRUGGLED TO THEIR FEET . . . THE SAME THOUGHT IN THE MINDS OF BOTH."

"Outside!" she repeated, recoiling, "impossible, I shall fall."

"I shall keep hold of you," he said gravely. "You need not fear that. Stop! I'll make it safer." He untied the large bandana silk handkerchief which he wore around his shoulders, knotted one end of it firmly to his belt, and handed her the other. "Do you think you can hold on to that?"

"I—don't know," she hesitated. "If I should fall?"

"Stay a moment. Is your belt strong?" He pointed to a girdle of yellow leather which caught her tunic around her small waist.

"Yes," she said eagerly, "it's real leather."

He gently slipped the edge of the handkerchief under it, and knotted it. They were thus linked together by a foot of handkerchief.

"I feel much safer," she said, with a faint smile.

"But if *I* should fall," he said, looking into her eyes, "you would go too. Have you thought of that?"

"Yes." Her previous charming smile returned. "It would be really Jack and Jill this time," she said.

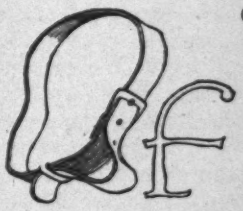
They passed out on the trail. "Now I must take *your* arm," he said, laughingly, "not you *mine*." He passed his arm under hers, holding it firmly. It was the one he had touched. For the first few steps her uncertain feet took no hold of the sloping mountain side, which seemed to slip sideways beneath her. He was literally carrying her on his shoulder. But in a few moments she saw how cleverly he balanced himself, always leaning toward the hillside, and presently she was able to help him by a few steps. She expressed her surprise at his skill.

"It's nothing," he said quietly; "I carry a pail of water up here without spilling a drop."

She stiffened slightly under this remark, and indeed so far overdid her attempt to walk without his aid that her foot slipped on a stone, and she fell outward toward the abyss. But in an instant his arm was transferred from her elbow to her waist, and in the momentum of his quick recovery they both landed panting against the mountain side.

"I'm afraid you'd have spilt the pail that time," she said with a slightly heightened color, as she disengaged herself gently from his arm.

"No," he said boldly, "for the pail never would have stiffened itself in a tiff and tried to go alone."



COURSE not—if it were only a pail," she responded.

They moved on again in silence. The trail was growing a little steeper toward the upper end and the road bank. Bray was often himself obliged to seek the friendly aid of a manzanita or thorn bush to support them. Suddenly she stopped and caught his arm. "There!" she said, "listen! They're coming!"

Bray listened; he could hear at intervals a far-off shout. Then a nearer one—a name—"Eugenia." So that was *hers!*

"Shall I shout back?" he asked.

"Not yet," she said. "Are we near the top?"

A sudden glow of pleasure came over him; he knew not why, except that she did not look delighted, excited, nor even relieved. "Only a few yards more," he said, with an unaffected half-sigh.

"Then I'd better untie this," she said gently, beginning to fumble at the knot of the handkerchief which linked them together. Their heads were close together, their fingers often met; he would liked to have said something—but he could only add: "Are you sure you will feel quite safe? It is a little steeper as we near the bank."

"You can hold me," she said simply, with a superbly unconscious lifting of her arm, as she yielded her waist to him again, but without raising her eyes.

He did, holding her rather tightly, I fear, as they clambered up the remaining slope, for it seemed to him as a last embrace. As he lifted her on the road bank the shouts came nearer, and glancing up he saw two men and a woman running down the hill toward them. He turned to Eugenia. In that instant she had slipped the tattered dust coat from her shoulder, thrown it over her torn sleeve, set her hat straight, and was calmly awaiting them with a self-possession and coolness that seemed to shame their excitement. He noticed, too, with the quick perception of unimportant things which comes to some natures at such moments, that she had plucked a sprig of wild myrtle from the mountain side and was wearing it on her breast.

"Good Heavens, Genie! What has happened? Where have you been?"

"Eugenia, this is perfect madness!" began the elder man didactically. "You have alarmed us beyond measure—kept the stage waiting—and now it is gone!"

"Genie! Look here, I say! We've been hunting for you everywhere. What's up?" said the younger man, with brotherly brusqueness.

As these questions were all uttered in the same breath, Eugenia replied to them collectively. "It was so hot that I kept along the bank here, while you were on the other side. I heard the trickle of water somewhere down there, and searching for it my foot slipped. This gentleman"—she indicated Bray—"was on a little sort of a trail there, and assisted me back to the road again."

The two men and the woman turned and stared at Bray with a look of curiosity that changed quickly into a half-contemptuous unconcern. They saw a youngish sort of man, with a long mustache, a two days' growth of beard, a not overclean face, that was further streaked with red on the temple, a torn flannel shirt, that showed a very white shoulder beside a sunburnt throat and neck, and soiled white trousers stuck into muddy high boots—in fact, the picture of a broken-down miner. But their unconcern was as speedily changed again into resentment at the perfect ease and equality with which he regarded them—a regard the more exasperating as it was not without a suspicion of his perception of some satire or humor in the situation.

"Ahem! Very much obliged, I am sure. I—er——"

"The lady has thanked me," interrupted Bray, with a smile.

"Did you fall far?" said the younger man to Eugenia, ignoring Bray.

"Not far," she answered, with a half-appealing look at Bray.

"Only a few feet," added Bray, with prompt mendacity; "just a little slip down."

The three newcomers here turned away, and surrounding Eugenia conversed in an undertone. Quite conscious that he was the subject of discussion, he lingered only in the hope of catching a parting glance from Eugenia. The words "*You* do it," "No, *you*," "It would come better from *her*," were distinctly audible to him. To his surprise, however, she suddenly broke through them, and advancing to him, with a dangerous brightness in her beautiful eyes, held out her slim hand. "My father, Mr. Neworth; my brother, Harry Neworth; and my aunt, Mrs. Dobbs," she said, indicating each one with a graceful inclination of her handsome head, "all think I ought to give you something and send you away. I believe that is the way they put it. *I* think differently. I come to ask you to let me once more thank you for your good service to me to-day, which I shall never forget." When he had returned her firm hand-clasp for a minute, she coolly rejoined the discomfited group.

"She's no sardine," said Bray to himself emphatically, "but I suspect she'll catch it from her folks for this. I ought to have gone away at once, like a gentleman, hang it!" He was even angrily debating with himself whether he ought not follow her to protect her from her gesticulating relations as they all trailed up the hill with her, when he reflected that it would only make matters worse. And with it came the dreadful reflection that as yet he had not brought the water to his expecting and thirsty comrades. He had forgotten them for these lazy, snobbish, purse-proud San Franciscans, for Bray had the miner's supreme contempt for the moneyed trading classes. What would the boys think of him? He flung himself over the bank, and hastened recklessly down the trail to the spring. But here again he lingered—the place had become suddenly hallowed. How deserted it looked without her! He gazed eagerly around on the ledge for any trace that she had left—a bow, a bit of ribbon, or even a hairpin that had fallen from her. As he slowly filled the pail he caught sight of his own reflection in the spring. It certainly was not that of an Adonis. He laughed honestly; his sense of humor had saved him from many an extravagance, and mitigated many a disappointment before this. Well, she was a plucky, handsome girl, even if she was not for him and

he might never set eyes on her again. Yet it was a hard pull up that trail once more, carrying an insensible pail of water in the hand that had once sustained a lovely girl. He remembered her reply to his badinage, "Of course not—if it were only a pail," and found a dozen pretty interpretations of it. Yet he was not in love. No. He was too poor and too level-headed for that. And he was unaffectedly and materially tired, too, when he reached the road again and rested, leaving the spring and its little idyl behind.

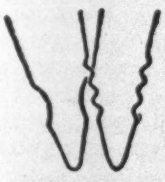
By this time the sun had left the burning ledge of the Eureka Company, and the stage road was also in shadow, so that his return through its heavy dust was less difficult. And when he at last reached the camp, he found to his relief that his prolonged absence had been overlooked by his thirsty companions in a larger excitement and disappointment, for it appeared that a well-known San Francisco capitalist, whom the foreman had persuaded to visit their claim with a view to advance and investment, had actually come over from Red Dog for that purpose, and had got as far as the Summit when he was stopped by an accident, and delayed so long that he was obliged to go on to Sacramento without making his visit and examination.

"That was only his excuse—mere flapdoodle!" interrupted the pessimistic Jerrold. "He was foolin' you. He'd heard of su'then better. The idea of calling that affair an 'accident,' or one that would stop any man who meant business!"

Bray had become uneasily conscious. "What was the accident?" he asked.

"A fool woman's accident," broke in the misogynist Parkhurst, "and it's true! That's what makes it so cussed mean. For there's allus a woman at the bottom of such things—bet your life! Think of 'em coming here. Thar ought to be a law agin it."

"But what was it?" persisted Bray, becoming more apprehensive.



HY, what does that blasted fool of a capitalist do but bring with him his daughter and auntie to 'see the wonderful scenery with popa dear'! As if it was a cheap Sunday-school panorama! And what do these chuckle-headed women do but get off the coach and go to wanderin' about, and playin' 'here we go round the mulberry bush,' until one of 'em tumbles down a ravine. And then there's a great to-do, and 'dear popa' was up and down the road yellin', 'Me cheyld! me cheyld!' And then there was camphor and sal volatile and eau de cologne to be got, and the coach goes off, and 'popa dear' gets left, and then has to hurry off in a buggy to catch it. And so *we* get left too, just because that old fool, Neworth, brings his women here."

Under this recital poor Bray sat as completely crushed as when the fair daughter of Neworth had descended upon his shoulders at the spring. He saw it all. *His* was the fault. It was *his* delay and dalliance with her that had checked Neworth's visit.

Worse than that, it was his subsequent audacity and her defense of him that would probably prevent any renewal of the negotiations. He had shipwrecked his partners' prospects in his absurd vanity and pride! He did not dare to raise his eyes to their dejected faces.

He would have confessed everything to them, but the same feeling of delicacy to her which had determined him to keep her adventures to himself now forever sealed his lips. How might they not misconstrue his conduct—and *hers!* Perhaps something of this was visible in his face.

"Come, old man," said the cheerful misogynist, with perfect innocence, "don't take it so hard. Some time in a man's life a woman's sure to get the drop on him, as I said afore, and this yer woman's got the drop on five of us. But—hallo, Ned, old man, what's the matter with your head?" He laid his hand gently on the matted temple of his younger partner.

"I had—a slip—on the trail," he stammered. "Had to go back again for another pailful. That's what delayed me, you know, boys," he added quickly. "But it's nothing."

"Nothing!" ejaculated Parkhurst, clapping him on the back and twisting him around by the shoulders so that he faced his companions. "Nothing! Look at him, gentlemen; and he says it's 'nothing.' That's how *a man* takes it. *He* didn't go round yellin' and wringing his hands, and sayin', 'Me pay-l! me pay-l!' when it spilt. He just humped himself and trotted back for another. And yet every drop of water in that overset bucket meant hard work and hard sweat, and was as precious as gold."

Luckily for Bray, whose mingled emotions under Parkhurst's eloquence were beginning to be hysterical, the foreman interrupted.

"Well, boys, it's time we got to work again and took another heave at the old

ledge. But now that this job of Neworth's is over, I don't mind tellin' ye suthin'." As their leader usually spoke but little, and to the point, the four men gathered around him. "Although I engineered this affair and got it up, somehow I never *saw* that Neworth standing on this ledge. No, boys, I never saw him *here*." The look of superstition which Bray and the others had often seen on this old miner's face, and which so often showed itself in his acts, was there. "And though I wanted him to come, and allowed to have him come, I'm kinder relieved that he didn't; and so let whatsoever luck's in the air come to us, five alone boys, just as we stand."

The next morning Bray was up before his companions, and although it was not his turn, offered to bring water from the spring. He was not in love with Eugenia—he had not forgotten his remorse of the previous day—but he would like to go there once more before he relentlessly wiped out her image from his mind. And he had heard that, although Neworth had gone on to Sacramento, his son and the two ladies had stopped on for a day or two at the Ditch Superintendent's house on the Summit, only two miles away. She might pass on the road; he might get a glimpse of her again and a wave of her hand before this thing was over forever and he should have to take up the daily routine of his work again.

It was not love, of *that* he was assured; but it was the way to stop it by convincing himself of its madness. Besides, in view of all the circumstances, it was his duty as a gentleman to show some concern for her condition after the accident and the disagreeable contretemps which followed it.

Thus Bray! Alas, none of these possibilities occurred. He found the spring had simply lapsed into its previous unsuggestive obscurity, a mere niche in the mountain side that held only—water. The stage road was deserted save for an early, curly-headed school-boy, whom he found lurking on the bank, but who evaded his company and conversation.

He returned to the camp quite cured of his fancy. His late zeal as a water-carrier had earned him a day or two's exemption from that duty. His place was taken the next afternoon by the woman-hating Parkhurst, and he was the less concerned by it as he had heard that the same afternoon the ladies were to leave the Summit for Sacramento.

But then occurred a singular coincidence. The new water-bringer was as scandalously late in his delivery of the precious fluid as his predecessor. An hour passed, and he did not return. His unfortunate partners, toiling away with pick and crowbar on the burning ledge, were clamorous from thirst, and Bray was becoming absurdly uneasy. It could not be possible that the accident had been repeated. Or had *she* met him with inquiries? But no, she was already gone.

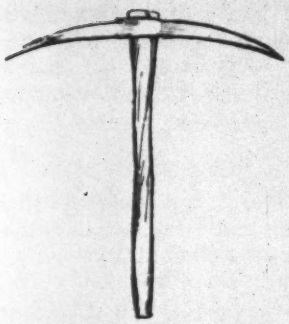
The mystery was presently cleared, however, by the abrupt appearance of Parkhurst running toward them, but *without his pail*. The cry of consternation and despair which greeted that discovery was, however, quickly changed by a single, breathless, half-intelligible sentence he had shot before him from his panting lips, and he was holding something in his outstretched palm that was more eloquent than words—gold!

In an instant they had him under the shade of the pine tree, and were squatting round him like school-boys. He was profoundly agitated. His story, far from being brief, was incoherent, and at times seemed irrelevant, but that was characteristic. They would remember that he had always held the theory that even in quartz mining the deposits were always found near water, past or present, with signs of fluvial erosion. He didn't call himself a one of your blanked scientific miners, but his head was level. It was all very well for them to say, "Yes! yes!" *now;* but they didn't used to. Well, when he got to the spring, he noticed that there had been a kind of landslide above it—of course from water cleavage—and there was a distinct mark of it on the mountain-side, where it had uprooted and thrown over some small bushes.

Excited as Bray was, he recognized with a hysterical sensation the track made by Eugenia in her fall, which he himself had noticed; but he had thought only of *her*.

"When I saw that," continued Parkhurst, more rapidly and coherently, "I saw that there was a crack above the hole where the water came through, as if it had been the old channel of the spring. I widened it a little with my clasp-knife, and then, in a little pouch or pocket of decomposed quartz, I found that!"

"Not only that, boys," he continued, rising, with a shout, "but the whole slope above the spring is a mass of seepage underneath, as if you'd played a hydraulic hose on it, and it's ready to tumble and is just rotten with quartz!"



HE men leaped to their feet; in another moment they had snatched picks, pans, and shovels, and the foreman leading, with a coil of rope thrown over his shoulders, were all flying down the trail to the highway. Their haste was wise. The spring was not on *their* claim; it was known to others: it was doubtful if Parkhurst's discovery with his knife amounted to actual *work* on the soil. They must "take it up" with a formal notice, and get to work at once.

In an hour they were scattered over the mountain side, like bees clinging to the fragrant slope of laurel and myrtle above the spring. An excavation was made beside it, and the ledge broadened by a dozen feet. Even the spring itself was utilized to wash the hastily filled prospecting-pans. And when the Pioneer coach slowly toiled up the road that afternoon, the passengers stared at the scarcely dry "Notice of Location" pinned to the pine by the road bank whence Eugenia had fallen two days before.

Eagerly and anxiously as Edward Bray worked with his companions, it was with more conflicting feelings. There was a certain sense of desecration in their act. How her proud lip would have curled had she seen him—him, who but a few hours before would have searched the whole slope for the treasure of a ribbon, a handkerchief, or a bow from her dress—now delving and picking the hillside for that fortune her accident had so mysteriously disclosed. Mysteriously he believed, for he had not fully accepted Parkhurst's story. That gentle misogynist had never been an active prospector; an inclination to theorize without practice and combat his partners' experience was against his alleged process of discovery, although the gold was actually there; and his conduct that afternoon was certainly peculiar. He did but little of the real work, but wandered from man to man with suggestions, advice, and exhortations and the air of a superior patron. This might have been characteristic, but mingled with it was a certain nervous anxiety and watchfulness. He was continually scanning the stage road and the trail, staring eagerly at any wayfarer in the distance, and at times falling into fits of strange abstraction. At other times he would draw near to one of his fellow-partners, as if for confidential disclosure, and then check himself and wander aimlessly away. And it was not until evening came that the mystery was solved.

The prospecting-pans had been duly washed and examined, the slope above and below had been fully explored and tested, with a result and promise that outran their most sanguine hopes. There was no mistaking the fact that they had made a "big" strike. That singular gravity and reticence, so often observed in miners at these crises, had come over them as they sat that night for the last time around their old camp-fire on the Eureka ledge, when Parkhurst turned impulsively to Bray. "Roll over here," he said in a whisper; "I want to tell ye suthin'."

Bray "rolled" beyond the squatting circle, and the two men gradually edged themselves out of hearing of the others. In the silent abstraction that prevailed nobody noticed them.

"It's got suthin' to do with this discovery," said Parkhurst, in a low, mysterious tone, "but as far as the gold goes, and our equal rights to it as partners, it don't affect them. If I," he continued, in a slightly patronizing, paternal tone, "choose to make you and the other boys shares in what seems to be a special providence to *me*, I reckon we won't quarrel on it. It's a mighty curious, singular thing. It's one of those things ye read about in books and don't take any stock in. But we've got the gold, and I've got the black and white to prove it, even if it ain't exactly human."

His voice sank so low, his manner was so impressive, that despite his known exaggeration, Bray felt a slight thrill of superstition. Meantime Parkhurst wiped his brow, took a folded slip of paper and a sprig of laurel from his pocket, and drew a long breath.

"When I got to the spring this morning," he went on in a nervous, tremulous, and scarcely audible voice, "I saw this bit o' paper, folded notewise, lyin' on the ledge before it. On the top of it was this sprig of laurel, to catch the eye. I ain't the man to pry into other folks' secrets or read what ain't mine. But on the back o' this note was written 'To Jack.' It's a common enough name; but it's a singular thing, ef you'll recollect, thar ain't *another* Jack in this company, nor on the whole ridge betwixt

this and the Summit, except *myself*. So I opened it, and this is what it read." He held the paper sideways toward the leaping light of the still near camp-fire, and read slowly, with the emphasis of having read it many times before:

"I want you to believe that *I*, at least, respect and honor your honest, manly calling, and when you strike it rich, as you surely will, I hope you will sometimes think of Jill."

In the thrill of joy, hope, and fear that came over Bray he could see that Parkhurst had not only failed to detect his secret, but had not even connected the two names with their obvious suggestion. "But do you know anybody named Jill?" he asked breathlessly.

"It's no *name*," said Parkhurst, in a somber voice; "it's a *thing*."

"A thing," repeated Bray, bewildered.

"Yes, a measure, you know; two fingers of whisky."

"Oh, a 'gill,'" said Bray.

"That's what I said, young man," returned Parkhurst gravely.

Bray choked back a hysterical laugh; spelling was notoriously not one of Parkhurst's strong points. "But what's a 'gill' got to do with it?" he asked quickly.

"It's one of them sphinx things, don't you see? A sort of riddle or rebus, you know. You've got to study it out, as them old chaps did. But I fetched it. What comes after 'gills,' eh?"

"Pints, I suppose," said Bray.

"And after pints?"

"Quarts."

"*Quartz;* and there you are. So I looked about me for quartz, and, sure enough, struck it the first pop."

Bray cast a quick look at Parkhurst's grave face. The man was evidently impressed and sincere. "Have you told this to any one?" he asked quickly.

"No."

"Then *don't*, or you'll spoil the charm and bring us ill-luck. That's the rule, you know. I really don't know that you ought to have told me," added the artful Bray, dissembling his intense joy at this proof of Eugenia's remembrance.

"But," said Parkhurst blankly, "you see, old man, you'd just been to the spring, and I kinder thought——"

"Don't think," said Bray promptly, "and above all don't talk. Not a word to the boys of this. Stay! Give me the paper and the sprig. I've got to go to San Francisco next week, and I'll take care of it and think it out." He knew that Parkhurst might be tempted to talk, but without the paper his story would be treated lightly. Parkhurst handed him the paper, and the two men returned to the camp-fire.

That night Bray slept but little. The superstition of the lover is no less keen than that of the gambler, and Bray, while laughing at Parkhurst's extravagant fancy, I am afraid, was equally inclined to believe that their good fortune came through Eugenia's influence. At least he should tell her so, and her precious note became now an invitation, as well as an excuse for seeking her. The only fear that possessed him was that she might have expected some acknowledgment of her note before she left that afternoon. The only thing he could not understand was how she had managed to convey the note to the spring, for she could not have taken it herself. But this would doubtless be explained by her in San Francisco, whither he intended to seek her. His affairs, the purchasing of machinery for their new claim, would no doubt give him easy access to her father.

But it was one thing to imagine this while procuring a new and fashionable outfit in San Francisco, and quite another to stand before the "palatial" residence of the Neworths on Rincon Hill, with the consciousness of no other introduction than the memory of the Neworths' discourtesy on the mountain, and even in his fine feathers Bray hesitated. At this moment a carriage rolled up to the door, and Eugenia, an adorable vision of laces and silks, alighted.

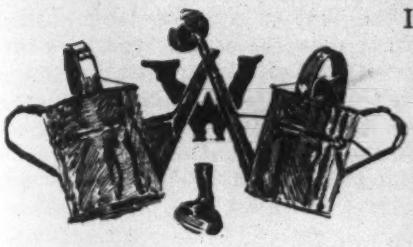
Forgetting everything else he advanced toward her with outstretched hand. He saw her start, a faint color come in her face. He knew he was recognized, but she stiffened quickly again, the color vanished, her beautiful gray eyes rested coldly on him for a moment, and then, with the faintest inclination of her proud head, she swept by him and entered the house.

But Bray though shocked was not daunted, and perhaps his own pride was awakened. He ran to his hotel, summoned a messenger, enclosed her note in an envelope, and added these lines:

DEAR MISS NEWORTH,—I only wanted to thank you an hour ago—as I should liked to have done before—for the kind note which I enclose, but which you have made me feel I have no right to treasure any longer, and to tell you that your most generous wish and prophecy have been more than fulfilled.

Yours very gratefully,

EDMUND BRAY.



Miss Neworth has been fully aware of that pre-occupation with his good fortune which prevented Mr. Bray from an earlier acknowledgment of her foolish note.

WITHIN the hour the messenger returned with the still briefer reply:

Cold as this response was, Bray's heart leaped. She *had* lingered on the Summit and *had* expected a reply. He seized his hat, and jumping into the first cab at the hotel door, drove rapidly back to the house. He had but one idea—to see her at any cost; but one concern—to avoid a meeting with her father first, or a denial at her very door.

He dismissed the cab at the street corner, and began to reconnoiter the house. It had a large garden in the rear, reclaimed from the adjacent scrub-oak infested sand hill, and protected by a high wall. If he could scale that wall, he could command the premises. It was a bright morning; she might be tempted into the garden. A taller scrub oak grew near the wall. To the mountain-bred Bray it was an easy matter to swing himself from it to the wall, and he did. But his momentum was so great that he touched the wall only to be obliged to leap down into the garden to save himself from falling there. He heard a little cry, felt his feet strike some tin utensil, and rolled on the ground beside Eugenia and her overturned watering-pot.

They both struggled to their feet with an astonishment that turned to laughter in their eyes, and the same thought in the minds of both.

"But we are not on the mountains now, Mr. Bray," said Eugenia, taking her handkerchief at last from her sobering face and straightening eyebrows.

"But we are quits," said Bray. "And you now know my real name. I only came here to tell you why I could not answer your letter the same day. I never got it—I mean"—he added hurriedly—"another man got it first."

She threw up her head, and her face grew pale. "*Another* man got it," she repeated. "And *you* let another man——"

"No, no," interrupted Bray imploringly. "You don't understand. One of my partners went to the spring that afternoon and found it, but he neither knows who sent it nor for whom it was intended." He hastily recounted Parkhurst's story, his mysterious belief and interpretation of the note. The color came back to her face, and the smile to her lips and eyes. "I had gone twice to the spring after I saw you, but I couldn't bear its deserted look without you," he added boldly. Here, seeing her face grow grave again, he added: "But how did you get the letter to the spring, and how did you know that it was found that morning?"

It was her turn to look embarrassed and entreating, but the combination was charming in her proud face. "I got a little school-boy at the Summit," she said, with girlish hesitation, "to take the note. He knew the spring, but he didn't know *you*. I told him—it was very foolish, I know—to wait until you came for water, to be certain that you got the note, to wait until you came up, for I thought you might question him or give him some word." Her face was quite rosy now. "But," she added, and her lip took a divine pout, "he said he waited *two hours;* that you never took the *least concern* of the letter or him, but went around the mountain side, peering and picking in every hole and corner of it, and then he got tired and ran away. Of course I understand it now. It wasn't *you*—but oh, please! I beg you, Mr. Bray, don't."

Bray released the little hand which he had impulsively caught, and which had allowed itself to be detained for a blissful moment.

"And now, don't you think, Mr. Bray," she added demurely, "that you had better let me fill my pail again while you go round to the front door and call upon me properly?"

"But your father?"

"My father, as a well-known investor, regrets exceedingly that he has not made your acquaintance more thoroughly in his late brief inter-

view. He is, as your foreman knows, exceedingly interested in the mines on Eureka ledge. He will be glad if you would call." She led him to a little door in the wall, which she unbolted. "And now, 'Jill' must say good-by to 'Jack,' for she must make herself ready to receive a Mr. Bray who is expected."

And when Bray, a moment later, called at the front door, he was respectfully announced. He called another day, and many days after. He came frequently to San Francisco, and one day did not return to his old partners. He had entered into a new partnership with one who, he declared, "had made the first strike on Eureka Mountain."

BRYAN.

By William Allen White,

Author of "The Real Issue" and "The Court of Boyville."

Editor's Note.—In the following article, William Allen White begins in McClure's Magazine a series of studies of the most conspicuous of our present-day political figures. The characters to be presented in this series have been chosen irrespective of the political sympathies of either Mr. White or of the editors of McClure's, and solely because of the position they occupy in the mind of the public. Mr. Bryan leads the series because, excepting a few men in official life, he is to-day the most prominent figure in the United States. The next article will deal with a leading Republican.

As is evident from the present study, Mr. White purposes to give a frank portrait of a man as he sees him. He argues neither for nor against his views or deeds. He aims solely to show the reader what manner of man this is that is playing so large a part in our public life. It is the sincere and unreserved expression of his own impressions, after having studied the man without bias or preconceit, that makes the value of the papers.

THE political party is the grandson of the clan. From the clan the party inherits much bigotry. Therefore, partisans generally put one cloak, either of odium or sanctity, on both the principles and the men who lead in their advocacy. It was ever thus. Probably a child of Israel would have laid off his garments as cheerfully to fight at an aspersion cast at the probity of Moses as to uphold the wisdom of the platform which Moses proclaimed. So human nature has made it necessary—and perhaps best—that all over this land two opinions exist about the leader of the minority party in this government. One opinion—that held by his partisans—is this, that William Jennings Bryan has god-like courage and indomitable energy directed by divine wisdom; that he is saintly in self-effacement and heroic in achievement for the poor and the oppressed. Another opinion—that held by those who differ with Mr. Bryan about the coinage of silver—is this, that he is an arrant demagogue, vacillating by nature, consciously dishonest, the malicious soul of error, and the fountainhead of treasonable doctrines which invite anarchy by the attempt to establish socialism.

Of course both estimates of Mr. Bryan's character are incorrect—the estimate of his friends as surely as that of his enemies. Nature never made a human being entirely good or entirely bad. Yet, ordinarily, in presidential years intelligent Americans forget that the habitat of heroes and of villains is in books and plays. Maybe citizens take this unreasonable view of candidates for office because to the popular mind an election is an act in a drama and all the men and women merely players. So it is easy to cry with Richard: "Off with his head! So much for Buckingham;" or off with his reputation, or off with his peace of mind, or off with his ambition. We forget that the hated Buckingham leading the despised opposition may be, after all, an excellent gentleman, with two legs, real blood dancing through a merry heart, delightfully human in his preference for wearing his head above his collar-button rather than in the headsman's basket, eminently sane in his pride in his good name, pardonable in his desire for peace of mind, and with a conscience behind his ambition.

Now the object of this sketch is simply

to consider one of the foremost characters in contemporary history, not as a hero or as a villain, but as "a prosperous gentleman," without cherubic wings chafed by his suspenders, and without cloven hoofs under his respectable shoes. Perhaps the direct way to this object is to introduce as "Exhibit A" a few lines descriptive of Mr. Bryan as he appears to the naked eye.

The first impression one receives of the man, and the last impression to fade, is that of youth: not the youth of immaturity; not the youth of mad vanity and folly; but the youth of the bridegroom coming forth from his chamber, rejoicing as a strong man; the youth of hope, of enthusiasm, of bright eyes that indicate a good liver and reflect a brave soul. All the lines of the tall figure that enclose over 200 pounds of wholesome flesh and blood are lines of young manhood. The crescent of his slowly growing vest is the crescent of a young moon, and although Bryan's hair is receding from his brow, no wrinkles mark it, and beneath it is a Wellsbach smile, clear and steadfast and cheerful as the sunrise. At home, in his office, or in the street, that smile is winning. It is its owner's talisman. But in public life—and Bryan is more natural there than in private life (indeed he has little private life)—in public life that smile is the pyrotechnic obbligato for a saxophone voice. Back of the broad chin is a strong jaw; under the jaw a neck, obstinate as a Turk's, slopes into a pair of as diplomatic shoulders as ever saved an Irishman's head from a blackthorn stick. Bryan's figure is all Irish. His loose hanging arms are Irish. His sturdy well-pegged legs are Irish. And there's an Irish grandsire—who used to smoke a clay pipe probably—and he likes to come back and rest his bones, that have been under the "ould sod" these hundreds of years, by sitting on the small of his grandson's back to view the world from across his grandson's elevated knees. Doubtless if the scion would take a little something at such times, the ancestor would come out of the past and give the young man a philosophy that would smile with the world at its weaknesses and shortcomings. But Bryan is a sober and a virtuous man who neither smokes, drinks, chews, nor swears. So the old one keeps his place and listens while his offspring sighs at the misery and wickedness and woe of this melancholy world.

Clothe a handsome figure in a black tailcoat, and under the awning of a black slouch hat put a low-cut vest, with two studs fastened through the front of a white shirt; tie a black string-tie, the inevitable neckgear of the young lawyer ten years ago, under a lay-down collar; modify the chill atmosphere of the bar by the breezy amiability of a St. Louis shoe-drummer, repressed while he sells a Methodist deacon a bill of goods, and the gentle reader may have a fair idea of how Bryan looks, acts, moves, and has his being, when he is not before an audience. There—but that must come later. Of course he was not modeled as he stands to-day from red clay. He did not spring full-panoplied from the helmet of the statue of Chicago at the Convention of '96. He grew. And the story of his growth is of passing interest.

This story may be told in "the short and simple annals" of the comfortably well-to-do. Bryan was born in 1860, at Salem, Illinois. His father was judge of a district court for twelve years, until 1872, when he ran for Congress, and was defeated, although on a Democratic ticket with a Greenback endorsement. Bryan's mother was a Jennings, and one of his grandmothers a Lillard, of Virginia. In Bryan's book, "The First Battle," his wife has written a short biography of her husband. In this she tells of his boy life; how he did the chores on his father's town farm, how he hunted rabbits, how he "joined church" and decided, as many boys do at some stage of their lives, to become a preacher, and compromised on the bar; how he went to school, and how—this is the first key to his character—"he developed an interest in the work of literary and debating societies." This debating society business was the youth's stronghold. His wife puts it happily thus: "A prize always fired William's ambition. During his first year in the academy (the preparatory department of Illinois College), he declaimed Patrick Henry's masterpiece, and ranked well down the list. Nothing daunted, the next year found him with the 'Palmetto and the Pine' as his subject. The next year, a freshman in college, he tried for a prize in Latin prose, and won half the second prize. Later in the year he declaimed 'Bernardo del Carpio,' and gained second prize. In his sophomore year he entered another contest, with an essay on 'Labor.' This time the first prize rewarded his work. An oration on 'Individual Powers' gave him a place in the intercollegiate contest held at Galesburg, where he ranked second."

Now, if the Republicans fancy that they can talk Mr. Bryan down, they may see their mis-

take in this record. He is only up to "The Palmetto and the Pine" contest this year, with three more contests yet before him. After graduation, Bryan went into law, and glided from law to politics with "that mild and healing sympathy" that stole away his practice e'er he was aware. He moved from Jacksonville, Illinois, to Lincoln, Nebraska, and in 1888 he stumped the First Congressional District for J. Sterling Morton. Two years later he canvassed the district for himself, and won. After two terms in Congress, one of which was served on the Ways and Means Committee, Bryan came home to find moth and rust corrupting his law books, so he closed them and turned to his true love, "the people." He ran for the United States Senate in '94. When he failed of election, he packed his grip and went forth preaching the silver gospel. He lectured for pay when he could get it, for nothing when he could do no better; but he never stopped talking, and he paid his own way. In the two years preceding '96, Bryan went into nearly every State in the Mississippi Valley, and he spoke but one message—the free and unlimited coinage of silver at 16 to 1. He set more acres of prairie afire for free silver than any other man. He made friends everywhere, for he has that grace of manner and gentleness of personality that bind friends in sheaves in his path. He has all the charm and winsomeness that Dickens gave to Steerforth. Thus it happened that, when delegates to the National Democratic Convention began to rise in the various States a hundred of them knew Bryan, and scores of them had written to him urging him to run for the presidential nomination. No man was preëminent in the silver movement. It was a struggle for principle among the Western Democrats, not a clamor for a man. The silver leaders conspiring to overthrow the federal appointees' wing of Democracy, were not sure enough of a victory to give much time to the distribution of the spoil.

In the Chicago Convention the theorists prevailed. It was clearly the sense of the meeting that man is a creature of the State, rather than that the State is a creation of man's. It was preëminently an emotional occasion. The orator who could arouse some one, challenge some one, defy some one else, and plead for something—that orator could best voice the sentiments of his auditors. That orator was Bryan. He stepped naturally into supremacy at the talk-feast, because he had been training for that famous speech, and for nothing else, from the hour when he recited "Patrick Henry's Address." All the days of his youth had been spent in practising elocution; the days of maturity in debating. Ambition had led him through green pastures. Physical toil had not twisted his youthful frame; no complaining at fate had put the rasp of despair in his musical voice. He rose in his place in the throng of men who had fought their way to approximate success by hard, disfiguring knocks, and he seemed as one apart from practical life—one exalted. He could not know it, but this distinction gave him his courage. No industrial concern had ever bothered him to act as its director or as its superintendent, or as its foreman or as a laborer; no financial institution had asked him to be its treasurer or its promoter or a member of its advisory board. No social experiment had been put into his hands for development. His knowledge of the actual strength and weakness, quirks and foibles of human nature was a blank page. Upon it he might write a theory of human conduct and argue therefrom with deep, unsimulated feeling. No fluttering wings of doubt, that would have brushed by another man's eyes and made him stammer and hesitate in his climaxes, disturbed Bryan. His magnificent earnestness was hypnotic. Because he lost no force of his eloquence convincing himself, the weight of all his rhetoric, of his splendid magnetic presence, of his resonant voice, fell upon the delegates and filled them with the frenzy that has made every reckless mob of history. Bryan's supremacy in the Chicago Convention was as inevitable as Robespierre's in the Assembly. And he did even more than hypnotize the delegates. Through the nerves of the telegraph that speech thrilled a continent, and for a day a nation was in a state of mental and moral catalepsy.

If the election had been held that July day, Bryan would have been chosen President. Indeed, all his opponents did in the three months following his speech was to arouse the people from their trance. It took much shaking up to break the spell, much marching of the patient up and down the land under torches and to martial music to revive him and restore him to his natural faculties It is not fair, therefore, to say that the man who put the moral and mental faculties of the nation to sleep is not a strong man. He may not be particularly wise, for wisdom and oratorical strength are not inseparably allied.

Bryan is deadly serious. From the caverns of his inexperience comes no cackle of mirth at his own presumption, such as invariably comes to a man of ripe philosophy. Bryan sees in his creed the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. With him an expeditious compromise would be a dishonorable surrender. The easy circumstances of his early life, his present environment in the primrose path, his felicitous career following the beckonings of a mastering ambition—these things conspire to persuade him that he is a statesman of destiny. Men who fight their way up from the bottom to the top of fortune's hill are apt to take personal credit for their victories and believe little in the influence of the State. But Bryan's easy rise has so confused him that it is natural for him to hold that the State can make or break men. His career makes it proper that he should teach that the State by proclamation and enactment can coax the coy millennium out of the roseate dawn and put salt on her tail. For him to hold another view would argue in him a vanity that is foreign to him.

In Bryan's home, the living-room is the library. Around the library walls are pictures of statesmen—Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln prominently displayed; Benton, Webster, Calhoun, and the others, in steel engravings, tucked away in odd places. An eagle poised for flight totters in front of Bryan's chair. Just behind it is a picture which more than any other tells its owner's point of view. The picture represents Henry Clay towering almost ten feet high in the foreground, badly out of perspective, pleading with the lilliputian senators—all in stocks and tail coats, like Clay, and all dignified and serious, wrapped in improving meditation. Of course no human beings ever disported themselves in such unwrinkled pomp. But Bryan doubtless draws from this picture many of his fine Fourth-Reader views of the relations of life. The books in the library also make an excellent photograph of their owner's mental equipment. Of fiction there is little. "Caxton editions" of a number of the classic novelists are found in sets. Standard histories and great orations common in schools twenty years ago fill much space. Lord's "Beacon Lights of History," "lives" of statesmen old and new, collections of poetical "gems," published by houses that sell through agents, have shelf room beyond their deserts. On the side of sociology and economics the books are of the sort that may be called propagandist. They were written by partisans of a theory, rather than by well-known scientists seeking the truth. Most of these books might have been issued by the "committee" or by the "league" or by the "association," and with a few exceptions they bear the same relation to sane research in the lines they traverse that "Mother, Home, and Heaven" and "The Royal Path of Life" bear to the work of Matthew Arnold and the inquiries of Huxley, Darwin, and Spencer. Contemporaneous literature of the first order—new books and magazines—and those refinements artistic and literary which two decades of invention and industrial organization have brought to American homes, are conspicuously absent from the Bryan library. "Trilby" is the latest piece of fiction there, and excepting a few economic tracts, the shelves might have been filled by a Virginia country judge before the war. And this is but natural, for Bryan is distinctly of the old school. His broad, studded, antebellum shirt-bosom shows this as clearly as does his child-like faith in the integrity and omniscience of the people. With him *vox populi* is always *vox Dei*. And this, too, in the face of the fact that in modern politics men who affect solicitude for the people are called demagogues. The people—that solidarity of citizens of mutual interest, common aspirations, and similar circumstances that once formed the masses of the early Republic—seem to have resolved themselves into a number of individuals, associated by self-interest in groups, cliques, coteries, classes, companies, corporations, and municipalities. These units ask of government only an honest policeman and an incorruptible umpire to see that the fight is fair. Therefore a large number of Mr. Bryan's fellow-citizens—a majority, in fact—sniffed at his strenuous clamor for "the people" four years ago as the recitations of a demagogue. And like the priest and the Levite, these fellow-citizens passed by on the other side.

Now the truth of the matter is that Mr. Bryan is not a demagogue. He is absolutely honest, which a demagogue is not. He is absolutely brave, which a demagogue is not. He is passionately sincere, which a demagogue is not. When Bryan came to Nebraska, a dozen years ago, his town, his congressional district, and his State were overwhelmingly Republican. A demagogue would have joined the majority party. Bryan took up the cause of tariff reform, and fought a losing fight. When he became convinced that free silver was right, he preached it in

his congressional district with his party organization and the odds of battle against him. He ran for the United States Senate in '94 with his party's State convention endorsement. If he had trimmed a little on free silver, the Cleveland gold Democrats might have turned the scales in his favor. But he didn't trim; he lost. When Bryan left the volunteer army of the United States in '98, his party had been opposing the ratification of the peace treaty with Spain. Bryan opposed his party, and favored the ratification of the treaty. A dishonest man would have gloried in fighting the treaty. To-day silver sentiment is dying in the West. Bryan would not lose an electoral vote by abandoning silver. He would gain thousands of franchises in the East by such a course. But because he believes that the free coinage of silver is right, wild horses cannot drag him from his stand.

Above everything else, Bryan personally is what may be called a clean man. He is a member of the Presbyterian Church, though he does not add to his other fault the "vice of piety." His home life is that of the average well-bred American—simple, affectionate, stimulating. He takes his wife into partnership in all his interests. She is his only confidant and his final adviser. In the town of Lincoln, which does not agree with him politically and will not vote for him, Bryan bears the reputation of a straightforward, honorable man, whose word is good, and whose debts are paid when they fall due. In the intrigues of local politics Bryan is not a dominant force. He has never dominated there. He talked himself into his honors in local politics, instead of winning them in the caucus. Most men in Western politics begin at the bottom—run for county attorney, or the legislature, are graduated into a judicial nomination, and ascend to Congress at the close of their political lives. Bryan, having framed his life after the models in the old school, began at the top.

Bryan shows his greatest personal strength in the fact that he is to-day, as he has ever been, utterly without a political machine. Other men in American politics stand or fall for reasons outside of their personality. Mr. David Hill, for instance, is a geographical location. Mr. McKinley is a kind of syndicate. Roosevelt stands for an ideal of civic righteousness. Mr. Croker is an impudent appetite. Quay is a system of wireless telegraphy. But Bryan is Bryan, and Bryan is his prophet. More power for good or evil rests under Bryan's black slouch hat than under any other single head-piece in America. Bryan is machineless, not because he abhors the machine, but because he ignores it. He would not know what to do with captains and lieutenants. If his party should begin to turn from him, Bryan could not call, "What ho, warder, let the portcullis fall," in a score of States and check the stampede. If oratory would not stop the panic, the multitude would have to leave him as it came to him. After which he would go on lecturing till that gave out, and running for the Senate till that gave out, and for Congress till that gave out, when he would return to his law office, and continue as he was in the beginning, an honest, hard-working, ordinary country lawyer, with an extraordinary voice and a forceful, direct, plausible way of putting short Anglo-Saxon words that often moves juries, but is not so thrilling in briefs.

But if, on the other hand, Bryan's presidential ambition should be gratified, the country would have a startling spectacle. It would be like that of a Southern gentleman in swallow-tails and a choker, but one generation removed from his periwig, suddenly shunted half a century ahead and jammed into the oak-bottomed chair of a railroad president. The gentleman of the old school would try honestly to do his duty. But he would have such difficult things to learn, and such an incapacity for learning them, that he would cut many a fantastic caper and in the end make a mess of it as bad as a thorough-going rascal would. Mr. Bryan, trying to run the presidential office as Jackson ran it, might make many important and expensive personal discoveries. He might discover that the world has moved since Jackson's day; that the present phase of industrial evolution is not a conspiracy against God and man; and that an intelligent conscience is a surer guide than an ear trained to catch the voice of the people.

The danger of men of Bryan's mold to the country is not what they hold true, so much as it is how they hold it; not so much the limit of their intelligence as their attitude toward truth. For Bryan's mental endowment is that of a debater. When he faces an alleged fact, his habit is not to search it for truth, but to answer it. He is not seeking the truth; he has it, and is seeking to make converts. While his marvelous mental acuteness as a debater is a shield that will always ward certain truths from his heart, yet he has one simple oratorical trick, and only one: he begs

the question. For instance, a reporter recently asked Bryan if the practice of electing senators in Montana by the corrupt use of money is not deplorable. His reply was: "Don't you think the spectacle of Senator Hanna voting to unseat Clark for buying an election is incongruous?" Now the alleged incongruity of Senator Hanna's position in the Clark investigation has nothing to do with the case against the corrupt use of money in elections. But that answer before a crowd would turn the debate into another channel. In his Chicago speech Bryan said: "If they tell us that the gold standard is a good thing, we shall point to their platform and tell them that their platform pledges the party to get rid of the gold standard and substitute bi-metallism. If the gold standard is a good thing, why try to get rid of it?" With the crowd that passes for argument against the gold standard; but the fact is, the merits or demerits of the gold standard are not touched upon at all. In no place in that speech was there a single logical argument offered against the gold standard. Yet the speech was a perfect piece of rhetoric of its kind, and it convinced thousands of the iniquity of the gold standard. Conviction came through bald, unsupported assertion, repeated a score of times in different figures of speech and uttered with a manifest sincerity of belief that was the orator's armament against contradiction. This method of political discussion is not original with Bryan. It is common to all debaters, to all politicians and to many statesmen. But they cannot maintain the unflinching sincerity that Bryan wears, for if they are men of much intelligence, they see their own sham, and having seen it, cannot entirely conceal it. But Bryan, like the lady in the poem, "never can know and never can understand."

And yet it is not the kind of argument Bryan uses which gives him strength, it is not the principles he advocates that draw men to him. At the bottom of the magnetism which pulls men toward Bryan is the growth in the popular mind of a faith in socialism, and a hope to see the State lay hold of the industrial system and untangle its many snarls. During this century of mechanical progress the economic world has literally jumped a cog in the process of its evolution. Many people believe that society is not properly adjusted, that the machinery of industry is not in gear, and too many people are being ground by it. There is a widespread belief that repairs are needed, and because Bryan gets out with his oratorical hammer and knocks upon the industrial system and the existing order, unthinking people have hailed him as the master mechanic. But Bryan is not a builder. Oratory is rarely constructive. It is an illusion, a legerdemain, and the world is learning to disassociate oratory from statesmanship. There is really no more reason for electing an orator to office than for electing a fiddler. Both talents rouse the emotions. Bryan is a voice.

When the master mechanic shall arrive and straighten out the kinks in the great machine of production and distribution, he may be—probably will be—a prosaic, bald-headed old man, whose mind has been trained in the shops, factories, counting-houses, and offices of the world. This man will take a legislative jack-screw, and work an important miracle. When he shall have come and gone—this true master mechanic—men will smile at the remembrance of the passing day when an earnest, honest, gallant, loquacious young man charmed them with the melody of his hypnotic voice.

And yet in every cause there must be a voice crying in the wilderness.

RAILWAY DEVELOPMENT IN CHINA.

By Wm. Barclay Parsons,

Chief Engineer of the American-China Development Company.

READINESS OF THE COUNTRY FOR DEVELOPMENT.—LINES ALREADY BUILT AND THOSE IN PROSPECT.—RIVALRY OF THE GREAT POWERS.

CHINA is a country that presents the curious anomaly of possessing an extensive and varied commerce, both foreign and domestic, and yet being without artificial means of communication, even the ordinary highways. Other nations, such as India or Japan, when they began to reorganize in line with modern conditions, already had wagon-roads, and needed only to supplement these with railways as development proceeded. Japan, although it is only about as large as one of China's provinces, and although it did not begin the construction of railways until 1871, now has a well-built system ramifying all over the main island, aggregating 3,500 miles in length, and almost exclusively under the management of native officials. China, however, has clung tenaciously to the methods and customs of other years, so that, with an area for the empire proper equal to half that of the United States, she has to-day only 516 miles of railway all told. Her sea-coast and her waterways have been her supports. In both of these particulars nature has been most liberal with her. Her coast line is as long as both the Atlantic and Pacific coast lines of the United States—that is, as long as the distance from Florida to Maine added to the distance from Southern California to Washington. In addition, there are noble rivers penetrating to the very western confines of the empire.

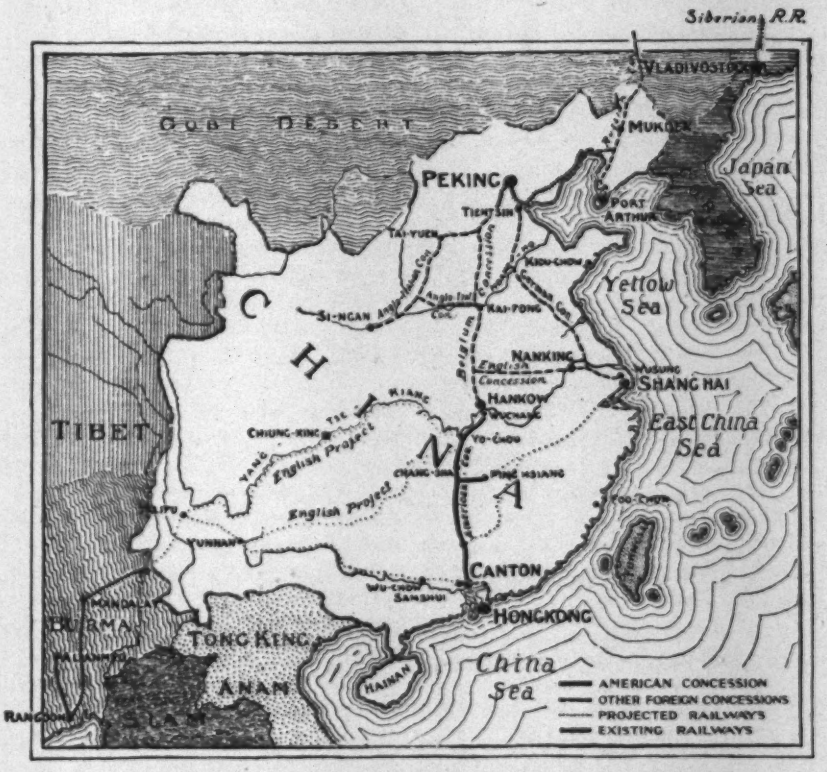
THE JUNK AND THE COOLIE THE CHIEF MEANS OF TRANSPORT.

It is extraordinary to what extent the waterways are employed, in spite of the entire failure to improve their navigation or remove natural obstacles and impediments. Along the coast and for short distances up the chief estuaries, the government has established lighthouses and located beacons and buoys; but up the rivers themselves nothing of the kind has been done. For coast and sea-going work the Chinaman uses a junk of large and strong proportions, and on the rivers one more adapted to the particular needs. No matter where the traveler goes in the interior, he will find along the river front of the cities he visits a veritable forest of masts and a solid raft of hulls. Except for use on the lower reaches of the Yang-tze, where deeper water permits some latitude in construction, the up-river boats are of one general type. The hull is flat-bottomed and constructed of heavy planks, with a stout half-round timber at the deck line, to serve as a guard when the boats are banging together at landing-places. The bow and stern are square, and the latter is curved upward to form a poop. A deck load can be housed under curved covers of bamboo matting resting on permanent frames. Under these covers the crew of five men or more also find quarters, while the owner and his family reside in the stern. There are one or two masts, according to the size of the boat, standing without stays and carrying large sails of cotton canvas or light bamboo mats. Of boats of this description there are tens of thousands, and they pass and repass in endless processions. Usually the boat itself is kept in fair condition, but the same cannot be said of the sails. A new sail is scarcely ever seen, and many of them are so dilapidated as to cause wonder at their being set at all. But a Chinaman never considers time as of value; he feels no incentive to keep his source of motive power in repair, but goes on using it as it is until it can be no longer hoisted. Boats rigged like these, and without keels and of shallow draft, cannot make headway

when both wind and current are adverse. When this occurs or when the wind fails entirely, recourse is had to poling, rowing, or the more laborious method of "tracking," which consists in dragging the junk by means of a rope of twisted bamboo fibers attached to the masthead and to yokes over the shoulders of the crew ashore.

On reaching points where the shallowness of the water stops the passage of such junks as draw more than two or three feet, cargoes are transshipped to smaller boats; and this goes on until finally little *sanpans* (literally, "three boards"), boats of the flimsiest description, drawing four inches or less, are employed to carry goods to the very extreme of river navigation. And in the latter portion of the voyage the boats have often to be dragged over shoals and rocks.

Arduous, however, as is the task of transporting goods from, say, Shanghai or Canton into the interior by means of river navigation, it is as nothing compared with the labor required to deliver goods at a destination removed from the waterway. This is done almost wholly by coolies traveling on foot. The horse, except in northern China, is little used. When men receive as wages but five to ten cents per diem, the horse cannot compete, especially when he has not, as with us, the economy of cheaper living, for in China both men and horses are grain fed. There are almost no roads. In general, the nearest approach to a road is a path along which a coolie can trudge. This he traverses with his burden suspended in two packages from the ends of a bamboo stick that rests over either one or both shoulders. Frequently the paths are located along the ridges separating the rice-field terraces, in which case they are increased in length unnecessarily from twenty-five to fifty per cent. If they are subjected to heavy travel, they are paved, with cobble or with flat stones; and if they are in a section of the country where wheelbarrows are used, they have on hills a tramway of stone slabs, in which the wheels cut a deep groove. For convenience of portage over divides between navigable watercourses, where there is concentrated a large amount of through traffic, there are apt to be roads much wider and better than these rude local paths. They are well paved, and are lined with stores, inns, and road-houses; and ponies divide with men the work of transportation.



A MAP OF CHINA, SHOWING THE VARIOUS RAILWAY CONCESSIONS.

Most of the use of the roads is in the transportation of freight. The attending difficulties are too great to permit much travel. The high-class mandarin or rich native goes about in a sedan chair. The lower-class man walks, and if his wife attends him, he transports her on a wheelbarrow. In the North and in the South there are special means for passenger travel not to be found elsewhere. In the North, where horses are employed, a traveler can hire a two-wheeled, springless cart, an instrument of torture, but one necessarily so on account of the rough roads. In the South, there is found plying on the waters that intersect the province of Kwang-tung and its neighbors a form of large junk, called a Canton River boat, with a large sail, and in addition a stern-wheel like a Mississippi River steamboat. It is worked by a crew of natives ranging from twelve to thirty-six in number, according to the size of the craft, and it carries a hundred or more passengers. For more speedy transit, and contrary to the common belief that the Chinaman does not appreciate quickness, there is the "slipper" boat, so called from its resemblance in outline to that useful article. These little boats are very light in construction, and are propelled by four oarsmen, either men or women, of whom three stand up and push on the oars, while one sits down and pulls. The passengers lie at full length in the toe.

THE RAILWAYS ALREADY BUILT IN CHINA.

It is really many years since railways were first projected for China, for investors recognized early the value and importance of the field. But, on account of the strong national antipathy to change, it was not until 1876 that official consent was obtained for the first line. This was projected to run nine miles, from Shanghai to Wu-chang, at the junction of the Wusung and the Yang-tze rivers, on the former of which Shanghai is situated. The line was constructed with a thirty-inch gauge, and, although it traversed a perfectly flat country, it was given an absurdly tortuous alignment, in order to avoid graves, special tracts of land, houses, and similar obstacles. The Chinese regarded the construction with apparent indifference. But foreigners, although knowing that in itself the line had no great importance, nevertheless hailed it as the opening of the door. Almost immediately after its completion, the Chinese Government bought it, tore up the rails, and threw the cars and locomotives into the river, and with them went all hopes that an era of Chinese development toward occidental civilization had arrived. After this disappointment railway construction languished, and China continued to get along, as she had done for many centuries, and as indeed she does still, with junks, sampans, ponies, and coolies. Some statesmen, by means of memorials to the throne, urged upon the imperial authorities the advisability of making a change and adopting a new order of things; but the memorials were referred to some government board, where they were conveniently pigeon-holed.

The next actual step forward was in connection with the Kaiping coal mines, eighty-four miles northeast of Tientsin. This fine deposit of really excellent bituminous coal required an outlet to market. In 1881, the construction of a small tramway was begun to transport coal a few miles to a small river, whence it could find its way by junk to tidewater. This little tram-road, projected by the Chinese to be operated by horses, is the real beginning of the Chinese railway system. The work was intrusted to an English engineer, Mr. C. W. Kinder, to whose courage and persistency the present status of railway development in China is largely due; and he began, unknown to the Chinese, the construction of a small locomotive, made up largely from parts of old machines that he could obtain on the ground. This engine, appropriately named the "Rocket of China," was actually put in service on this colliery tram-road during the first year of the road's operation, and so served to convert it from its original character into a real steam railroad. Then, step by step, mile by mile, the little railway was extended, first to Tientsin, then in 1893, ninety miles, to Shan-hâi-kwan, the point where the Great Wall of China runs into the sea; and by 1899 forty miles further, to Chung-hou-so, with construction projected, and at this writing just completed, to New-Chwang, where connection is to be made with the Chinese Eastern Railway, the Manchurian branch of the Russian trans-Siberian road.

Up to the year 1896, connection between Tientsin and Peking, eighty miles, was maintained either by junks on the Pei-ho or by ox-carts. In that year, however, the railway between these two places was begun, and completed in May, 1897. We thus have a line, owned by the government, and constructed by it under the direction of Mr. Kinder and through the instrumentality

of English banking houses, of 428.6 miles, running from Peking to its port, Tientsin, and thence northeasterly to and through the Great Wall.

In 1896, construction was begun, also under the direction of Mr. Kinder, of the first link in a line connecting Peking with Hankow. This division has a length of eighty miles, is built as far as Pao-ting, and was put into operation in February, 1899.

In the meantime the reconstruction of the destroyed Wuchang line was decided upon. The work was undertaken by H. E. Shêng Tajen, the Director-General of Imperial Chinese Railways of the South, and was completed during the past year.

We thus have in China in actual operation 508.7 miles of railway in the North, including the line to Pao-ting; and the 8.1 miles of the Wuchang line in the South, or a grand total of only 516.8 miles for a country of which the area is about 1,400,000 square miles, and of which the population is estimated, on a Chinese basis, at 380,000,000.

A BOY CARRYING COAL FROM THE MINES TO A JUNK.

Few mines are located directly on the water, and the coal often has to be transported by hand in baskets, a laborious task in which even children are engaged. The author saw some coal being thus carried twelve miles over a high ridge. The boy in the picture had a journey of about four miles.

FRIENDLIER ATTITUDE OF THE NATIVES—LINES IN PROSPECT.

That the railway has come to stay in China there is, of course, no question. The energy of the government in pushing the construction of its own system alone proves that the day of tearing up rails, as was done on the Wu-chang line, is past. It is, indeed, the opinion and confident belief of all who have investigated the subject, that the time is at hand when the actual system that is to cover the Empire with its lace-work of steel can, not only be projected on paper, but be materially begun in its practical construction. Things, however, move slowly in China. Although the Northern railway had proved its commercial desirability and success, it was not until the war with Japan had shown the helplessness of the country, by reason of the entire lack of rapid and certain means of communication, that measures were taken looking to decisive action. The country was divided into two sections, called North and South, but with no exact delimitations; over each of these there was installed an official with the title of Director-General of Railways; and railways were talked of and projected for the length and breadth of the land.

There are in China four centers of distribution, made so by geographical considerations, and therefore with a supremacy that will not be overcome. One is Shanghai, at the mouth of the Yang-tze River; it is sometimes called the New York of China. Another is Hankow, at the head of large steamer navigation on the same river, 700 statute miles from its mouth, and at the point of junction with the river Han; it is the great market for the interior, and is known as the Chicago. In the South is Canton, at the head of the river of the same name, a river which is really the estuary for the West (Si), North (Pei), and Pearl rivers. Canton was China's first open port, and it is now the center of the general manufacturing industry. Finally, in the North, there is Tientsin, which, with Peking only eighty miles distant, is frequently alluded to as the "metropolitan district." In the past, China has been able to carry on her commerce because these four cities all had water connections. But modern conditions require a more certain and speedy means of communication. Especially is this the case at Tientsin, where the port is closed by ice for nearly one-third of every year. The lines of primary importance in China's railway system will be those connecting these four

A HIGHWAY PAVED FOR WHEELBARROWS.

Certain much-traveled highways, in sections where wheelbarrows are used, have on ascents a central pavement of long stone slabs, in which the wheels wear a deep furrow. The highway shown in the picture is said to be over 1,000 years old.

points. Strangely enough, the four are about equally distant from each other, say 700 miles, except that Hankow lies midway and in line between Canton and Tientsin.

For the construction of these and other lines recourse must be had to foreign capital, aided by the Chinese Government. Although the Chinese Government itself, under English advice, has been able to construct and successfully operate 375 miles in and about the "metropolitan district," the task of constructing and organizing the great system that is already so imperatively needed is one from which any government might well shrink. On the other hand, while there is a large amount of private wealth in China, native capitalists have not been instructed in the idea of combining in large joint-stock companies, and therefore the initiative must devolve on the foreigner.

But as the need of railways grows more pressing, a more adventurous spirit is forced upon the Government, and it is now giving foreigners the right to construct and operate railways. The concessions clearly state, however, that the title to the property thus created remains in the Government (according to Chinese theory, the Emperor is the owner of all things), and that the money required for construction is to be advanced by the foreigner as a loan. In order that the latter may recoup himself for this loan, he receives bonds guaranteed, both as to principal and interest, by the Government, bearing five per cent. interest, payable in the current gold coin of the foreigner's country. These bonds are issued at such a reasonable discount as to pay the expense of making the issue to the investing public, and in only such quantities as are necessary to pay the legitimate cost of construction, so that the purchasers of the bonds receive a security based on positive value and without the usual "watering." The time of the loan varies

FAST FREIGHT.

In central China the wheelbarrow is used largely for transportation both of passengers and freight. It has a large wheel, sometimes three feet in diameter, over which the load is balanced, thus relieving the man of much of the weight.

with each concession, but is usually between forty and fifty years. During this time the control of the property, so far as financial matters are concerned, is vested absolutely in the foreigner's hands, and, so far as local matters are concerned, in a board in which the foreign element and influence predominate. And to pay the foreigner for his labor he is entitled to receive a certain proportion, usually twenty per cent., of the net earnings, if any, after paying operating expenses and interest. The bonds are redeemable at a price fixed in the concession, so that, in the event of the credit of the Chinese Government improving, the first issue may be refunded at a lower rate. At the end of the fixed period the foreigner's interest ceases entirely, and the Chinese take over the management. Other provisions require the foreigner to maintain a school of instruction; to consider Chinese on an equal footing with foreigners for appointment; to permit natives to invest in the securities; to transport government troops and munitions of war at half rates; and, in the event of war between China and another power, not to give aid to the enemy. On the other hand, the full power of the Government is pledged, in addition to its financial guarantee, to protect the foreigner in the full and unrestricted right, according to the terms of the concession, to use and enjoy the fruits of his labors.

A HIGHWAY.

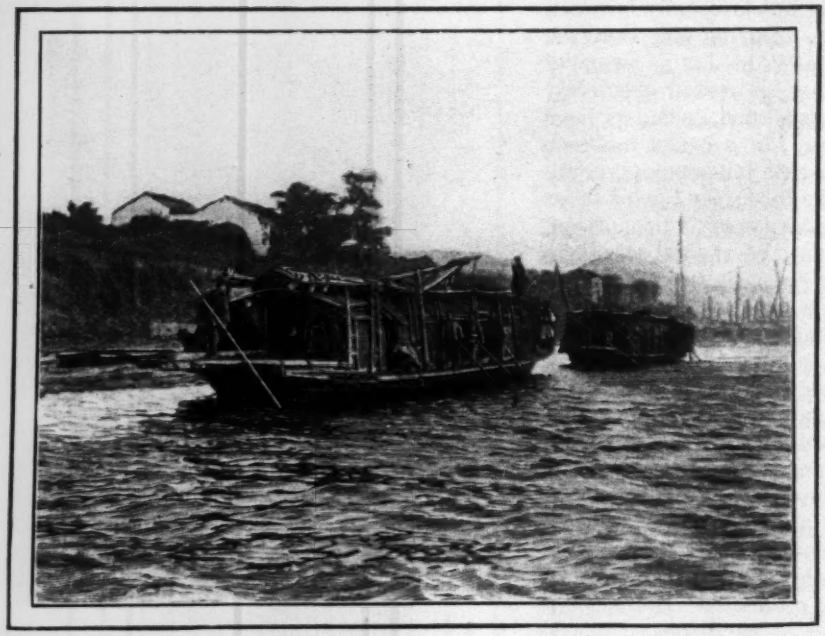
The usual highway in China is the top of one of the terraces separating rice fields, widened to three or four feet, and sometimes paved. The rice fields on either side are flooded. The figures shown in the picture are soldiers, and made part of the author's bodyguard.

DESCENT ON THE SOUTH, OR CHINA SEA, SIDE OF CHELING PASS.

This pass is the highway between the Yang-tze valley and the China Sea, over which a vast trade was once transported. In this journey of thirty miles ponies as well as men are used for carrying goods.

IMPORTANT CONCESSIONS ALREADY GRANTED.

Under such conditions, the first concession granted and accepted for a private railway, except the old Wu-chang line, which was torn up, was for a railway from Peking, or rather from Feng-thai, which is five miles from Peking on the Tientsin-Peking line, to Hankow. This was granted to a Belgian



A LARGE FREIGHT BOAT ON THE PEI-HO RIVER.

These boats take goods from Canton to Shao-chau or Lo-chang, there to be reloaded on *sanpans*, and so carried to the foot of the Cheling Pass. In the picture, the wind being adverse, the mast is seen folded back, and the crew are engaged in poling. For convenience in poling each boat is equipped with a running-board on either side. Sometimes, in adverse winds, recourse is had to "tracking," when the boat is hauled along by a rope in the hands of the crew on shore.

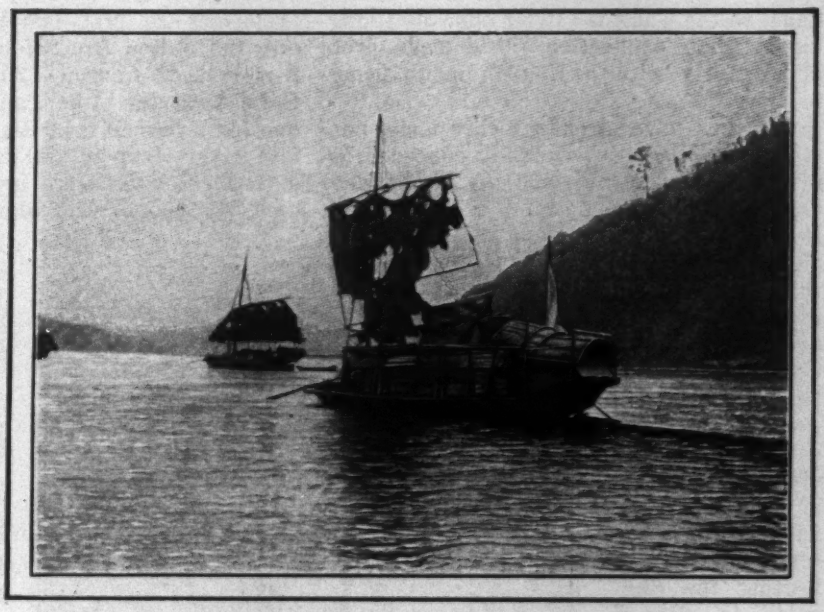
A CANTON SLIPPER BOAT.

The "slipper" boat—so named from its shape—is propelled by oars plied by four persons, men or women, three standing and one sitting at the work. It is found in great numbers on the streams around Canton. And it is the nearest approach to rapid transit that Chinese ingenuity has produced. The passengers, usually two in number, recline in the bow, or "toe."

syndicate, though the general belief in China is that at that time it was supported by Russian influence, in order to get a railway into the heart of the Yang-tze valley. The upper portion of this line was constructed by the Chinese Government itself under Mr. Kinder, but was afterward turned over to the Belgian company, to be operated as a part of the line proposed in its concession.

The next concession was for a continuation of the Peking-Hankow line, extending it from Hankow to Canton. This was given to the American syndicate. The two lines will be of about the same length, 700 miles, so that together they will make a continuous line of about 1,400 miles. This will connect North and South China, and divide the country into approximately two equal parts, east and west; and with the Yang-tze River, which crosses the line near the middle, and which forms the great artery of travel into western China and the interior, will practically

quarter the empire. Hence these two concessions (treating them for the moment as one) provide the great Chinese trunk line, the importance of which to the future transportation system of the country cannot be overestimated. As there is always at least twelve feet of water in the Yang-tze River between Hankow and Shanghai, we shall have, as soon as the railway is finished, good communication established between Hankow and Canton, Hankow and the "metropolitan district," and Hankow and Shanghai.



A SMALL FREIGHT BOAT ON THE PEI-HO.

The Chinese boat-owner, grudging outlay and considering time as of no value, postpones the purchase of a new sail until there is absolutely nothing left of the old.

Of other concessions actually granted, there is one for a line from Shanghai, by way of Su-chau, to Ching-kiang, and so on to Nanking, with an extension crossing the river to Sin-yang, and with a branch extending from Su-chau, by way of Hêng-chau, to Ning-po. This is an English concession, and it has a double value in that it controls the approaches to Shanghai and forms the first step in a line from Shanghai to Hankow.

A fourth concession is to an Anglo-German syndicate for a line from Tientsin, through Shan-tung, along the line of the old Grand

CHANG-SHA ON THE SIANG, THE CAPITAL OF HU-NAN.

Here, as in all Chinese cities with a water front, the shore is lined with rows of junks, all engaged in traffic.

Canal to the Yang-tze River opposite Ching-kiang, where connection will be made, probably by ferry, with the English line to Shanghai.

We thus have already, either under construction or at least actually conceded, all of the primary lines except the one between Canton and Shanghai and the one between Hankow and Shanghai; and on the latter a beginning has been made, and between Canton and Shanghai there is already good sea communication. The only other concession as yet actually made is for a system of lines connecting the coal-fields in Shan-si and Shen-si, granted to an Anglo-Italian association, usually spoken of as the "Peking Syndicate." For all of the above lines surveys are in progress or have actually been made.

A MILITARY OFFICER ON A JOURNEY.

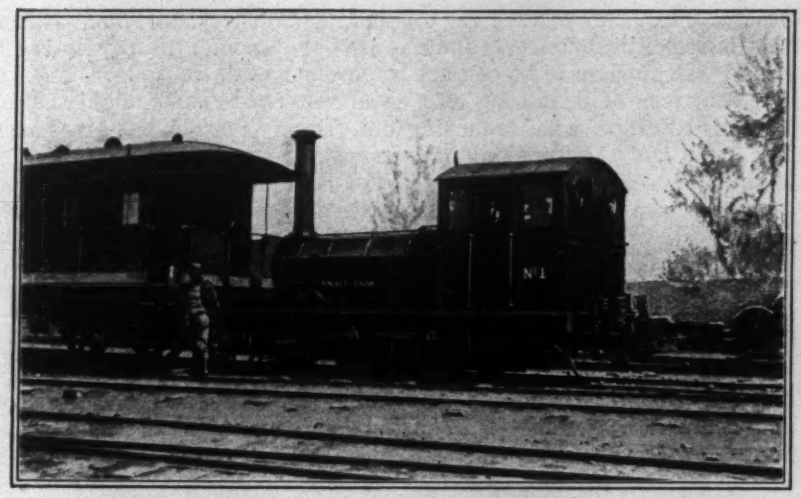
The officer is attended by two privates. This is the ordinary method of travel, even on military missions.

The present situation in China in regard to railways may, therefore, be summarized as follows:

Lines Constructed.		
Chinese Imperial Railway	428.7	miles.
Wu-chang Railway	8.1	"
Belgian Concession, Feng-thai to Pao-ting	80.0	"
Total	516.8	miles.
Under Construction.		
Belgian Concession (Lu-han Ry.)	600.0	"
Surveyed or Under Survey.		
Lines Surveyed:		
American Concession (Fueh-han Ry.), Hankow to Canton and Branches	900.0	miles.
English Concession (Nanking, Shanghai, Ning-po Concession)	450.0	"
Under Survey:		
English Concession (Nanking, Anyang)	450.0	
Tientsin-Ching-kiang Line	700.0	"
Peking Syndicate Lines	500.0	"
Total	3,000.0	miles.

Of contemplated lines that are likely to take shape in the near future, the most promising are, first, two English projects—one for a line from Hongkong, or rather Kow-loon, to Canton, 120 miles, to connect there with the American concession; and one for a branch from Hang-chau westward into Kiang-si, about 200 miles; and, second, a Japanese line in the province of Fu-kien, opposite the Japanese island of Formosa.

In style of construction the Chinese railways are a compromise between European and American lines. They are all single-track lines, except the division between Tientsin and Peking. The track is of the American type; the locomotives are partly American and partly English; and the cars, both passenger and freight, are an adaptation of both the American and English patterns, made to conform with local conditions, and to come in their construction within the facilities of local shops, for all the rolling stock, except engines, is home-made. The gauge is standard—four feet, eight and one-half inches; and in this the Chinese lines differ from those of the North, where the Russian gauge of five feet is found; and also from those of the South, where they have the double Indian system gauges of five feet, six inches, and one meter. The early projectors wisely followed Mr. Kinder's advice, and adopted what is now the all but universal gauge of the United States, Great Britain, and Continental Europe except Russia, and will in the end undoubtedly be adopted as the gauge of the world. The time will come, and perhaps at no very distant day, when it will be possible for a traveler to start from, say, Paris, traverse North Europe by way of Berlin and Moscow; thence through Siberia; south through Peking and China; across India, Persia, and Asia Minor; by car-ferry over the Bosphorus; and thence through Austria and the Tyrol to the place of starting, without changing cars.



THE "ROCKET OF CHINA," THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE BUILT IN CHINA.

The "Rocket" was constructed in 1880-81 by C. W. Kinder, Engineer-in-Chief of the Imperial Chinese Railway, out of such material as he could surreptitiously get together, and was put into successful service on a little tramway running to the Kaiping coal mines; and this was the real beginning of the steam railway in China. Mr. Kinder is shown in the picture standing beside the engine.

POLITICAL ASPECT OF CHINESE RAILWAY DEVELOPMENT.

Some of the railway projects in China are prompted much more by political than by commercial motives. As long as other nations have a foothold on Chinese territory under the thin guise of "leases," and either claim to have a voice in the administration of affairs through "spheres of influence" or are possessed with the fear that other nations may in some way secure special favors, the various European powers will endeavor to put themselves in advantageous positions, either to seize territory in the event of a break-up, or to prevent some rival nation from doing so. There exists a general belief in China, which repeated authoritative denials seem, curiously enough, to strengthen, that Russian influence was behind the Belgian syndicate in procuring the railroad concession from Peking to Hankow, Russia's design being either to form a through line some day from St. Petersburg to the Yang-tze River, or to have something to be offered in trade for other concessions in the North of more immediate benefit to herself and of less threatening aspect to Great Britain. This supposed Russian "move" was immediately met by the English Government despatching two parties to China under the charge of army officers to prospect for a route for a railway controlling the Yang-tze valley, usually considered as Great Britain's "sphere," and connecting with the Burma system. One of the lines projected follows up the Yang-tze from Hankow to Chung-king, and thence to Burma. The other runs across the northwest corner of Hu-nan, and through Yun-nan, by a more direct route, to the same objective. They would have a length of about 1,700 and 1,550 miles respectively. They could be supported only as a political necessity, for while a part of each would traverse a rich, productive, and remunerative territory, neither as a whole would be

SECOND-CLASS ON THE IMPERIAL CHINESE RAILWAY.

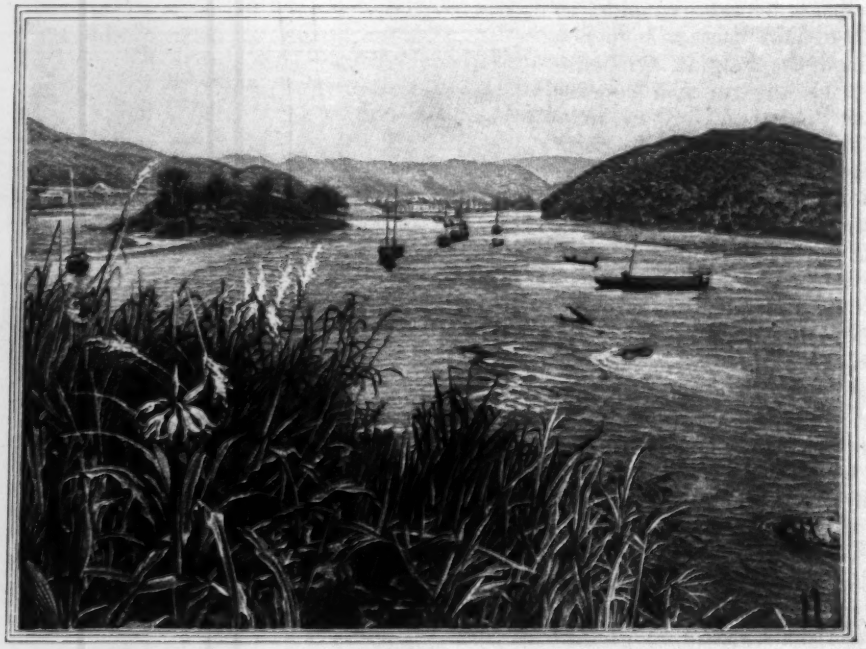
Second-class passengers are usually carried in open cars resembling an American coal car. As a Chinaman dislikes to be separated from his baggage, he prefers to travel in a vehicle where he can keep his goods beside him.

profitable for many years. The other nations that have political interests at stake are Germany, who appears to be content to develop the resources of Shan-tung as a local venture, and France, who, branching out from her Anam and the Tongking possessions, is desirous somehow to reach across the Empire and clasp hands with her Muscovite ally in the north. No sadder thing could happen, not only for China, but for the world at large, than to have some such scheme of interference or European division become a reality.

Whatever opposition there has been to railway construction in China has come largely, I believe, from the official class, who, fearing that the new order of things might reduce their prerogatives or powers, have been apathetic or have worked on the ignorant superstitions of the people to bring them into open antagonism. Now, however, they either recognize the errors of the past or realize that the time for change has come, and are not in open opposition. The people themselves will not obstruct. The employment of laborers and the distribution of benefits will immediately dispel, as has been found in the North, any lingering spirit of hostility.

Small as the existing system is, it has demonstrated that the Chinaman is quick to grasp the benefits of the new mode of conveyance, and will patronize it liberally enough to pay interest on an investment made in gold. The line between Tientsin and Peking, eighty miles, although only three years old, has gross earnings of over $5,100 in gold per mile, and is without any special staple item of traffic such as coal. It carried during the year 1898 over 350,000 passengers. And while the earnings are good the charges are moderate. The passenger rates per mile are, for first-class, one and one-half cents, and for second-class three-quarters of a cent; but the accommodations provided for second-class passengers are open gondola cars, such as with us are used to transport coal. The freight rates vary from one and one-fifth cents to two and one-quarter cents per ton per mile.

The Chinaman does not travel at present because the lack of facilities in the interior prevents him; but give him the opportunity, and there is no one will excel him. The reports to the Canton customs show that the steamers between Hongkong and Canton carry nearly 1,000,000 passengers annually, and there is, in addition, a large travel by junk. The railways of India and Japan clearly show that the Oriental will patronize liberally the better mode of conveyance. What has been shown in these countries will be shown also in China.



LEI-HO RIVER, A TRIBUTARY OF THE SIANG-KIANG.

We have here a good illustration of the difficulties of river navigation; the junks in the picture are being poled against a rapid current, and the wrecks in the foreground show the existence of danger as well as difficulty.

A LITTLE FEMININE CASABIANCA

· BY ·

GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

THE close of the first week of Emmy Lou's second year at a certain large public school found her round, chubby self, like a pink-cheeked period, ending the long line of intermingled little boys and girls making what was known, twenty-five years ago, as the First-Reader class. Emmy Lou had spent her first year in the Primer class, where the teacher, Miss Clara by name, had concealed the kindliest of hearts behind a brusque and energetic manner, and had possessed, along with her red hair and a temper tinged with that color also, a sharp voice that, by its unexpected snap in attacking some small sinner, had caused Emmy Lou's little heart to jump many times a day. Here Emmy Lou had spent the year in strenuously guiding a squeaking pencil across a protesting slate, or singing in chorus, as Miss Clara's long wooden pointer went up and down the rows of words on the spelling-chart: "A-t, at; b-a-t, bat; c-a-t, cat," or "a-n, an; b-a-n, ban; c-a-n, can." Emmy Lou herself had so little idea of what it was all about, that she was dependent on her neighbor to give her the key to the proper starting-point heading the various columns—"a-t, at," or "a-n, an," or "e-t, et," or "o-n, on"; after that it was easy sailing. But one awful day, while the class stopped suddenly at Miss Clara's warning finger as visitors opened the door, Emmy Lou, her eyes squeezed tight shut, her little body rocking to and fro to the rhythm, went right on, "m-a-n, man," "p-a-n, pan"—until at the sound of her own sing-song little voice rising with appalling fervor upon the silence, she stopped, to find that the page in the meantime had been turned, and that the pointer was directed to a column beginning "o-y, oy."

Among other things incident to that first year, too, had been Recess. At that time everybody was turned out into a brick-paved yard, the boys on one side of a high fence, the girls on the other. And here, waiting without the wooden shed where stood a row of buckets each holding a shiny tin dipper, Emmy Lou would stop on the sloppy outskirts for the thirst of the larger girls to be assuaged, that the little girls' opportunity might come—together with the dregs in the buckets. And at Recess, too, along with the danger of being run into by the larger girls at play and having the breath knocked out of one's little body, which made it necessary to seek sequestered corners and peep out thence, there was The Man to be watched for and avoided—the low, square, black-browed, black-bearded Man who brandished a broom

at the little girls who dropped their apple-cores and crusts on the pavements, and who shook his fist at the jeering little boys who dared to swarm to the forbidden top and sit straddling the dividing fence. That Uncle Michael, the janitor, was getting old and had rheumatic twinges was indeed Uncle Michael's excuse, but Emmy Lou did not know this, and her fear of Uncle Michael was great accordingly.

But somehow the Primer year wore away; and one day, toward its close, in the presence of Miss Clara, two solemn-looking gentlemen requested certain little boys to cipher and several little girls to spell, and sent others to the blackboard or the chart, while to Emmy Lou was handed a Primer, open at Page 17, which she was told to read. Knowing Page 17 by heart, and identifying it by its picture, Emmy Lou arose, and her small voice droned forth in sing-song fashion:

> How old are you, Sue?
> I am as old as my cat.
> And how old is your cat?
> My cat is as old as my dog.
> And how old is your dog?
> My dog is as old as I am.

Having so delivered herself, Emmy Lou sat down, not at all disconcerted to find that she had been holding her Primer upside down.

Following this, Emmy Lou was told that she had "passed"; and seeing from the jubilance of the other children that it was a matter to be joyful over, Emmy Lou went home and told the elders of her family that she had passed. And these elders, three aunties and an uncle (an uncle who was disposed to look at Emmy Lou's chubby self and her concerns in jocular fashion), laughed; and Emmy Lou went on wondering what it was all about, which never would have been the case had there been a mother among the elders, for mothers have a way of understanding these things. But to Emmy Lou "mother" had come to mean but a memory which faded as it came, a vague consciousness of encircling arms, of a brooding, tender face, of yearning eyes; and it was only because they told her that Emmy Lou remembered how mother had gone away South, one winter, to get well. That they afterward told her it was Heaven, in no wise confused Emmy Lou, because, for aught she knew, South and Heaven and much else might be included in these points of the compass. Ever since then Emmy Lou had lived with the three aunties and the uncle; and papa had been coming a hundred miles once a month to see her.

When Emmy Lou went back to school for the second year, she was told that she was now in the First Reader. If her heart had jumped at the sharp accents of Miss Clara, it now grew still within her at the slow, awful enunciation of the Large Lady in black bombazine who reigned over the department of the First Reader, pointing her morals with a heavy forefinger, before which Emmy Lou's eyes lowered with every aspect of conscious guilt. Nor did Emmy Lou dream that the Large Lady, whose black bombazine was the visible sign of a loss by death that had made it necessary for her to enter the school-room to earn a living, was finding the duties incident to the First Reader almost as strange and perplexing as Emmy Lou herself.

Emmy Lou from the first day found herself descending steadily to the foot of the class; and there she remained until the awful day, at the close of the first week, when the Large Lady, realizing perhaps that she could no longer ignore such adherence to that lowly position, made discovery that while to Emmy Lou "d-o-g" might *spell* "dog" and "f-r-o-g" might *spell* "frog," Emmy Lou could not find either on a printed page, and, further, could not tell wherein they differed when found for her; that, also, Emmy Lou made her figure 8's by adding one uncertain little o to the top of another uncertain little o; and that while Emmy Lou might copy, in smeary columns, certain cabalistic signs off the blackboard, she could not point them off in tens, hundreds, thousands, or read their numerical values, to save her little life. The Large Lady, sorely perplexed within herself as to the proper course to be pursued, in the sight of the fifty-nine other First-Readers pointed a condemning forefinger at the miserable little object standing in front of her platform, and said, "You will stay after school, Emma Louise, that I may examine further into your qualifications for this grade."

Now Emmy Lou had no idea what it meant —"examine further into your qualifications for this grade." It might be the form of punishment in vogue for the chastisement of the members of the First Reader. But "stay after school" she did understand, and her heart sank, and her little breast heaved.

It was then past the noon recess. In those days, in this particular city, school closed at half-past one. At last the bell for

dismissal had rung. The Large Lady, arms folded across her bombazine bosom, had faced the class, and with awesome solemnity had already enunciated, "Attention"; and sixty little people had sat up straight, when their departing footsteps along the bare corridors and down the echoing stairway coming back like a knell to her sinking heart. Then class after class from above marched past the door and on its clattering way,

"GUIDING A SQUEAKING PENCIL ACROSS A PROTESTING SLATE."

the door opened, and a teacher from the floor above came in.

At her whispered confidence, the Large Lady left the room hastily, while the strange teacher, with a hurried "one—two—three, march out quietly, children," turned, and followed her. And Emmy Lou, left sitting at her desk, saw through gathering tears the line of First-Readers wind around the room and file out the door, the sound of while voices from outside, shrill with the joy of release, came up through the open windows in talk, in laughter, together with the patter of feet on the bricks. Then as these familiar sounds grew fewer, fainter, farther away, some belated footsteps went echoing through the building, a door slammed somewhere—then—silence.

Emmy Lou waited. She wondered how long it would be. There was watermelon at

home for dinner; she had seen it borne in, a great, striped promise of ripe and juicy lusciousness, on the marketman's shoulder before she came to school. And here a tear, long gathering, splashed down the little pink cheek.

Still that awesome personage presiding over the fortunes of the First-Readers failed to return. Perhaps this was "the examination into—into—" Emmy Lou could not remember what—to be left in this big, bare room with the flies droning and humming in lazy circles up near the ceiling. The forsaken desks, with a forgotten book or slate left here and there upon them, the pegs around the walls empty of hats and bonnets, the unoccupied chair upon the platform—Emmy Lou gazed at these with a sinking sensation of desolation, while tear followed tear down her chubby face. And listening to the flies and the silence, Emmy Lou began to long for even the Bombazine Presence, and dropping her quivering countenance upon her arms folded upon the desk, she sobbed aloud. But the time was long, and the day was warm, and the sobs grew slower, and the breath began to come in long-drawn quivering sighs, and the next Emmy Lou knew she was sitting upright, trembling in every limb, and some one coming up the stairs—she could hear the slow, heavy footfalls, and a moment later she saw The Man—the Recess Man, the low, black-bearded, black-browed, scowling Man—with the broom across his shoulder, reach the hallway, and make toward the open doorway of the First-Reader room. Emmy Lou held her breath, stiffened her little body, and—waited. But The Man pausing to light his pipe, Emmy Lou, in the sudden respite thus afforded, slid in a trembling heap beneath the desk, and on hands and knees went crawling across the floor. And as Uncle Michael came in, a moment after, broom, pan, and feather-duster in hand, the last fluttering edge of a little pink dress was disappearing into the depths of the big, empty coal-box, and its sloping lid was lowering upon a flaxen head and cowering little figure crouched within. Uncle Michael having put the room to rights, sweeping and dusting, with many a rheumatic groan in accompaniment, closed the windows, and going out, drew the door after him, and, as was his custom, locked it.

Meanwhile, at Emmy Lou's home the elders wondered. "You don't know Emmy

"SOUNDS GREW FEWER, FAINTER, FARTHER AWAY . . . A DOOR SLAMMED SOMEWHERE—THEN—SILENCE."

"'WHAT YOU WANTER DO,' STATED THE SMALL BOY, 'IS FIND UNCLE MICHAEL; HE KEEPS THE KEYS.'"

Lou," Aunt Cordelia, round, plump, and cheery, insisted to the lady visitor spending the day; "Emmy Lou never loiters."

Aunt Katie, the prettiest auntie, cut off a thick round of melon as they arose from the table, and put it in the refrigerator for Emmy Lou. "It seems a joke," she remarked, "such a baby as Emmy Lou going to school, anyhow; but then she has only a square to go and come."

But Emmy Lou did not come. And by half-past two Aunt Louise, the youngest auntie, started out to find her. But as she stopped on the way at the houses of all the neighbors to inquire, and ran around the corner to Cousin Tom Macklin's to see if Emmy Lou could be there, and then, being but a few doors off, went on around that corner to Cousin Amanda's, the school-house, when she finally reached it, was locked up, with the blinds down at every front window as if it had closed its eyes and gone to sleep. Uncle Michael had a way of cleaning and locking the front of the building first, and going in and out at the back doors. But Aunt Louise did not know this, and, anyhow, she was sure that she would find Emmy Lou at home when she got there.

But Emmy Lou was not at home, and it being now well on in the afternoon, Aunt Katie and Aunt Louise and the lady visitor and the cook all started out in search, while Aunt Cordelia sent the house-boy down-town for Uncle Charlie. Just as Uncle Charlie

arrived—and it was past five o'clock by then—some of the children of the neighborhood, having found a small boy living some squares off who confessed to being in the First Reader with Emmy Lou, arrived also, with the small boy in tow.

"She didn't know 'dog' from 'frog' when she saw 'em," stated the small boy with the derision of superior ability, "an' teacher, she told her to stay after school. She was settin' there in her desk when school let out, Emmy Lou was."

But a big girl of the neighborhood objected. "Her teacher went home the minute school was out," she declared. "Isn't the new lady, Mrs. Samuels, your teacher?" this to the small boy. "Well, her daughter, Hattie, she's in my room, and she was sick, and her mother came up to our room and took her home. Our teacher, she went down and dismissed the First-Readers."

"I don't care if she did," retorted the small boy. "I reckon I saw Emmy Lou settin' there when we come away."

Aunt Cordelia, pale and tearful, clutched Uncle Charlie's arm. "Then she's there, Brother Charlie, locked up in that dreadful place—my precious baby——"

"Pshaw!" said Uncle Charlie.

But Aunt Cordelia was wringing her hands. "You don't know Emmy Lou, Charlie. If she was told to stay, she has stayed. She's locked up in that dreadful place. What shall we do, my baby, my precious baby——"

Aunt Katie was in tears, Aunt Louise in tears, the cook in loud lamentation, Aunt Cordelia fast verging upon hysteria.

The small boy from the First Reader, legs apart, hands in knickerbocker pockets, gazed at the crowd of irresolute elders with scornful wonder. "What you wanter do," stated the small boy, "is find Uncle Michael; he keeps the keys. He went past my house a while ago, going home. He lives in Rose Lane Alley. 'Tain't much outer my way," condescendingly; "I'll take you there." And meekly they followed in his footsteps.

It was dark when a motley throng of uncle, aunties, visiting lady, neighbors, and children went climbing the cavernous, echoing stairway of the dark school building behind the toiling figure of the skeptical Uncle Michael, lantern in hand.

"Ain't I swept over every inch of this here school-house myself and carried the trash outten a dust-pan?" grumbled Uncle Michael, with what inference nobody just then stopped to inquire. Then with the air of a mistreated, aggrieved person who feels himself a victim, he paused before a certain door on the second floor, and fitted a key in its lock. "Here it is then, No. 9, to satisfy the lady," and he flung open the door. The light of Uncle Michael's lantern fell full upon the wide-eyed, terror-smitten person of Emmy Lou, in her desk, awaiting, her miserable little heart knew not what horror.

"She—she told me to stay," sobbed Emmy Lou in Aunt Cordelia's arms, "and I stayed; and the Man came, and I hid in the coal-box!"

And Aunt Cordelia, holding her close, sobbed too, and Aunt Katie cried, and Aunt Louise and the lady visitor cried, and Uncle Charlie passed his plump white hand over his eyes, and said, "Pshaw!" And the teacher of the First Reader, when she heard about it next day, cried hardest of them all, so hard that not even Aunt Cordelia could cherish a feeling against her.

AN UNWRITTEN CHAPTER IN AMERICAN DIPLOMACY.

By A. Maurice Low,

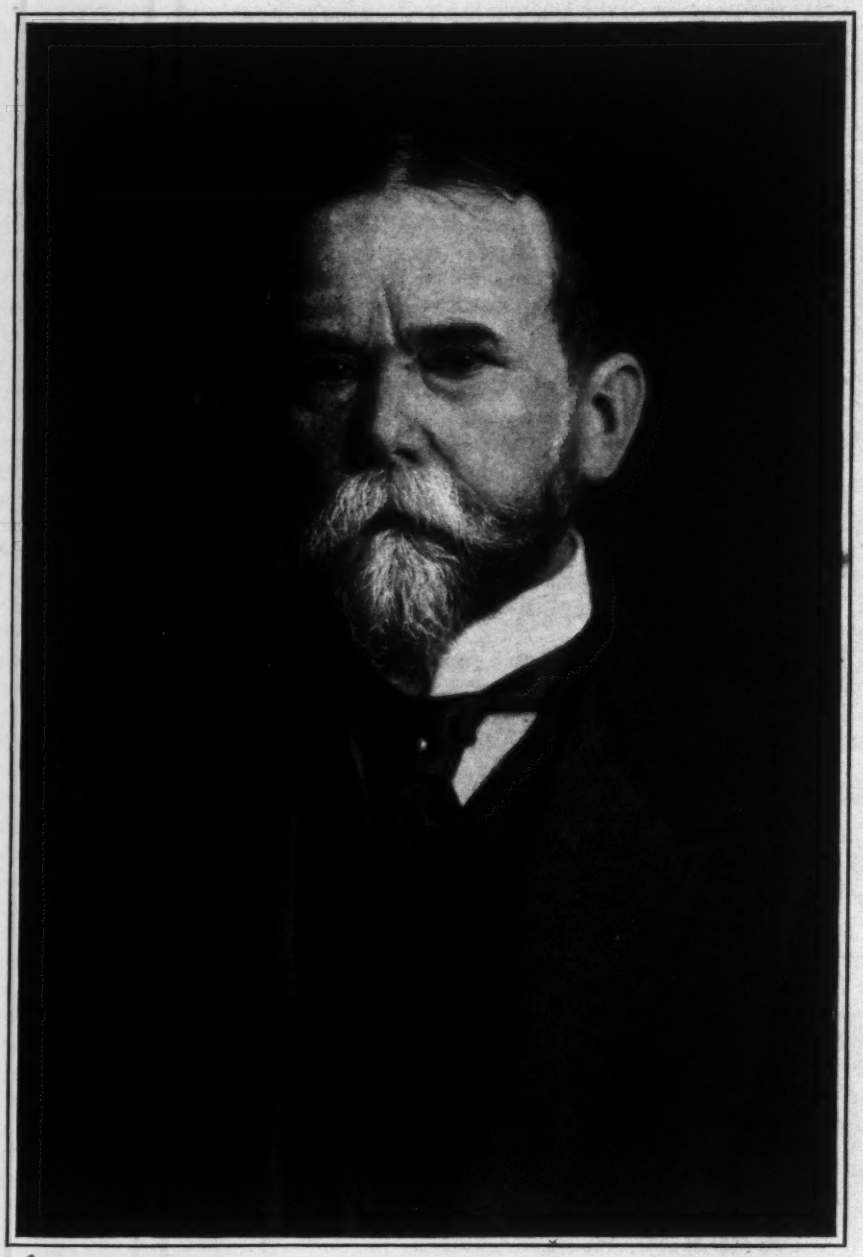
American Correspondent of the "London Chronicle."

CONTRARY to the general opinion of the people of the United States, the present Anglo-American *entente* was not born in the stress of the Spanish War. It came into being three years earlier, in the travail of the Venezuelan affair, and was due to a group of circumstances produced by political necessity and death. The chief of these circumstances were the appointment of Judge Gresham as Secretary of State and Thomas F. Bayard as Minister to England, the death of Judge Gresham, and the appointment of Richard Olney as Gresham's successor.

When Mr. Cleveland came into office for the second time, in 1892, Mr. Bayard was there to be provided for. In the previous administration he had served as Secretary of State. The Bayard who was a power in the Senate, whose name was a tower of strength with his party, who had been a foremost candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, had, at the request of Mr. Cleveland, left the Senate to become the premier of the administration. Much was expected from him; his appointment as Secretary of State inspired great confidence. His administration as minister of foreign affairs was a failure. Now for the second time he was waiting for an office. He could not be put back into the State Department; he did not particularly desire it. There was only one post that his rank, his attainments, and his dignity would permit him to take—the mission to the Court of St. James—and he was duly appointed.

Political exigencies compelled Mr. Cleveland to make Judge Gresham his Secretary of State, than which no more unsuitable appointment could have been made. A man of high character, of great ability, of sound legal attainments, he would have made an admirable Attorney-General or Secretary of the Interior; in fact, he could have filled successfully almost any place except that which political necessities forced the President to ask him to accept. He was by training and by temperament unsuited to deal with foreign questions or the representatives of foreign governments, and he allowed the minister to England to take his own course. Unfortunately, it was one highly offensive to the American people. Mr. Bayard in London as the ambassador of the United States to the Court of St. James was living the life he loved best. He was making speeches, speeches somewhat pedantic and somewhat too redundant with classical quotations for this matter-of-fact age, but effusive in compliments to England and Englishmen, and eloquent with dreams of the brotherhood of man and of perpetual concord between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. His popularity was great in England; but in the United States there was an outburst of rage at Mr. Bayard's demonstrative friendliness, the House of Representatives even passing a vote in censure of his conduct.

Most dreams are shattered by a shock. So was Mr. Bayard's. Gresham, Secretary of State, was dead; Olney, Attorney-General, became his successor. Olney was the antithesis of Gresham. Gresham, born in the West, a self-made man who had followed the plow in his youth, was a typical specimen of the West, and even in Washington, while receiving ambassadors in the State Department, he suggested the Western judge. Olney was the type of New England, the New England to which we owe so much. The acknowledged leader of the Boston bar, highly educated, with cultivated tastes, brusque on the surface, but with a nature almost womanly in its sympathies; keenly analytical, superbly courageous, tenacious, introspective, and somewhat cynical, with the contempt a great mind has for men of small minds with small ambitions; by right of office to be regarded as a political leader, and yet despising the petty art of petty politicians—there could be no greater contrast than that between him and his predecessor.



THE HON. JOHN HAY, SECRETARY OF STATE.

From a photograph by Miss Frances Benjamin Johnston.

Between him and Mr. Bayard, too, there could be nothing in common.

To Mr. Olney, as Attorney-General, President Cleveland had referred the long-standing dispute between Venezuela and Great Britain concerning the boundary. Properly the work of the State Department, it had been placed in the hands of the Attorney-General because of the President's confidence in his judgment, his legal ability, and his impartiality. Mr. Olney was convinced that Venezuela had, to say the least, "a case," the merits of which should be passed upon by a competent tribunal. The matter was still before him when he left the Department of Justice to assume charge of the State Department. At once he took up the subject vigorously. He was resolved that Great Britain should submit her pretensions to arbitration and abide by the result.

Of a celebrated despatch written by Mr. Olney in his capacity as Secretary of State, and an equally celebrated message sent by Mr. Cleveland to Congress, little need be said. England was astounded; possibly not more so than America. There was much excitement in high official circles, many consultations of ministers, much diplomatic correspondence, some talk even of squadrons being mobilized. But of all the men amazed and angered there was none to compare with Mr. Bayard. At first he could hardly believe his senses: *this* to be the result of all his fine speeches; *this* to be the end of his Anglo-Saxon brotherhood; and then he saw it all. There were elections coming on: the patriotic heart must be fired; it was a time-honored expedient to fire the patriotic heart by making faces at England. Mr. Bayard's equanimity was restored. He was ambassador of the United States to Great Britain. He must officially do the bidding of the State Department and communicate unwelcome despatches to the Foreign Office, but unofficially he could assure his friends that the Americans were an unruly people and must not be taken too seriously. The thunder was loud, it was unpleasant, but it could do no harm.

There was fury in Washington. If ever man was in deadly earnest it was Richard Olney. He knew the seriousness of his undertaking before he had embarked upon it, he had counted its cost, and his efforts were in danger of being thwarted by the excessive amiability of Mr. Bayard. Worst of all, he could do nothing. To recall Mr. Bayard spelled scandal; more calamitous even, it would have brought the negotiations to a pause and involved delay, and that was the very thing Mr. Olney was anxious to avoid; there had already been too much delay, and time was pressing. Clearly Mr. Bayard must be rendered harmless without his knowledge.

Enter upon the scene another actor, combining with the *savoir-faire* of Bayard the insistence and determination and the clear, far-seeing vision of Olney. John Hay, at one time private secretary to President Lincoln, soldier, diplomatist, poet, man of letters, and above all things man of the world, who knows men, their virtues and their vices, became an unofficial ambassador of the United States to the Court of St. James. Never before in the history of our diplomacy has such an appointment been made; never before was a man entrusted with such a delicate task.

To be a successful ambassador—that is, an accredited ambassador—requires great tact, great judgment, the iron hand must always be concealed by the velvet glove, even speech must be velvet. How much greater then the obstacles to be overcome by an ambassador who has no official standing, who can only hope to achieve results by persuasion, and argument, and appeal? He could not stultify his government by casting odium on Mr. Bayard; he could not magnify himself at the expense of Mr. Bayard. All he could do as a private citizen, an admirer of England while none the less firmly convinced of the justice of the position taken by his country, was to impress upon his English friends the foolishness of quarreling with their cousins across the sea. And because he was a private citizen he could talk with men of all parties and all shades of opinion. He was as acceptable to the great conservative leaders, like Lord Salisbury and Arthur Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain, as he was to influential men one step below, like Mr. Curzon, then Lord Salisbury's mouthpiece in the Commons; or Liberal leaders, like John Morley or Sir W Harcourt. Among the press, Buckle, the editor of the "Times," and Moberly Bell, its manager, representing the Conservative thought of England, listened to him as eagerly as did Henry Massingham and Henry Norman, of the "Chronicle," the exponent of Radicalism. Mr. Hay urged that better terms could be obtained from the Cleveland administration than from that of President McKinley, who he felt sure was to be elected; he urged that it would be wise to settle the dispute before Mr. McKinley came into office. Mr. Hay impressed upon his friends that, unfortunately, in this instance, the United States were not engaged in merely the pleasant little elec-

tion pastime of making faces to terrify England. Words meant all that they said. Mr. Hay had assistance, very able assistance, but there are reasons why other names should not be mentioned. Mr. Bayard was titular ambassador only. Mr. Olney was informed as to the real state of public opinion in England, not through Mr. Bayard, but through other channels. The negotiations were removed to Washington, and carried on between Mr. Olney and the British ambassador, Lord (then Sir Julian) Pauncefote.

In an extremity France supplied us with a friend, and the name of Lafayette is properly held in grateful remembrance. When time has given proper perspective to events, America will learn how much it owes to Lord Pauncefote of Preston, how great the value of his friendship. Loyal to his crown and government, he was none the less loyal to America; in serving England he served the United States; his strong brain, his sense of justice, and his love for the country where he had resided for so many years saved us from humiliation, possibly worse, in a great crisis. He will be heard from again before this chapter is written.

It was no time for compliments and dreams. Iron was striking against iron. When men like Hay and Salisbury, Olney and Pauncefote come together, out of the metal of intellectuality will be forged the steel of right and progress. The air was cleared, and it did not take "a whiff of grape" to blow the haze away. Both sides were the better for it. In England the man in the street had a dim idea that the blooming Yankees had "cheeked" him once more; but in Government circles, among the men who rule England, there was respect for American courage and diplomacy; there was satisfaction that the two nations could so easily settle their disputes. On this side it was not without beneficial results. Mr. Olney entered the State Department not without that prejudice against England which exists nowhere so strongly as it does in New England. England's sense of justice and her anxiety to advance the cause of civilization left an impress upon him, and in an address which he made after he ceased to be Secretary of State he bore handsome tribute to all that England has done in proclaiming liberty.

This was the germ of the *entente*. When Mr. Olney wrote his memorable despatch—one of the most important of state papers, no less remarkable for its lofty tone than its perfect literary style—little did he dream of the service England was so soon to render his country. When Mr. Hay was urging upon his friends in England the expediency of ending an annoying incident, he could have hardly contemplated the next time when he should again appeal to England's love of justice. Christian virtues and the Golden Rule still exist—in Downing Street. Venezuela might have rankled in the breast of a small man or a nation doubtful of its own strength. Not so in the case of Lord Salisbury voicing England.

Mr. McKinley knew when he was elected President he could not escape from the responsibilities of the "Cuban situation." Anxious for peace, anxious to do anything that might properly be done to prevent war, the sum of all equations was Cuba. Once again John Hay was called in. Mr. McKinley at that time had devoted little thought to the study of foreign affairs; his knowledge of European politics was rudimentary. Mr. Hay, diplomatist by training, familiar with world politics, saw at once that, if the United States were to successfully wage war against Spain, Spain must be isolated. To prevent a Spanish alliance was the task of diplomacy. England, mistress of the seas, could make or mar an alliance. And because of that, because London was of even more importance than Washington, Mr. Hay, instead of entering the State Department and becoming premier, went to London once more to make his diplomacy a potent weapon for his country's good.

Personally welcome in England, the times were in favor of the success of Mr. Hay's mission. The British Government as it was constituted in 1898 (and it is the same cabinet to-day) was strongly pro-American. Lord Salisbury, the premier, has a profound admiration for America. "He is," to quote a distinguished servant of the crown who speaks with authority, "impressed with the grandeur of America, the remarkable energy of the Americans, and the great future which lies open to them." Mr. Arthur Balfour, the premier's nephew, First Lord of the Treasury and Government leader in the House, his uncle's confidant, may find distraction in politics and writing books on theology, but if he has a serious passion for anything, it is golf—and America. Mr. Chamberlain, Secretary of State for Colonial Affairs, has shown his devotion to America by taking to wife a daughter of Massachusetts, descended from one of the oldest Puritan families. Mr. Hay was assured of a sympathetic reception.

In those anxious days before war was declared, but when it was evident to all Eu-

rope that the sword could no longer remain sheathed, the fate of the United States hung for one moment trembling in the balance. It was proposed by Russia to England that, in the interest of peace and to avert the war which could not be averted in any other way, Spain should be induced to sell or exchange Cuba, which England would find useful to round out her West Indian possessions, while Spain would voluntarily yield her territory rather than risk its loss by conquest. Any objection on the part of the United States that the further acquisition of territory by Great Britain in the western hemisphere would be in contravention of the Monroe Doctrine was to be met by the knowledge that Russia countenanced the transfer, which would be the notification to the United States that if they meant to resist it, Russia as well as England would have to be reckoned with. Germany's acquiescence was to be secured; the passivity of France was pledged by Russia. This Mephistophelian plot failed because Lord Salisbury would not play the rôle of Faust. He feared the gifts which the Muscovite offered him. Emphatically and distinctly the English premier caused it to be known that the Cuban question concerned the United States and Spain alone; that it was a matter with which no other nation had any concern; that if they fought, England would preserve strict neutrality, and in preserving this neutrality, the Russian ambassador was pointedly informed on one occasion, England should expect all the other nations to observe the obligations of neutrality. So the plot failed, and the opportunity to involve England with the United States was lost.

The attitude of England tilted the scale. Spain had appealed to Austria, naturally sympathetic because of family relations, and Austria had in turn sounded her partners in the *Dreibund*—Germany and Italy—only to find that the German Emperor was too cautious to risk everything on such a desperate chance; while Italy, traditionally friendly to England, would hear none of it. France was next appealed to. The old noble families of France and Spain are closely related; the Paris Bourse deals largely in Spanish securities, and, despite the legend of traditional friendship, France has no real affection for the American people. France consulted Russia, with the result already known, and Spain's last hope was gone.

From this time on the action was rapid. Mr. Hay, so soon as he learned that Spain was isolated, that in all the world she could find neither ally nor support, so informed his government in Washington; and when his despatch was received, President McKinley felt safe in embarking on a policy which inevitably could have but one conclusion—Spain must either yield to all of the demands of the United States or else she must be prepared to resist at the risk of war.

Poor Spain! Humiliated, baffled, deserted; crushed by her own folly and dishonesty; still striving to avert the day of doom; clinging as ever to delusions, she still thought she saw a single chance for salvation. Her minister in Washington, a man with a supple mind, very adroit, accomplished in all the arts of diplomacy, understanding thoroughly the temper of the people among whom he lived; knowing that the United States did not want war, but were being actually forced into it; knowing that their influential men were trying to avert war, conceived the brilliant idea that where the chancellors of Europe had failed their ministers might be more successful. In Washington there was a conference of the powers. The ambassadors met at the French embassy to see what they could do to prevent war. Could they act as mediators and save the peace of Europe? There was talk of a note which should have all the force and effect of a restraining order and make the litigants give sureties for their good behavior. Here again the European coalition found an unexpected obstacle. The British ambassador would not lend himself to any scheme which would in any way humiliate or embarrass the United States. He was in favor of preventing war, if war could be prevented without injuring the *amour propre* of the United States, but he was sternly set against defeating the objects which the United States had in view—the house-cleaning in the West Indies which had been so long deferred that they had become a stench in the nostrils of all decent men. The attitude of Sir Julian Pauncefote caused a halt, and the ambassadors had to communicate with their governments for further instructions.

When these *pourparlers* were initiated, the British ambassador subordinated himself; but as the scheme unfolded itself, and the ambassadors saw that Great Britain again held the key to the position, very properly a change of venue was taken, and the succeeding conferences were held at the British embassy. And with the change of scene the situation clearly developed. Sir Julian Pauncefote, to whom Lord Salisbury had given *carte blanche* in the carrying on of the negotiations, announced so clearly the posi-

tion of his government that it could not be mistaken. His government, he said in effect, would join with the other powers in representing to the President its desire to see bloodshed averted, but not one step further would it go. It was that or nothing. If the other powers were not satisfied, Great Britain would immediately withdraw. And when that had been said and done, Sir Julian did a thing remarkable in the history of diplomacy. Before he would consent to formally join his colleagues in making their views known to the American Government, he informed the President of what had been done and asked whether it would be embarrassing to him to receive the harmless representations of the ambassadors; and when assured that it would not cause embarrassment, Sir Julian consented to unite with his colleagues in the presentation of a collective note.

What followed we all know, because it was made public at the time; what Spain thought of it is known only to a few persons. The Spanish legation in Washington had watched every move with absorbing interest, as it was realized there if nowhere else that the cards were being dealt on the table face up. When Spain knew that the last effort had failed, that Britain had wrecked the concert, a member of the Spanish legation, by descent an Englishman, although by birth and training Spanish, threw up his hands and said: "We are beaten by England. I used to be proud of my English descent. From this time on I repudiate England, I want no more of her. Curse her."

The thunder of Dewey's guns silenced the voice of diplomacy; but although diplomacy was voiceless, its eyes were keen. In Spain, at Gibraltar, in London, in Hongkong, wherever, indeed, British diplomatic or military or naval officers were stationed, the laws of neutrality were violated a dozen times a day in the cause of friendship. Little went on of use to the United States which came to the foreign or war offices in London but it was promptly communicated to this government. A separate chapter might be written on the diplomatic history of Manila Bay; of the orders which were sent to Captain Chichester of H. M. S. "Powerful"; to Admiral Diederichs, the German flag officer; of the despatches which passed between Admiral Dewey and the Navy Department; of the motives which induced him to cable the Washington Government to send him forthwith the "Oregon," for political effect. Those times are still too recent for the whole truth to be told.

Diplomacy spoke again when Spain, brought to her knees, sued for peace, and the United States sent commissioners to Paris to arrange the terms. When the American commissioners left Washington, two of them at least were resolutely determined not to be involved in the acquisition of the Philippines; there was one to whom, as he was departing, a very prominent American statesman said: "Whatever you do, don't be persuaded into keeping the Philippines," and the answer of this commissioner was: "Whatever I do, I shall not agree to keep the Philippines." But men must adjust themselves to circumstances. When the commissioners opened their negotiations in Paris they quickly learned that Spain was once more trying to escape paying the penalty of her folly, even as before the war she had rushed headlong to her fate. The situation was critical in the extreme. Realizing then for the first time that the Philippines were lost to her, Spain would willingly have *given* them to any other power, England excepted, rather than *sell* them to the United States. Again the usual tactics of Spanish diplomacy were employed. Russia, France, and Germany were appealed to, Spain's theory being that, if one of these powers took the islands, the United States would have to look to the new owner for a settlement and not to her. Of all the powers to whom the appeal was made Germany was most inclined to yield to it. The possession of the Philippines was in line with her new policy of colonization, and it would have fitted in amazingly well with her purpose to obtain a foothold in China. Bismarck is dead, but his doctrine of *do ut des* still lives. Germany would willingly have squared France and her ally Russia to obtain the islands of the Pacific; but there was England still to be reckoned with, and England appreciated as keenly as the American commissioners then did how perilously near they were sailing to the rocks. To have backed out from the Philippines then, to have surrendered them because Germany demanded them, to have been robbed of the fruits of victory as Japan had been forced to see the prize snatched from her grasp by a European coalition, would have put the United States in the category of a second-rate power and destroyed their prestige for the next half century. It would have been the admission to the world that, while the United States were able to grapple with and destroy a decadent, enervated nation like Spain, when a nation of the first magnitude spoke, when Russia growled, or France snarled, or Germany blus-

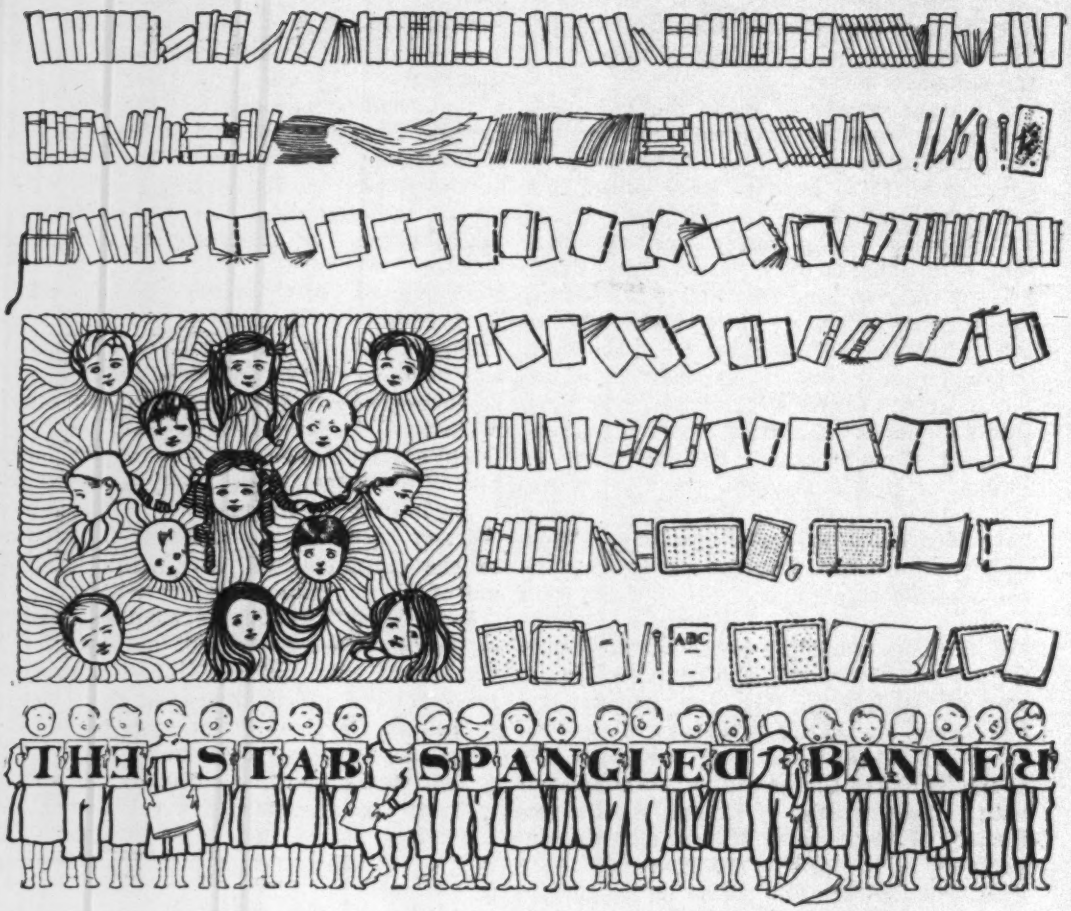
tered, the United States quailed and yielded like China or any other of the little nations. That would have been humiliation worse than the defeat of battle.

The machinations of Spain and her quondam allies were rendered powerless by the firm stand again assumed by England. England caused it to be once more known that the settlement of the Cuban question, like its beginning, was a purely American question, with which no other nation except Spain had any interest; and that unless the United States voluntarily surrendered their rights to the Philippines, no other power had the right of interference. Nations, like individuals, are not entirely swayed by altruism, and England's objects at this time were not without a shade of selfishness. Had Germany or France or Russia acquired the Philippines, the balance of power in the far East would have been disturbed; war even might have been precipitated. England was fighting for the open door in China. She did not want a military ally, but she welcomed a commercial ally, one who like herself would stand for commercial equality and commercial fairness in the Orient. Mr. Hay had devoted many years of his life to a study of the Chinese question, and had long recognized the necessity of the United States retaining their hold on the markets of China. In the settlement of the Spanish War he saw this opportunity. He forcibly recommended to the President that the Philippines be not surrendered; and when the European powers saw that the United States were in earnest in their intention to remain an Eastern power, and when these same European powers calmly surveyed the field and saw that any attempt to oust the United States would bring England's matchless navy upon their backs, for the second time in less than a year they left poor deluded Spain to her fate, and the end was written in history.

Diplomacy is tergiversation. The peace of nations sometimes hangs upon a word. Of the intrigues, the cabals, the schemes which marked the year 1898, *annus mirabilis* in American history, no word has ever been made public by men whose words have the weight of authority. History is not written by the living; it is garnered from the dead long after their voices have been stilled. The historian, at the end of the first quarter of the new century, will probably give to the world the diplomacy of the war as revealed by the official documents, the letters and despatches of the men who made the history of that year. Then shall we and our children know of those things which only now can be hinted at, but chance sometimes lifts a corner of the past and throws a light on the future. In the Senate last January, when a motion was offered that the President be requested to send to that body the instructions which he gave to the Peace Commissioners and the correspondence which passed between them, the motion was rejected because of the statements made by senators, who spoke with authority, that the publication of this correspondence might be embarrassing to other governments; and then, to prevent discussion in public, a motion was made to further consider the matter in secret session. The proceedings of a secret session are supposed to be secret; I say supposed advisedly, because, while no official report is made, their substance is always known to the initiated in Washington. On that day, January 16th last, Senator Davis, chairman of the committee on foreign relations and one of the commissioners who negotiated the treaty of peace with Spain, than whom there can be no more competent authority, told the Senate that, had the United States not taken the Philippines, there was every reason to believe Germany would have taken such islands as suited her colonial policy.

This very briefly, very crudely, very fragmentarily is a sketch of one phase of our diplomacy before and after the war with Spain. It explains in a measure why those in authority have now, as they have had for the last two years, a feeling of gratitude toward England; it explains how, when in our extremity we needed a friend, the only friend we found was England, who stood by us loyally, manfully, and courageously, braving the displeasure of all the world because of the ties of blood; it explains why there is to-day a solidarity of the English-speaking people: a union stronger, better, more powerful than any other union the world has before known; which does not exist by the favor of treaties or the grace of rulers, but which has come into being because it is a union that makes for the peace, the progress, the civilization of the world; which lends encouragement to the peoples still struggling for liberty and who know that to the Anglo-Saxon they must look for their inspiration and their deliverance.

So long as the Blood endures,
I shall know that your good is mine; ye shall feel that
my strength is yours:
In the days of Armageddon, at the last great fight of all,
That Our House stand together and the pillars do not
fall.



DOES IT GET WEIGHED?

OR YET WADE?

UNCERTAINTY OF MANY SCHOOL-CHILDREN UPON THE SUBJECT

By Marion Hill.

A FEW nights ago, at a home dinner party, one gentleman present, having occasion to quote a few lines of "America," bungled amazingly, as is usual in such attempts, and had finally to desist through ignorance. Seeking for help among his fellows, he found that they, too, knew but little more of the song than the opening lines. Amidst the comments aroused by this not unprecedented incident, the host's ten-year-old daughter volunteered to help the big folks out, and did so by correctly reciting all the verses. In response to flattering questions, she said that she had been taught the song at school. With pardonable pride she added, "I will write it for you, if you like."

Of course we liked, and we furnished her with quieting paper and pencil; and then straightway began to forget her in our vigorous volleys of praise anent the wholeheartedness of public-school education. But she again brought herself to notice by shortly presenting us with the following lines, very prettily written, and, as may be seen, intelligently titled and put into verse form:

AMERICA.

My country, tissuf the
Sweet land of libaet tea,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my father died,
Land where the Pilgrims pried,
From ev'ry mountain side,
Let fridmen ring.

My native country the
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love.
I love thy rots and chills,
Thy woods and temper pills,
My heart with ratcher thrills
Like that above.

Mingled with our amusement was consternation, for this little girl was not only more than ordinarily intelligent, but was also a remarkably good speller, and when she wrote "rots and chills," she most certainly meant nothing less than the indicated putrefactions and ague.

In connection with what follows, this point of spelling is an important one to note. Had the child been stupid and backward, her rendering of "My country" would have been no menace to patriotism, for when a little American bubbles over in hymns to liberty, and means liberty even while writing "libaet tea," the moral exaltation is not impaired in the least; but this child knew enough to spell liberty correctly, had she wanted to use the word. It behooved us, then, to find out what on earth she did mean; so to that end we questioned her, and in giving her replies, we call attention to their unfailing intelligence and directness, even where she was most at fault.

"What is 'libaet tea'?"

"One of our imports, I guess, from China."

"And what is 'tissuf'?"

"I don't know."

"What do you think it is?"

"Maybe it is to fill out the line. Poetry has something that is called meter; maybe 'tissuf' makes the right meter."

"What do you mean by 'pried'?"

"Why, pry means to come where you are not asked to come!" This with a tinge of pity for the ignorance that could ask such a question.

"Then the Pilgrims pried into America?"

"Yes, I think so. Nobody invited them."

"What is 'fridmen'?"

"I don't know. I have thought that over, and can't make any sense to it."

"Why do you love 'rots and chills'?"

"I don't."

"But you say here that you do."

"Oh, *I* don't say it; it's the poetry says that."

"Well, what does the poetry mean by it?"

"I think it means that we must forgive a great many unpleasant things about our country, and say we like them just out of politeness."

"What are 'temper pills'?"

"Pills for temper, don't you think?"

"Did you ever see any such pills?"

"No. Did you? But I'd like to have some."

"Why?"

No answer to this except a half-shy, half-wicked little smile toward her parents.

"What is 'ratcher'?"

"I really don't know."

"Haven't you any idea?"

"Yes, it sounds like a disease."

"How so?"

"It says, 'like that above'—and there are chills a few lines above; and thrills are a sort of chills anyhow. I looked it up in my dictionary."

"This is truly wonderful!" we gasped; and as a reward for the tribute we were invited to attend her school on the morrow, because it would be "patriotic Friday," and

we could hear them "speak pieces, sing war songs, salute the flag, and talk patriotic things."

Her invitation was too rich in suggestion to resist entirely, and we did visit a school on the "patriotic" morrow; but deciding that our little friend's school had already spoken for itself, we visited another.

A class of about fifty clean, bright-eyed, wriggling boys and girls appeared perfectly charmed at being asked to perform their patriotic exercises, and executed them with a vim and thoroughness very creditable to themselves and to their teacher. They sang as many as a dozen patriotic songs; they knew more about Dewey, Sampson, Schley, and Hobson than those heroes know themselves; they recited more historical facts about George Washington than could be beguiled out of an ordinary man at the point of a pistol (one little girl essayed the life of Theodore Roosevelt, but being unable to keep the lightning-rod and electricity and a kite out of her narrative, sat down bathed in tears); they gave quotations in prose and poetry inculcating love of country; and, with especial ardor, they united in a pretty ceremony which they called "S'lutin' the Flag." The teacher conducted this salute by successive taps of her hand-bell. Tap one, and a curly-haired lassie mounted the platform and unfurled Old Glory; tap two, and the entire class sprang to their feet as one child; tap three, and every hand made a military salute to the accompaniment of the rousing words, "We give our heads and our hearts to our country. One country, one language, one flag!" At the final word every little right hand was raised, the forefinger pointing to the Stars and Stripes. This statuesque pose was sustained until a last tap relaxed the tense muscles and gave signal for the little ones to drop back into their seats. It brought a choke into the throat to see it.

But the demon of investigation was abroad, and refused to be throttled by sentiment. "Children, this has been very interesting; so interesting that I want to ask you some questions about it. For instance, you say that you give your heads to your country: now will one of you tell me how you do that?"

Not immediately. Smiles faded, and a pall settled over the community. At last, one grimy paw waved tentatively.

"Well?"

"We could cut our heads off and give them that way."

The gloom deepened when this answer turned out to be amiss, and all thought desperately. Another paw waved. "What is your answer, little man?"

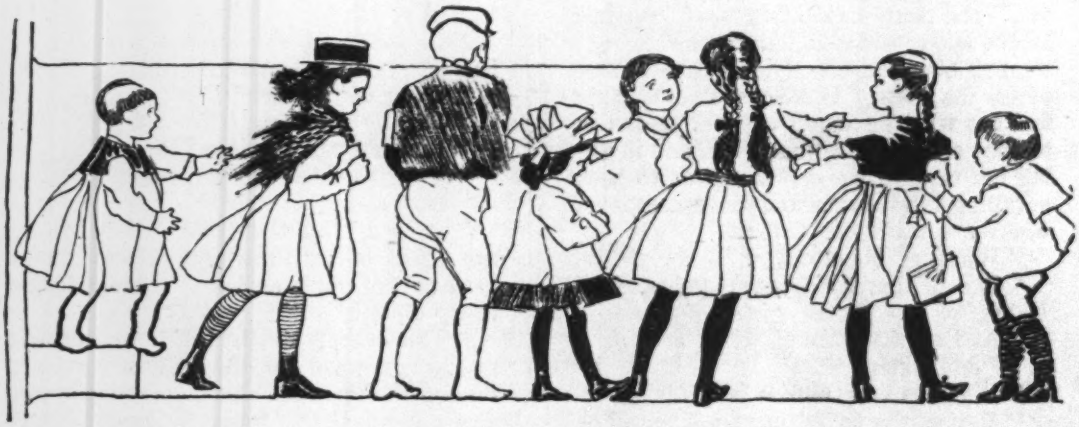
"We must keep our heads inside of a car window."

This answer seemed so to satisfy the class that it was cruelty to disabuse them. But it had to be done. Another period of horrified reflection ensued, out of which ventured two guesses:

"I could give my head to my country by letting some one put a bullet into it."

"I give my head to my country by putting my hand to my head in the s'lute."

The rejection of these advances created such a weakness among the children that total dissolution was threatened, but a big, handsome boy in the rear saved the day. He was a very big boy, the class dunce probably; one of those chaps who promote themselves in the course of years simply by outgrowing their desks, and who in manhood make fine strides toward success untrammeled by learning. This long, lazy youth (whose extended limbs were undoubtedly the



factors in the constant anguish of amusement to be seen on the face of the little boy in front of him) had been enjoying the exercises thus far as matters gotten up for his sole entertainment; but now, wishing a change of topic, he put an end to the present foolishness by rising suddenly unbidden and stating, with smiling decision, "We *can't* give our heads to our country. We only say so."

The children settled back in their seats with immense breaths of relief, and we felt that to refuse an explanation so patently incontrovertible would be to lower our dignity; we therefore succumbed.

The heart being a more mysterious organ than the head, which is apt to flourish in memory by being unlawfully tapped by rulers, the second clause in the "s'lute" was passed over by the examiner. So, picking out a tiny damsel, he made on her these easy demands:

"'One country'—what country, little maid?"

"America, sir."

"Yes, indeed. And of course you know who discovered America?"

"Yes, sir. Columbia, sir."

"Well, nearly. Columbus—can you tell me his first name?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is it?"

"Hail."

To offset this slip, the class was instructed to sing the song in mention, and their performance was beyond cavil, so hearty, so musical were their fresh young voices, and so inexhaustible were their memories—verse after verse rippling spontaneously forth, with never a book in sight!

"Do you like to sing patriotic songs?"

"*YES, SIR!*" this in a thundering chorus.

"Better than other songs?"

"YES, SIR!"

"Why?"

The chorus was silenced. After a pause a bullet-headed, philosophical young Teuton said, with the slowness characteristic of a deep thinker, "For pecause dey makes de piggest noise."

"What do you mean by patriotic, by patriotism?" was naturally the next question.

"Putting flags on your house when somebody dies."

"Getting a half holiday and going down town to holler at the soldiers as they go by."

"Patriotism's killin' Spaniards."

These definitions were given by boys, to the disgust of a tiny girl, who jumped up with an indignant pipe of, "Patriotism is love of your country."

The teacher, who, as might be expected, was not thoroughly enjoying herself, beamed approval at little miss; but the examiner felt an unshaken pride in his own sex, for the reason that the boys' answers published the fact that with them patriotism was synonymous with action.

"What has your country ever done for you that you should love it?" was the next question.

Oddly enough, this simple query was a poser. A timid girl remarked that her country had given her an *exquisition*—something evidently very horrible, for she promptly put her head down upon her desk and howled with grief, utterly refusing to explain herself.

The blank, not to say terrified, faces of the youngsters forced the teacher from the subordinate part of listener to controller, and rising majestically from her seat, she commanded, "Children,

mention five advantages you derive from being American citizens!"

With immediate cordiality they chanted in chorus, "Liberty, protection at home and abroad, self-government, free schools, and public libraries!"

We couldn't have touched the right button. Encouraged at such unanimous knowledge, we probed it a little, and elicited the facts that liberty meant being out of jail, that you got protection if you could find a policeman, and that self-government was doing as you pleased.

We now asked our victims if they would write for us a verse or two of their favorite patriotic song, and they made no objection, appearing even to like the employment. One child, announcing that she intended to write "Andy's quotation," asked that Andy be allowed to recite it for her as a help to her memory. Andy, who proved to be the long-limbed idler, gallantly went to the trouble of extricating himself from his desk, stepped into the aisle, and apparently repeated these words from Drake's Address to the American Flag:

> Forever float that standard sheet!
> Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
> With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
> And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

Apparently. What he really did say was made manifest by his written words, for he, too, chose to write the words for our inspection. We will reproduce them later.

Before commenting upon the papers handed in to us, we wish to present a significant statistic or two: The average age of this class was ten years and one month; in their last spelling review they had taken a percentage of eighty-eight; and they were now allowed to write the song of their own choosing. "The Star-Spangled Banner" seemed to be a general favorite, but certainly not through the merit of being understood; for, from the very beginning, where "dawn's early light" varied from the harmless shibboleth of "don selery eye" to the more sinister "darn surly lie," every line was garbled and twisted into some startling grotesqueness, the whole ending with the agonized appeal, "Oh, say does the star spangled Banner get weighed? or the home of the free? or the land of the brave?" A simple line in the second stanza, "blest with victory and peace," appeared once "less the fig trees and peas"; and another time, "bless with big trees apiece"; while the stanza concluded by asking politely, "Does the star Spangled Banner yet wade?"

Of course, once in a while a phrase was rendered correctly, there being but one song which claimed the distinction of containing a line totally uncomprehended by any child using it. That song was Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," the line being the one which pictures the God of Battles as "trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored." Without exception the word "vintage" was interpreted "village," and the rest of the line was varied to suit particular needs; one need expressing itself prosaically thus: "He is tramping round the village where the grapes arrive from shore."

The most damning quality of these extracts was their painfully exact spelling. They could mean nothing else than what they said. In a vilely spelled screed there is always a chance that it may mean the right thing in spite of appearances. For instance, one little chap handed in a paper with the simple, brief announcement, "Gloriglo, halua lua lura halua lua." It was evident at a glance that this was the familiar chorus, "Glory, Glory, hallelujah;" and it was just as good spelled one way as another. But so much cannot be said for "the swine of each pastry Arctic Ocean," which was one child's conception of the "shrine of each patriot's devotion," and preceded the statement that Columbia "roared" safe through the storm. As Columbia had been stigmatized a few lines above as "the yam of the ocean," there must have been quite a mixture of pictures in that child's mind.

It is a pity that religious discussions are tabooed in our public schools, otherwise it might have been profitable to have interrogated the pupil who made a coy suggestion to "blast the popes that have made and preserved us a nation." Her mental concept may have "praised the power," but the situation admits of doubt.

Most of the songs were wonderfully well written and punctuated, the exceptions being rare. Following is given one of the rarest. The lad who wrote was probably tired.

> Dam dam dam the boys are marching cheer up comrads they will come and aneath the tarny pag we will been an airn again in the freedom of our annie ammie ome.

The translation we reserve to ourselves; but of course we cannot prevent the persevering few from finally reducing the "tarny

pag," "been an airn," and "annie ammie ome" to simpler terms.

Believing that little children are never too young to be taught to reverence and love their country and to understand its heart-songs, and believing also that a Columbia which is pictured as a cross between a yam and swine cannot be a very lovely figure in a little patriot's mind, the compiler of these notes ventures to suggest that when our little tots at school are taught the words of patriotic songs, plentiful and constantly repeated explanation should go hand in hand with such instruction. Beautiful, indeed, is it to see a class give signs of thorough drill in inspiriting exercises of collective patriotism; but to be ardently effective, the drill should begin with the individual. Then might Andy see some beauty in his address to his loved flag, which at present he is rendering thus:

Forever wave that standing cheat
Where breeze the foe but falls beforus,
With freedoms oil beneath our feet
And freedom's banner screaming orus.

THE FALL OF QUEBEC.

By Cyrus Townsend Brady,

Author of "For Love of Country," "For the Freedom of the Sea," "The Grip of Honor," etc.

"*Come, each death-doing dog who dares venture his neck,*
Come, follow the hero that goes to Quebec;
Jump aboard of the transports, and loose every sail;
Pay your debts at the tavern by giving leg-bail;
And ye that love fighting shall soon have enough:
Wolfe commands us, my boys; we shall give them Hot Stuff."—Old Song.

ON the 29th of February, 1712, when Louis XIV., old, broken, and defeated, was closing his long reign, a little boy was born in the south of France. Fifteen years later, on the 2d of January, 1727, another lad saw the light in the England of George the First. Born under different governmental systems and springing from different racial stocks, standing for different ideas, the lives of these two children were destined to be strangely intermingled. They were to be the chief factors in a great contest in which the stakes were a future empire the like of which the world had not seen. They were to play their great game upon a theater of unparalleled magnificence and before an audience which comprised the world. There were circumstances of great dramatic interest in the careers of both, and in the end each laid down his life in defense of his principles on

the same blood-stained field. The Frenchman was the son of a great nobleman; the Englishman, a child of the sturdy middle class. Both were soldiers. There were brave days for soldiers then, and both of them saw much hard fighting and arduous campaigning. Both had risen rapidly, and both had been chosen for positions of importance which they had neither sought nor desired, but which both had accepted from the very highest sense of duty and love of country.

Montcalm had signally demonstrated his capacity by inflicting upon the English an overwhelming defeat in the pine woods of Ticonderoga, and Wolfe had shown his ability at the siege of Louisburg. They were now to be matched in a struggle for a point more vital than the fortress in the pine-clad hills or that on the iron-bound coast of Cape Breton. The rifle shots of the Virginians under George Washington in the forest glades of Western Pennsylvania, which struck down young Jumonville, had kindled a conflagration of war which had swept like a besom of destruction from the St. Lawrence to the Ganges, and which had involved every power in the world in a gigantic struggle—England, Prussia, and the American Colonies *contra mundum!* On the icy plains of Russia, 'neath the shadows cast by the Himalayas, and in the forests primeval of the New World the conflict raged.

On this continent two great ideas had stood at swords' points with each other from the landing of the Pilgrims and the voyage of Cartier. In a thin strip upon the Atlantic seaboard from the Penobscot to St. Augustine, the beginning of a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people," had been established; and a nation, frugal and industrious, hardy and bold, was in the travail pains of existence. The several English colonies embraced a population of over a million souls. On the back of the continent, with one hand on the great river of the North, the other clutching the great river of the South, lay the domain of France, a country still the most powerful in the great family of nations. A thin chain of military posts dotted along the two rivers and the great lakes represented the barrier by which the advocates of the feudal system—decaying in France, but which it was hoped might be revived in America—strove to hold back the inundation of men already beginning to break upon the mountain chains of what was then the West. Though the province had been most assiduously fostered by the crown, the number of inhabitants in New France did not exceed, at the very highest estimate, 70,000; but every male in the population was liable for military service, and the seigniors of the villages and rude châteaux and the officers of the posts were men of high stamp, bearing some of the noblest names of France. In war they could bring to their assistance hordes of ruthless savages, who, under the teaching of the Jesuits, had added to their natural vindictiveness and ferocity the machinery of the warfare of the time. There were, in addition to the population, some 5,000 regular soldiers in the country, battalions of picked men from some of the finest regiments of the incomparable French infantry. Therefore, while in numbers the odds against the French were heavy, their case was not desperate.

Various disjointed attempts had been made at different points during the Seven Years' War, but after the reduction of Louisburg in 1757, Pitt determined to attack New France at every available point at once, making use of his great numerical superiority and command of the sea for that purpose. Amherst was to move up Lake Champlain, Prideaux and Sir William Johnson were to attack Fort Niagara, Stanwix was to sweep the posts on Lake Erie, and Forbes, with Washington, was to effect the reduction of Fort Duquesne. The main expedition was directed against Quebec itself, and comprised twenty-two ships-of-the-line, with accompanying frigates and transports, under the command of Vice-Admiral Saunders, convoying 9,000 men under James Wolfe. The genius of Pitt had led him to select this young man from hundreds of others, his seniors in rank—an unprecedented proceeding, by the way—and he had given him the temporary rank of major-general for the American campaign. His force, consisting of English and provincial troops, all regulars, was one of the best that had ever been assembled under the British flag. Wolfe's brigadiers, Monckton, Townshend, and Murray, were also young and capable soldiers. The army was officered by young men. Pitt's idea was that an army was to win battles and campaigns, and not to become a plaything for incompetent officers who possessed nothing but rank.

On the 21st of June, the expedition anchored off the Isle of Orleans, a few miles below Quebec, in the noble river St. Lawrence. Leaving the different garrisons along the frontier to defend themselves as best they might, Montcalm had concentrated his army at Quebec. He had under his command a

force probably of 14,000 men, of which not more than 4,000 were regulars. Of the balance, some were Canadian militia, and the larger number partisans, Indians, and undisciplined peasants. The city he had elected to defend commanded the St. Lawrence, the great way of communication through the country. Its site was one of the most magnificent on the continent, if not in the world. "Que Bec!" had exclaimed the rough sailor of Dieppe in 1535, when he first caught sight of the rock of Cape Diamond, towering for over 300 feet in the air, overlooking the deep, land-locked basin which made the magnificent harbor. Upon the crest of this tremendous mass of granite which stands almost perpendicular to the river had been erected a fortress. Toward the north the rock sloped gently down, until it was broken by a rugged plateau half-way to the water's edge, and upon it stood a walled town containing the Cathedral, the Laval University, the Ursuline Convent, and the Château St. Louis, the residence of the governor. Still farther down on the strand was the lower town, bounded on the north by the river St. Charles. Along the banks of the St. Lawrence for seven miles to the northward straggled the villages of Charlesbourg and Beauport. The St. Charles emptied into the St. Lawrence through a broad expanse of mud-flats almost impassable at low tide, and guarded by heavy fortifications at high water, together with a barrier and two floating batteries. These fortifications were continued for seven miles along the edge of the bluffs of Beauport, and terminated on the deep gorge of the rapid and practically unfordable Montmorency River, which, just before it reaches the St. Lawrence, leaps down the cliffs in a sheer fall of 250 feet, in a glorious and beautiful cataract. Beyond the citadel on the southern side of the city for eight miles there was a continuation of the plateau. The table-land terminated on the river coast in sheer and precipitous rocks overgrown here and there by stunted patches of trees and shrubbery. On the south, at Cap Rouge, it was protected by another gorge and river, and on the other side by rocky and impracticable slopes to the valley of the Charles. One or two places where the cliffs could be scaled were guarded, though their existence was unknown to the English.

Montcalm, after properly garrisoning the town, wisely chose to await attack in the entrenchments at Beauport. But the situation on the French side was not pleasant. The governor of New France, Philippe de Rigaud, Marquis de Vaudreuil, a captain in the French navy, was a jealous incompetent. No sort of harmony existed between him and Lieutenant-General Montcalm. The general administration of affairs was under de Vaudreuil, while Montcalm was supreme as to military matters, with the limitations of power not well defined between them. To further complicate matters, finance and trade were controlled by François Bigot, one of the most consummate thieves and scoundrels that ever lived. The administration of internal affairs was thoroughly corrupt. The king was robbed on the one hand, the people on the other. While the people starved and the army lived on half rations, Vaudreuil and Bigot and their satellites rioted in luxury on the plunder of their country.

Montcalm, a stern and simple soldier, struggled vainly against this state of affairs, but he was without power except so far as military matters were concerned. Before the expedition of Wolfe arrived, realizing the importance of the possession of Quebec, he had sent his lieutenant, Bougainville, afterward the celebrated circumnavigator, to France to beg aid. The king, busy with his Pompadour and his *Parc aux Cerfs* and other similar matters of state, had sent him a promotion, a star, some 400 men, and some scanty supplies, with instructions to hold on to the province at all hazards! "A little is precious to those who have nothing," sadly remarked the Frenchman, when Bougainville exhibited the results of his labors. He said that he would save the colony or die in it. The words meant much from him. The gallant little marquis was a domestic man, and was ever sighing for the advent of that day when he might return to his beloved country-seat at Candiac, and pass his days in peace in the society of his wife and children. Bougainville had brought him word of the death of one of his children, which had been reported just before the ship sailed, and the poor man never found out which child had been taken from him until he met her in heaven. His letters to his wife and mother, read to-day, after a century and a half of silence, still touch the heart with their tenderness and love.

The problem that met Wolfe was one of the most gigantic with which the human mind had ever grappled, and how to compass it he knew not. As a preliminary to the enterprise, however, he captured the Isle of Orleans and the heights of Levis, a bold promontory opposite the city. On the latter, he erected batteries, which by vigorous

bombardments soon reduced the lower town to ruins, though neither from the batteries nor the ships was he able to secure sufficient elevation to throw shells into the town, much less the citadel. For offensive purposes his ships were more or less useless, for the water was shallow on the Beauport shore and the batteries were so placed that they could fire upon the ships with impunity. But the latter lent mobility to his force, which doubled its effectiveness and signally illustrated the advantage of sea command in warfare.

Wolfe's first attempt was to land his men on the north bank of the Montmorency River, and then try to find some way through the dense virgin forests to cross the river and turn Montcalm's left. The condition of the country made this impossible. There was but one doubtful ford, which was guarded. One of Wolfe's advance parties was badly handled by the French and Indians. The open season, in the latitude of Quebec, lasts but a few months, and the whole army, working during the whole time, could not have opened a road for the advance. The plan was necessarily abandoned.

The cliff over which the Montmorency River rushes to meet the St. Lawrence is several hundred feet back from the low-water mark, and when the tide, which ebbs and flows in the river as in the ocean, was out, it was possible to ford the smaller stream; so Wolfe next decided to make an attack upon some detached fortifications which apparently constituted the extreme flank of Montcalm's line, commanded by De Lévis. He trusted that, if he could gain them, he might turn the flank of the line, make the entrenchments untenable, and force Montcalm to fight. Therefore, with the cooperation of the navy, which was always cheerfully given, he determined upon this desperate plan.

On the morning of July 31st, the line-of-battle ship "Centurion," sixty-four, with two armed transports, moved down opposite to the destined spot. The transports went so far in shore that they grounded on the flats, but all opened a furious bombardment on the redoubts. When the tide was completely out, Wolfe, leading in person the Grenadiers, the Royal Americans, and the Highlanders, which had been embarked in boats, made for the land. At the same time Monckton's brigade started down from the entrenched camp upon the heights of Montmorency to support the attack from the river. The Royal Americans and the Grenadiers first reached the shore. Without waiting to be formed and with no attempt at order, disregarding entirely the commands of their officers and without the support of Monckton's column, they rushed impetuously pell-mell toward the redoubts, the French retreating before them as they came on. Swarming over the redoubts they attempted to ascend the hill, which, they discovered too late, bristled with fortifications commanding every slope. They were met by a deadly fire, and in a few moments were driven tumultuously down the hill, where they took shelter behind the useless redoubts. Over 400 had been killed and wounded in a few moments. A violent rainstorm came up, and after it was over Wolfe, who had kept the Highlanders well in hand, seeing the futility of further attack, ordered his men to their boats. Acts of great gallantry were performed by many of the men in bringing in the wounded, whom the Indians were already creeping down the hills to scalp. Monckton's brigade did not get in action at all. Wolfe severely censured the reckless and disorderly conduct of the Grenadiers and Americans; but while the censure was deserved, it is difficult to see how any different result could have been expected. The transports were burned. The French exulted greatly over the repulse.

About this time the English general, whose physique was of the frailest, was seized by a low fever and prostrated by a wasting disease, and his life was despaired of. To the great joy of the army, however, he recovered, in part at least, and resumed command. As the season was drawing on and they had made no progress, in his desperation he suggested to his brigadiers several plans of attack upon Beauport, Charlesbourg, and the lower town, which they wisely rejected as impossible. There remained but one other thing to be tried. If by any means he could get a foothold upon the plateau above Quebec, he could force Montcalm to come out in the open and fight, and, in that event, he had no doubt of the issue. A Scotsman, Captain Stobo, who had been taken as a hostage from Washington's command at Fort Necessity and had been detained for many years at Quebec, had effected his escape that spring and joined Wolfe's army. He informed the commander that there was one practicable path up the cliffs, in a little cove called Anse de Foulon, and he offered to conduct a party to that point. It was their last chance, and Wolfe determined to embrace it.

The army and fleet had not been idle; at different intervals during the summer many ships had succeeded in running the batteries

of Quebec, and had anchored in the river above the town. Various expeditions had been undertaken, some to ravage the country on every side, and others to menace Cap Rouge and vicinity, to stop the provisions from coming down the river from Montreal. Several attempts to destroy the fleet by French fire-ships had been thwarted by the vigilance of the officers and the daring of the men. Montcalm had detached some 2,000 men under the command of Bougainville, who was stationed at Cap Rouge. Saunders had warned Wolfe that whatever he did he was to do quickly, for the near approach of the Canadian winter rendered it imperative for him to take his ships out of the harbor if they were not to be frozen up until the next spring. The French had about concluded that all danger for the year had passed, but Montcalm had not relaxed his vigilance in the slightest degree. The Canadian peasants, watching the burning of their farm-houses and the devastation of their country from the shores of Quebec, were deserting in great numbers. Provisions were short, and supplies were shorter. Still Montcalm held on, hoping that the cold weather would relieve him from the presence of his persistent enemy; he counted without his host.

On the 3d of September, the camp at Montmorency was abandoned, and troops to the number of 3,600 were embarked on the ships of Holmes' squadron above the town. Wolfe, in a small boat, carefully examined the shore, and verified the existence of Stobo's path. By the white tents at the top of the hill he saw that it was guarded, but he thought there was a possibility that the guard might be negligent and that he could surprise it. On the 4th, he fell desperately ill again. Only his indomitable energy kept him alive. He said to the surgeon that he knew his end was near, but he begged him to patch him up for a few days to enable him to complete the undertaking. On the 7th, he was so far recovered as to order a feint at Cap Rouge. The ships ran into the cove of the river, and smartly engaged the batteries and Bougainville's troops. The next two days it rained, to the great discomfort of every one, and for three days thereafter the ships moved up and down the river with the tide, making feints at landing at different points and completely wearing out the Frenchmen on shore.

On the evening of the 12th, they anchored off Cap Rouge again. It was the night selected for the undertaking. Wolfe had depleted the garrisons at Orleans and Point Levis to the danger limit, and 1,200 men marched up the opposite shore, and lay on their arms until the morning. The total force of the expedition, therefore, was about 4,800 men. Wolfe had lost over 1,000 in killed and wounded in the different attacks and in raids, and there were many sick and disabled in the hospitals. A fortunate circumstance prepared the way for the attack. It had been learned from a deserter that arrangements had been made to float several boat-loads of provisions from Cap Rouge down to Quebec under cover of the darkness. The plan was abandoned, but the sentries on the river were not notified of the change. In the cabin of the "Sutherland" the young commander sat waiting for the ebb. With him was a young naval officer named John Jervis, who had been a schoolfellow and boy-friend in England. He lived to become one of the greatest of English admirals, and he related afterward that Wolfe, after charging him with messages to his mother, took from his neck a miniature of a beautiful young woman, Miss Lowther, to whom he was betrothed, and whose picture he had habitually worn; and that he gave it to his friend with instructions as to its disposition after the action, which he felt assured he would not survive. I like to dwell upon him as he sits there, a dying man, in the flickering lamplight in the rude cabin of the ship, on the eve of his desperate hazard, thinking of home and mother and sweetheart and friends.

About two in the morning, the night being very dark and rainy, the boats were cast off, and silently drifted down the river with the young ebb, the ships following a little later. In the first boat were Wolfe himself with his staff. An officer of the Highlanders who spoke French like a native was stationed forward. In this boat and the next were twenty-four men from the light infantry who had been chosen from numberless volunteers as a forlorn hope to lead the assault. They were under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel William Howe, who later crossed swords with Washington from Long Island to the Brandywine. Not a light was shown in any boat, and in perfect silence they swiftly floated down the river. The stillness of the night, the desperate nature of their attack, the mysterious loneliness of the towering shores, must have filled their hearts with awe. In Wolfe's boat, he himself broke the silence by reciting some of the verses of Gray's famous "Elegy." Those who were

with him loved to recall afterwards that he said he would rather have written that poem than capture Quebec! As the boat passed one of the jutting curves of the Palisades, a sharp voice from the shore broke the silence with the challenge, "*Qui vive!*" "*France,*" was the instant reply made by the Highlander. "*A quel regiment?*" "*De la Reine,*" said the officer with great presence of mind, naming a regiment which was known to be at Cap Rouge. That was all. The hearts of the officers and men in the boats must have stood still. If they were discovered they were lost; but the sentry, apparently satisfied, said nothing more, and they drifted on. They were hailed again, and the same Highlander answered that they were provision boats, and that silence must be kept or they would be betrayed to the English. The current bore them swiftly around a great headland and into a little cove to the landing-place; so swiftly, in fact, that the boats brought to the shore somewhat below the destined spot. It was after four in the morning now.

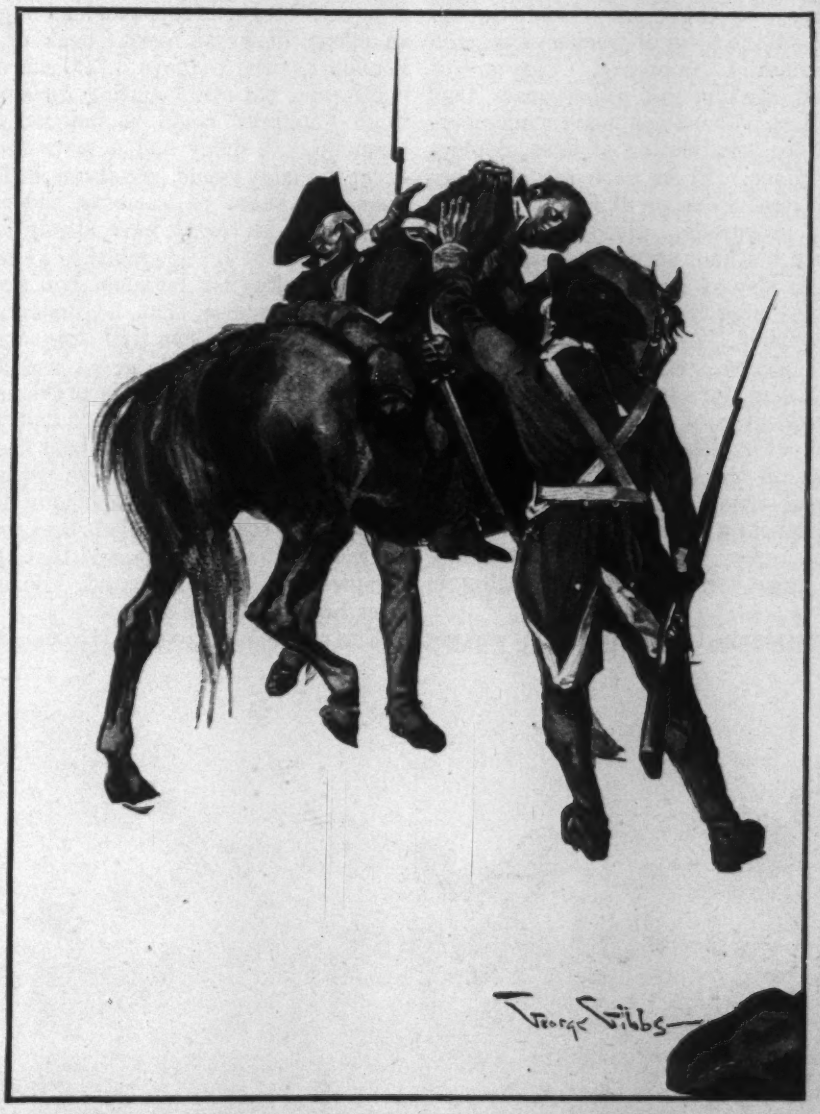
Led by the Scotsman, they soon reached the foot of the path. On the top of the hill the lights of the small encampment could be seen. Montcalm had ordered the place carefully guarded. A picket of 100 men was stationed there under the command of Captain de Vergor. This captain had been tried for cowardice and gross neglect of duty, of both of which he was undoubtedly guilty, while in command of the fortress of Beausejour. Bigot and de Vaudreuil had, however, interfered to procure his acquittal. In disobedience of his orders, he had now allowed the larger portion of his party, who were Canadian militia, to leave their posts and go home to harvest their crops. He himself was fast asleep, and a negligent watch was kept. A part of the battalion Guyenne, which had been ordered to camp near the spot, by some mistake had never left the Charles River. There were batteries scattered here and there along the shore at Samos and Sillery. Apparently all were asleep and unsuspecting.

As the men disembarked, Wolfe and his officers advanced to the narrow path trailing up the face of the cliff. They found it had been barricaded. Howe and his men, however, thought they could get up the side of the cliff, which is here somewhat less precipitous and is thickly wooded, by clinging to the projecting trees. "You may try it," said Wolfe, "though I do not think you will succeed." In silence he and his companions watched the forlorn hope scale the Palisades, while boat after boat discharged its load and went back to the ships for more. There was a crashing here and there among the trees and bushes as they disappeared; then silence. Presently the eager listeners heard the sound of a rifle shot, and then more and more, a perfect fusillade; then a British cheer! Concealment was at an end. The men at a nod from Wolfe sprang at the barricades on the path and soon tore them to pieces, and then, in a long, sinuous, red line, they toiled up the cliff toward the top, Wolfe among the first. De Vergor, the coward, had attempted to fly, and had been wounded and captured. The fall of New France rests absolutely upon his shoulders. With his picket he could have kept down Wolfe's whole army. As fast as the regiments climbed the hill they were deployed. The day was just breaking. Meanwhile, the boats had been sent back for the party on the other shore, and it was being rapidly ferried over. The sailors of the squadron dragged up two small pieces of artillery. The batteries at Samos and Sillery were attacked at once, and carried by surprise.

At the other end of the long line, Montcalm, supremely confident, was held in his entrenchments by Admiral Saunders. Boats filled with sailors and marines moved to and fro in front of the Beauport shore, and the ships of the fleet moved down and opened a furious cannonade upon the line, as if to cover an attack. Montcalm was up all night, watchful and ready. He was astonished, therefore, when a courier galloped breathlessly up to him, threw himself from his horse, and shouted that the English had established themselves on the Plains of Abraham. "They have got to the weak side of us at last, and we must crush them with our numbers," was the reply. There was galloping in hot haste in every direction. With quick intelligence he realized now that he had to fight a battle, whether he would or no, and that the fate of Quebec hung trembling in the balance. He took horse at once, and after stopping a moment to speak with Vaudreuil, rode in haste toward the town, with fixed look, saying nothing.

In the gray of the morning the soldiers of Beauport and Charlesbourg took up the line of march, trampling over the bridge, passing through the streets of the startled town. Some of the famous battalions of France—Bearn, La Sarre, Guyenne, Languedoc, and Royal Rousillon—were under Montcalm's command, backed by large numbers of mi-

litia, *coureurs de bois* in leather hunting-suits, and painted, plumed Indians. He hoped to drive Wolfe into the sea. Sending expresses to Vaudreuil to bring up the militia and de Ramesay to send him artillery from the battery of twenty-four field pieces in Quebec, other was held in reserve, leaving about 3,500 men on the fighting line. The field was an open one, partly cultivated, with clumps of trees and thickets on either side. Already the underbrush was filling with savages and partisans, and the bullets were beginning to



"HE [MONTCALM] WOULD HAVE FALLEN, HAD NOT TWO SOLDIERS SUPPORTED HIM ON EITHER SIDE."

he rode in person to the scene of the conflict. About six in the morning, the English, who had breakfasted, were drawn up in the battle formation of that day in three ranks. As the line was not long enough to stretch from one side of the plateau to the other, the left flank under Townshend was refused. One regiment had been thrown backward to hold in check Bougainville. An- fall in the English line, the men lying down and skirmishing heavily. The sky was overcast, and the rain fell in fitful showers.

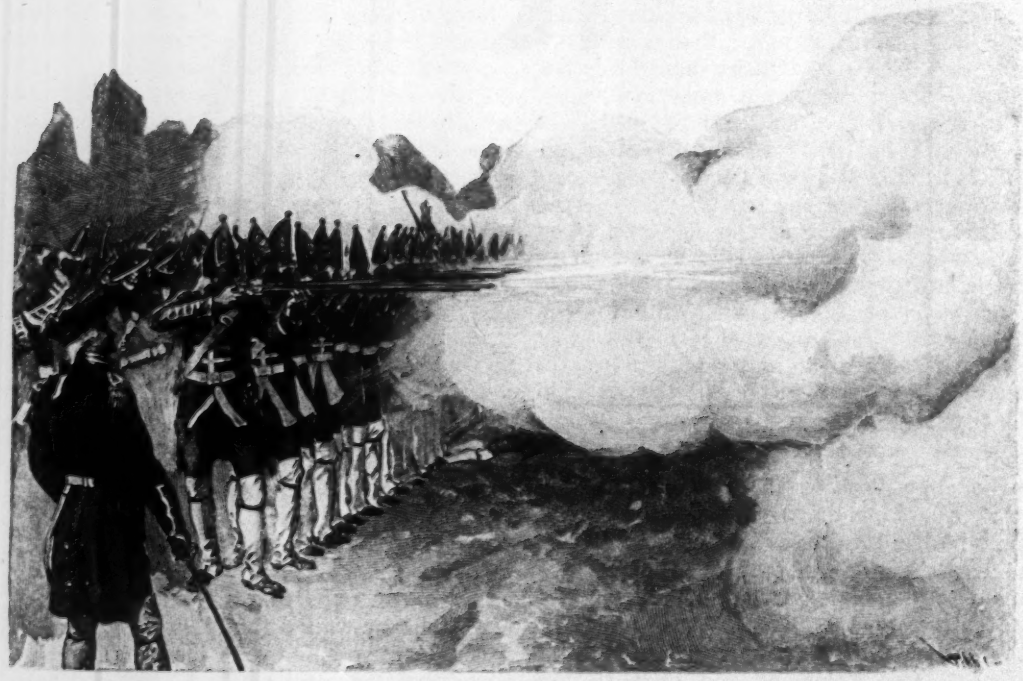
Wolfe commanded in person. He walked up and down exhorting and encouraging his men while he waited for Montcalm. Not a heroic-looking man, with his long, pointed nose, receding forehead and chin, red hair, with a head set upon sloping shoulders; a

slender, emaciated figure over six feet in height. But there was a flash in his eye and a look in his bearing which proclaimed a soldier, and all the men of his army loved him. His illness was gone, and he seemed full of vigor and energy. As he passed down the lines they greeted him with cheers.

Presently, over the crest of a little hill which shut off the view of Quebec, appeared the white coats of the enemy. Very pretty they looked against the green grass that rainy morning. There was much manœuvering to and fro, readjusting of lines, deploying of battalions. There were men on horseback there, too. The great Frenchman had his moment of parade. He, too, had ridden up and down his line, sword in hand, calling upon the chivalry of France for a last effort to sweep the hated English into the sea, and with equal spirit they had responded. The three field pieces which de Ramesay had grudgingly sent forward began to play on the two naval guns of the English. Throwing a mass of militia, Canadian woodsmen, and Indians on the left flank, to turn it if possible, and opening a heavy fire from the trees and bushes on both sides, at ten o'clock, the French army, numbering about 4,500, began to move, with Montcalm leading in person.

The generalship of Montcalm in making this attack has been questioned. There was no question as to the necessity of fighting. His position was untenable, his communications were broken, his supplies stopped, unless he could drive the English from the position; but the necessity for fighting at that moment was not apparent. There were at Cap Rouge 2,000 good troops under Bougainville, an officer of great merit; back of him, at Beauport, were perhaps 5,000 more, rather indifferent, but still counting for something, if de Vaudreuil could be induced to bring them up. A delay and a more imperative order probably would have brought him more guns than those de Ramesay had sent him. By waiting he might have strengthened his army, and with Bougainville's assistance taken the English between two fires. We can only suppose that he underrated the strength of the thin red line across the greensward, under the great red flag, and that he imagined from his previous experiences with the English, which had been fortunate, that he could easily beat them. He did not realize that they were led by a hero of heroes, that they were among the finest soldiery in the world, that they had their back against a precipice, and that they must conquer or be exterminated. So in a fatal hour he ordered the advance.

The regiments came on in some little con-



"WITH A CRASH LIKE THE DISCHARGE OF A BATTERY OF CANNON, THE FRONT RANK FIRED A VOLLEY . .

fusion, but still presented a brave show. They were pouring their fire into the stolid, silent English ranks; the skirmishers had withdrawn on the main body, the men were ready. Wolfe had given strict orders that the fire of his army should be held. The bullets of the French opened gaps here and there; men fell, and lay groaning, or still, on the sod. In obedience to his quick orders, the ranks were continually closed, and the grim front presented itself unbroken. The leader was everywhere cheering and animating his veterans. The French were nearer now, the bullets were coming harder. They were but sixty yards away—fifty—forty—twenty—the English soldiers could see the whites of the eyes of the French. A sharp word of command rang out, the gun-barrels came down; with a crash like the discharge of a battery of cannon, the front rank fired a volley. A moment after, the second rank delivered its fire; and as soon as the smoke cleared away, the third rank poured in a deadly discharge.

The head of the French army literally had been blown to pieces. The advance was halted. The ground was covered with writhing figures, the white coats, blood-stained, showing plainly upon the green grass. The line was reeling to and fro like a drunken man. There were not so many horsemen now. Montcalm, Senezergues, and the other officers made frantic efforts to reform the lines. The French regulars responded gallantly, rallying and returning the fire, but nothing could stand before the deadly regularity of the English discharges. Volley after volley rang out over the plain. The partisans in the bushes still kept up a fire. Townshend led his men forward and cleared the left flank, and then turned on the center, where the French still fought on. Monckton was badly wounded. The battle was not yet over. "Forward! Forward!" cried Wolfe, his soul aflame, and he leaped to the front of the Louisburg Grenadiers on the right. With wild cheers the army advanced, first on the double-quick and then in a wild run. Frazier's Highlanders, throwing aside their muskets and waving their terrible claymores, led them all. Menaced on three sides, there was fight in the French yet. The shattered battalions met the advance with all the heroism and gallantry of their noblest traditions.

A bullet struck Wolfe in the left wrist. He caught his handkerchief about it, and pressed on; another hit him in the body, still he kept his place at the head of the Grenadiers. Presently a third struck him in the abdomen, inflicting a dreadful wound. "Don't let me fall!" he cried to those near-

". . THE ADVANCE WAS HALTED."

est him, "lest I discourage the men." One or two sprang to his side, caught him in their arms, and laid him down on the grass. The Grenadiers, who had seen it all, gritted their teeth, and pressed on with red revenge in their hearts. There was a hand-to-hand *mêlée*. The French regulars died gallantly, the Canadian volunteers fled, the Indians had gone long since; but nothing could stop the British bayonet, the Highland steel. The French broke and ran; the real fighting had lasted but a quarter of an hour!

Back on the grass the life-blood of Wolfe was ebbing away. "It is all over with me," he said to one of the bystanders; and a moment after, as he heard one of them cry, "They run! They run!" he opened his eyes, and asked, "Who run?"

"The enemy, sir. They give way everywhere."

"Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton," he returned, still intent upon his duty in the very articles of death, with the clear instinct of a soldier still undimmed; "tell him to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River to cut off their retreat from the bridge!"

It was his last order. He turned on his side, exclaiming, "Now, God be praised, I will die in peace," and when they looked at him again, he was dead.

Montcalm, still on horseback, commanding, imploring, entreating, was swept back by the flying crowd toward the town. Just before he reached the St. Louis gate a bullet passed through his body. He would have fallen, had not two soldiers supported him on either side. Inside the gate the townspeople were listening with bated breath to the roar of the battle outside the walls. As he entered, they saw his white shirt covered with blood. "Alas, alas, the marquis is wounded!" cried a woman.

"It is nothing, it is nothing. Have no anxiety for me, my good friends," he replied.

Those of the army who could do so found shelter in the city. The greater number poured down the Côte St. Genevieve toward Charlesbourg bridge to regain their entrenchments. A little body of Canadians threw themselves into a thicket, and opened a hot fire upon the advancing English to protect the retreat, and by their courage redeemed their reputation. They were dislodged by the Highlanders after a furious fight. The delay enabled the fugitives to cross the bridge in safety. In the French camp all was confusion. The English army was recalled from pursuit, and at once threw up entrenchments. When Bougainville appeared, it was too late for his small detachment to do anything.

The casualties on both sides had been frightful. The English had lost some 700 killed and wounded, including Wolfe killed and Monckton wounded. The French had lost upward of 1,500, among them Montcalm and Senezergues, both mortally wounded. There was much that the French could have done; but the spirit went out of the army when Montcalm was stricken down, and they fled precipitately to Cartier, thirty miles away, abandoning Quebec to its fate.

The great commander was dying within its walls. When the surgeon told him that his wound was mortal, "I am glad of it," he replied; and when he was told, in answer to his question, that he had scarcely twelve hours to live, he remarked, "So much the better; I am happy that I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." He spoke in complimentary terms of Wolfe and of his successor, Levis. When de Ramesay, the commandant of the garrison, came to get orders from him, he refused to give any, remarking, "I have much business that must be attended to of greater moment than your ruined garrison and this wretched country." A different ending from that of the great English soldier! Yet he still thought of his men. One of his last acts was to send the following note to Townshend, who had succeeded to the command:

> Monsieur, the humanity of the English sets my mind at peace concerning the fate of the French prisoners and the Canadians. Feel towards them as they have caused me to feel. Do not let them perceive that they have changed masters. Be their protector as I have been their father.

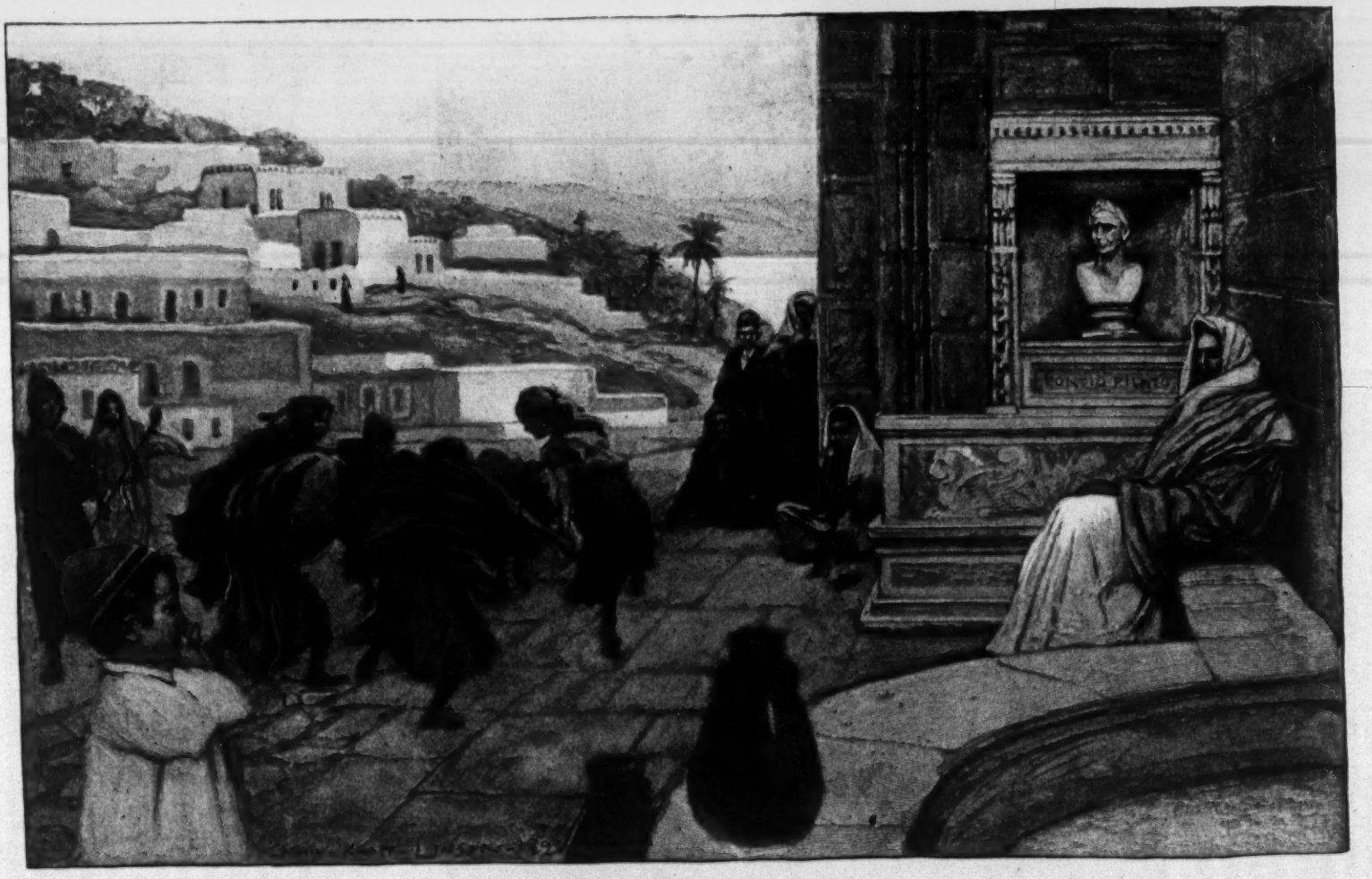
The Bishop of Quebec, himself in a dying condition, administered the last sacraments, and at four o'clock in the morning, on the 14th of September, Montcalm quietly entered into his rest. The wife and the children would wait long for him; he would never return to his beloved Candiac. No one could be found to make a coffin, and an old servant of the Ursuline Convent, procuring a few boards, nailed them together to form a rough box. In it they laid the body of the dead captain, and in the evening of the same day they buried him. There was no escort, no funeral pageantry; the officers of the garrison and some of the people, mostly women and children, joined the silent procession along the deserted streets. A shell bursting under the floor of the Ursuline Convent had made a deep cavity, which had

been shaped into a rude grave. There they laid him away, and as the clods fell upon his coffin, they sounded the death-knell of New France. On the 18th of the month, de Ramesay surrendered the town to the English.

A month later a great fleet approached the chalk cliffs of England. On the quarter-deck of the line-of-battle ship "Royal William" lay a coffin. It contained all that was left of Wolfe. A few days before the battle on the Plains of Abraham, Wolfe had sent a frank and despondent letter to Pitt, in which he told of his failures and the slender prospect of success. It had been made public, and the English people were not prepared for the news of the splendid achievement which arrived at the same time as the dead body of the commander. Oh, what a home-coming was there! Such manifestations of joy have not often been seen in England, as when the story of his great victory, the tale of his great success, had been spread abroad. Bonfires blazed on every hill, and the people fairly went mad with enthusiasm; but no sound reached the dull ear of the dead soldier on the great ship, in peace after so much suffering, so much struggling, so much heroism, such high endeavor. There was quiet in one little hamlet, where a bereaved mother thought that not all the Empire of the West, which had been won at the point of his sword, could compensate for the loss of her son; and in another home another woman bowed her head over a miniature placed in her hand by a gallant sailor, who told her the story of that last interview in the cabin of the ship.

"A GREAT FLEET APPROACHED THE CHALK CLIFFS OF ENGLAND. ON THE QUARTER-DECK . . . OF THE 'ROYAL WILLIAM' LAY A COFFIN. IT CONTAINED ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF WOLFE."

"O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead."



CHILDREN IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

Like unto children sitting in the markets, and calling unto their fellows, and saying, We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced; we have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented.—MATT., xi. 16, 17. Dr. Watson has imagined Jesus, the keen observer of men and things, seated in a shadowy corner of the market-place, and watching a company of children that have come to some disagreement in their play, one party proposing first a wedding and then a funeral, and the other sulkily refusing to take part in either. The children of Syria do not know what toys are. It follows that their play is wholly imitative of what they see; and the dance, the expression of emotion, is the commonest of sights. There is dancing at weddings, gay, vivacious, enthusiastic; and there are also funereal dances, measured, restrained.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

THE LIFE OF THE MASTER.

By the Reverend John Watson, D.D.,

Author of "The Mind of the Master," "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," etc.

Illustrated from paintings and drawings by Corwin Knapp Linson.

PART VII.—JESUS IN HIS RELATIONS WITH CHILDREN AND IN HIS DEALINGS WITH MEN.

NEVER was gracious teaching commended by a more winsome life than in the case of Jesus, and no feature in His life is more fascinating than His love for children. It may be laid down as a law that every wholesome and sweet-blooded person will delight in little children in exact proportion to his goodness, because they have come so recently from the Father, and show unto us older folk the innocence and simplicity of the Eden state. We read in them the first chapter of our history, before the storm and stress of life begin, and from middle age we regard childhood with wistful regret. As Jesus was the best of us all, He loved children most, and the imperative self-denial of His calling quickened this devotion. Although He loved to describe the marriage procession and the marriage feast, and fondly touched on the joy of the bridegroom and his friends, there could be no marriage joy for Him, and He must be a childless man. While every man went unto his own house—after some gathering of the people—He went to the hillside and to His Father; and while for others there stretched long years packed full of labor and human fellowship, He ever anticipated the tragedy of the Cross. So Jesus, lonely, homeless, doomed, turned unto the children, in whom His longing for affection was satisfied, in whose unclouded faces He forgot for the moment the shadow of the Cross. The children were the consolation of Jesus, who ever loved Him and gave Him welcome, who never suspected or turned against Him. And He was their Protector, who told His disciples that it were better for a man to have a millstone fastened to his neck and be cast into the depths of the sea than to offend one of the children, and who declared that for every child there was an angel, and that the children's angels ever saw the face of the Father.

Apart from the friendship between the children and Jesus, the sympathy of the innocent and the good, Jesus saw in His little companions a likeness of His Kingdom. It was His happy misfortune to come with an Evangel, not only so new and so glad, but also so unworldly and undogmatic that it could hardly find acceptance with the Church of His time. As Jesus looked on the Pharisees, a solid phalanx of fanatics, wedded to tradition, swathed in forms, suspicious of grace, hard of soul, His heart failed; for if this were religion, then there were none to receive His Evangel. He turned from the Pharisees to the children, and saw what He desired—the spirit and type of true religion. Here were an open mind, humility of spirit, a simple trust, a charming fancy, a spring of love. To be religious, what is it? To believe and live like a Pharisee, answered the Church. No, said the Master, to be like a little child; he who hath the child spirit hath the kingdom of God. It was a shrewd charge, and meant more than met the eye, when the Pharisees called Jesus the Friend of sinners, for it assumed a new idea of God. It had been as searching to have called Him the Friend of children, for this reproach would have implied a new idea of religion.

There are four child scenes in the Gospels, and the first was in a market-place. After the business of the day was over and the traders had departed, the open, silent space in the heart of some Galilean village passed into the possession of the children, and in the cool of the day they held their carnival. This evening they had fallen out over the game to be played. One party—having very likely been defeated in the last—were offended, and sulked. The others, having gained and being magnanimous, were full of

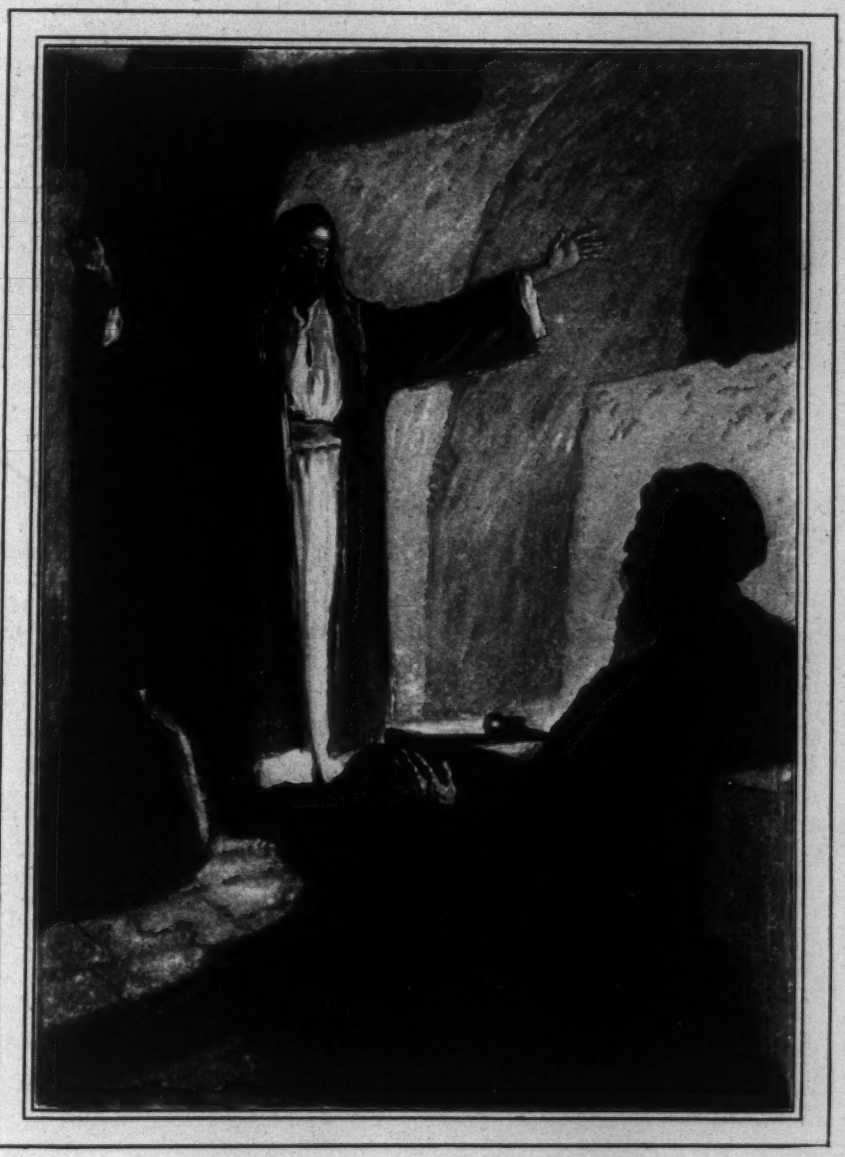
courtesy, and would do anything their playmates wished. Would they have a marriage? A procession is formed, with the bridegroom leading the bride to her new home, and the children dance and sing; but the sullen group in the corner will not move. Ah, they are sad! Then let us have a funeral; and now the procession is with slow step and loud lamentations, as when the dead are carried to the grave. And still their friends will not join. The children play in utter self-consciousness, and give no thought to the figure in the shadow, who has watched the scene with kindly, understanding eye, and will use it with telling effect as a criticism of the generation. As the children fulfil the dramatic instinct which is born in us all, and play their game without guile, without malice, without private ends, in gaiety of heart, Jesus sees human nature in its simplicity. They were not perfect; and if they had been, the children had not been lovable, for then they had been young Pharisees; they were real and unaffected. How good-natured was the one set! And if the others for the moment had lost their temper, we know how soon a child's mood changes. Most likely, before the sun went down and the children left the darkening stage, they had made up their quarrel, and were once more in high fellowship. For children bear no grudge, and carry no account of ill-will from day to day; easily cast down and easily lifted, theirs is unspoiled, natural, uncomplicated humanity. Actors they were that evening, and Jesus was mightily pleased with their acting, as no doubt, like other great souls, He was with all the young folk's games; but how harmless and pleasant was the play! By-and-by these children would grow up and take their places on a larger stage. Their openness and teachableness, their gentleness and pliability would depart, and their fresh young natures would harden into prejudices, and hatred, and ambition, and treachery. Jesus had seen the degeneration, and that is why He turned from the fathers to the children; why He could rest His mind watching the actors in the market-place with human delight, but afterward attacked their elders with scathing invective—"Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, actors."

CANA.

From a house-top to which I had gained access, I could see the white road over the hills to Nazareth, and the houses below me like great square wasps' nests baking in the sun.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

The next incident is an interior, and most likely took place in Peter's house at Capernaum. The Master had been making one of His journeys in Galilee, and that day had been telling His disciples of His death with such awe and mystery that they could neither understand nor question Him, but were struck with fear. Jesus went on before, thinking of His coming agony, and the Twelve, having nothing else to do, took up a favorite dispute, who among them should be chief. What a ghastly irony it was—these twelve full-grown men, who yesterday were hauling fishes on the sea of Galilee or receiving petty taxes, falling out and using hot words about honors in the kingdom of God, which were not temporal, but spiritual, and could only be bought with blood! Jesus overheard the squabble—not the last He would have to settle—and it served one good purpose, turning His thoughts for the moment from the Cross; but He waited His turn, who knew the right moment as He ever said the right word. As soon as they had entered the house—Jesus' home in Capernaum—Jesus asked His company what had been the cause of the dispute by the way, and instantly a shamefaced silence fell on the Twelve. They had been very keen and eloquent a few minutes ago, but now they were embarrassed for want of words. One looked at the ceiling, another at the floor, a third was interested in something happening in the street, a fourth made as though he would speak but did not, till it fell to the Master to take speech. With His quick and gentle humor He saw the opportunity for one of those rebukes in parable of which He was so fond, and which He had

so often to administer to His foolish pupils. Among the inmates of the house was a boy, Peter's little lad, we guess, who was one of the Master's fast friends, and with whom



JESUS AND NICODEMUS.

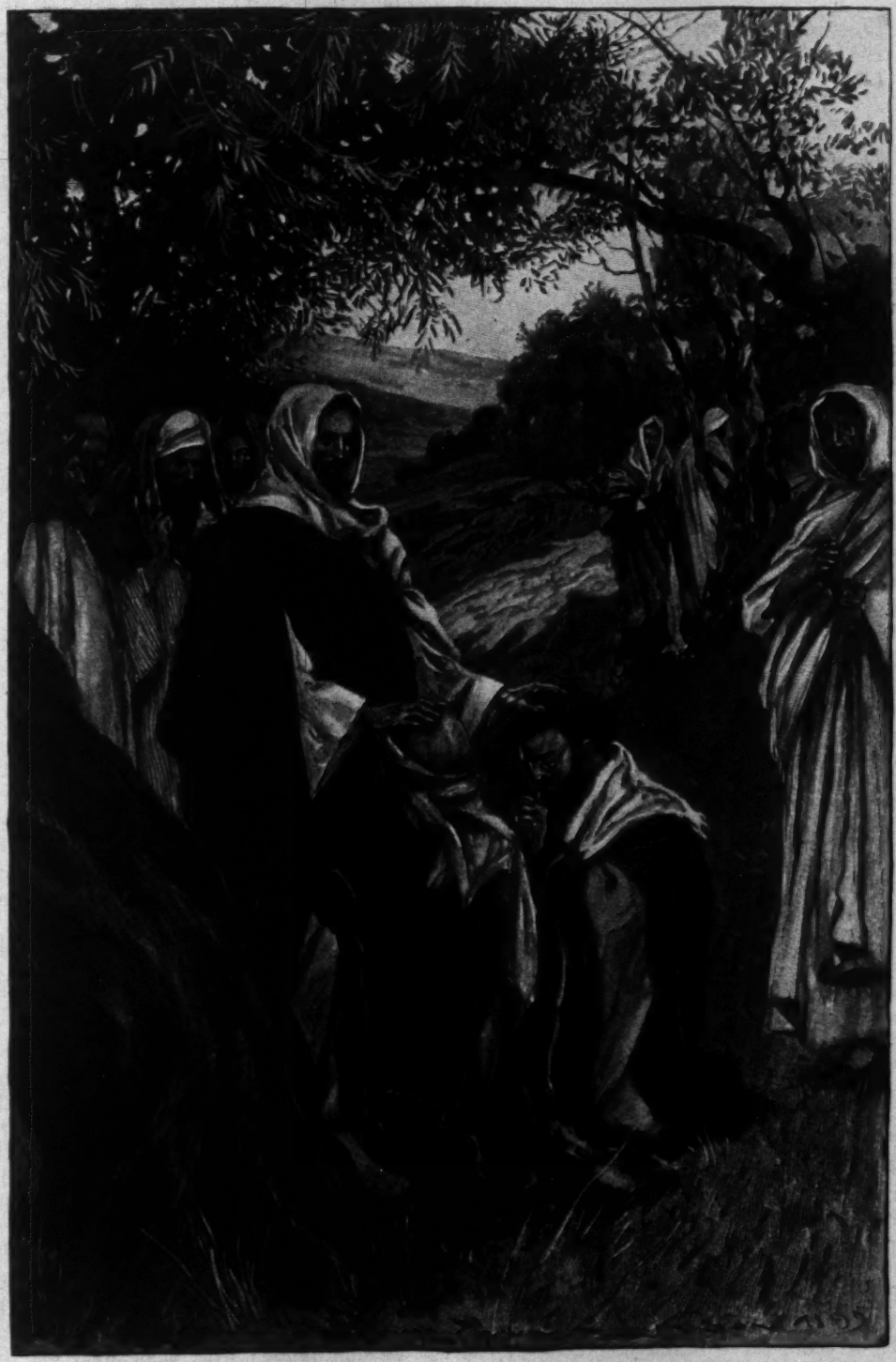
Even so must the Son of man be lifted up!—JOHN, iii. 14. Nicodemus, coming to interview the marvelous new "teacher," finds Him in His poor little room. They seat themselves on mats upon the floor, and Jesus unfolds to Nicodemus his soul, ending with the searching inquiry, "Art thou a master of Israel, and knowest not these things?" Then continuing, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee,"—Jesus is about to impart a startling truth; and rising, he bursts into the prophecy,—"Even so must the Son of man be lifted up!" Nicodemus does not grasp the full truth; he may not understand any of it yet. But he is astonished, rapt, stirred to the core by the earnestness, the mysterious force, the grandeur of the young Prophet's bearing and words; and he becomes, from this time, a secret friend.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

Jesus had many pleasant passages. He came to welcome his friend home, and Jesus took His playmate on His knee—the child had a way of flinging his arms round the Master's neck which scandalized Peter, but which the Master vastly liked—while round them stood the big, hardy, weather-beaten men, the boy's father among them. Jesus looked from the lad to His big children: a word was enough to expound the picture. How modest and unassuming, how free from self-seeking and ambition, is a right-minded child!

—and Jesus' friend was that. He does not argue nor set up his opinion; he does not assert nor aggrandize himself. He goes where he is told, and takes what is given him; he is accustomed to serve and fulfil other people's wishes. What a kindly, obliging, obedient little fellow was Peter's boy! They all knew him well; for them all he had done some slight service; for him they all had some caress, as the disciples came out and in at the Master's lodging. After all, was not this little self-forgetfulness and sweet humility greater than pride, and honor, and striving, and high places? And Jesus declared that he who had the child's heart possessed the kingdom of God.

The third incident took place in the open, when Jesus had set His face to go to Jerusalem, and it came on the back of an argument with His constant enemies, who dogged His steps in Galilee and followed Him beyond Jordan. With their characteristic taste, and their usual desire to ensnare Jesus, they demanded His judgment on the Mosaic law of divorce, which afforded Pharisees material for much discussion. Jesus discoursing on divorce or Sabbath-breaking or dinner ceremonial was very incongruous; for if there was one subject more alien to the Master's mind than dogma, it was casuistry. He answered His critics with a tired tone, as one who did not relish such subjects; and afterward He had to explain Himself to His disciples, who dwelt upon the subject as if the conditions and circumstances of divorce were a green pasture for the soul. At this very moment, by an interposition of Providence, Jesus was relieved, and was transported from the region He most disliked—the sins of impurity—to that which He loved most—the fellowship of little children. Who should break in on Jesus and His disciples but a company of women—faithful wives and pure mothers—bringing the children God had given them through the pure mystery of marriage, that His Son might bless them. Our worthy and self-important disciples were very indignant that Jesus should be troubled by mothers and children at all and at such a time. Who were they to intrude on theologians clearing up a point in casuistry with their foolishness and prattle? The disciples must guard the Master from this incursion; indeed they were often inclined to guard Him from Himself, who was only too apt to condescend to children and suchlike simple folk when He might have been debating with Pharisees. Like many wiser men, the disciples did not grasp the inwardness of a spiritual situation, and Jesus turned upon them in open anger. If there was such a curse in the world as lust, it must be dealt with; but who would wish to think of lust when Love herself was present? Were not the two glories of the spiritual life Love and Holiness? and the type of the one was a mother, of the other a young child. The mothers, who had shrunk back with their terrified children, came forward again; the frown on Jesus' face changes into a smile, and sunshine lights His eyes. He stretches out His arms, and children nestle in His bosom. The Master is content, and the children are at home with Him, for "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

The Master met for the last time with His faithful friends in august circumstances, not now in a fisherman's house nor in the open fields, but in the Temple of Jerusalem. He had made His Messianic entry into the capital in meekness and lowliness, while the people cried Hosanna till the streets rang. Then, as He entered the Temple precincts, and the sound of the men's voices died away outside, the children within took up the cry, and for the last time the House of God rang with the praise of Jesus. They paid the last public homage Jesus was to receive before His death, and at the same time they passed the first public censure on His murderers. On the one side were the priests and the Pharisees, now united in hatred against Jesus, and storming at this Hosanna; and on the other side the children full of admiration and love for the Master. Who had spiritual understanding and insight—the rulers or the children? It was taken for granted that day that it was the rulers, and they demanded that the foolish children's mouths should be stopped. Every one knows to-day that the children were wiser than the ancients, and Jesus declared that God had opened their mouths. Between them and their fathers there was this difference, that they had imagination because their hearts were still simple, and the old men had lost theirs because they were proud and worldly. Children are not the slaves of circumstances; they make circumstances serve them. With a pool of water they have an ocean, with a scrap of wood a ship, with a handful of pebbles a crew, and then come distant voyages and romantic adventures. They see what eye hath not seen, they hear what ear hath not heard. The rulers saw a Galilean carpenter, poor and unlearned, and they despised Him; their children saw grace and goodness, and they loved Him. Before the



THE CHARGE TO THE TWELVE.

And he called unto him the twelve, and began to send them forth by two and two. . . . And they went out, and preached that men should repent.—MARK, vi. 7, 12.

fathers had begun to cry "Crucify Him, crucify Him," the children had encompassed Him with Hosannas, and in their judgment the race unites. For Christianity may be regarded as a creed, with reasoned dogmas; or as worship, with beautiful rites; or as an ethic, with elevated principles: it is first of all and last of all a sublime emotion, and he understands our faith best, and stands highest in our ranks, who has the child-heart.

It is recorded of Jesus in the fourth Gospel that "He knew what was in man," and the Gospels are a commentary on the unerring personal insight of the Master. He estimated each man's character, He read each man's thoughts, He prophesied each man's action. He did not over-value effusive loyalty—putting men to severe tests who declared that they would follow Him whithersoever He went. He did not discourage genuine humility—bidding Mary Magdalene go in peace. If He was betrayed, at least He was not disappointed—He anticipated the treachery of Judas. If He seemed to trust too fondly, in the end He was not disappointed—St. Peter did bravely before His day was done. The poor bravado of the social outcasts did not hide their bitter regret from Jesus, and the dishonest act of the Pharisees did not atone for their profound unreality. When any one's faith was weak, Jesus fostered it; and if it were strong, He tried it. No group of Pharisees could murmur together but He knew what they were saying, and put them to confusion. A few of His disciples could not discuss the meaning of His words without His marking their perplexity and giving them light. He made no mistake in any of His judgments, He had no failure in any of His dealings. And from among His many interviews, with as many types of men, three stand out conspicuous, convincing, final.

A FISHERMAN OF GALILEE.

A study from life.

The first was with a *critic*, who illustrated that state of mind without prejudice or insincerity, which desires to believe, and only asks for sufficient evidence. Nathanael lived on his land at Cana, and gave himself to thought and study. He stood apart from the dogmatists of Jerusalem, for to this man's candid nature the wire-drawn arguments and crass bigotry of the Pharisees were an offense. He stood apart also from the movement of the Baptist, for to this man's refinement the excitement of the multitude was alien. He was as earnest about religion as any young man who hurried up from Galilee and hung upon the lips of the Baptist—far more real than the viper brood who came out from Jerusalem and hated the Prophet. But the form of a man's religion depends on the form into which his nature has been run, and the providences which have shaped his life; and each man must be true to himself in this matter of religion, neither imitating nor judging his neighbor. St. John went to the Jordan because there was quiet there; and Philip, Nathanael's friend, went because there was a multitude. One was a mystic, another was a man of affairs; but Nathanael was a quiet, modest, diffident, questioning person, and he stayed at home.

As the question of the Messiah filled the air, Nathanael was as busy with the quest of the day under his fig tree as the eager crowd which argued round the Baptist; but he chose to use a critical apparatus to arrive at the truth. While John Baptist laid the fear of God upon the people, Nathanael in his study was gathering what was written about the Messiah in Holy Scripture, accumulating, comparing, reconciling evidence, and creating a portrait which would satisfy his reason and by which he could identify the Coming One. He is not for an instant to be confounded with that noisy and irritating class who are proud of their cleverness and their scraps of knowledge and their jingling logic and their freedom from all

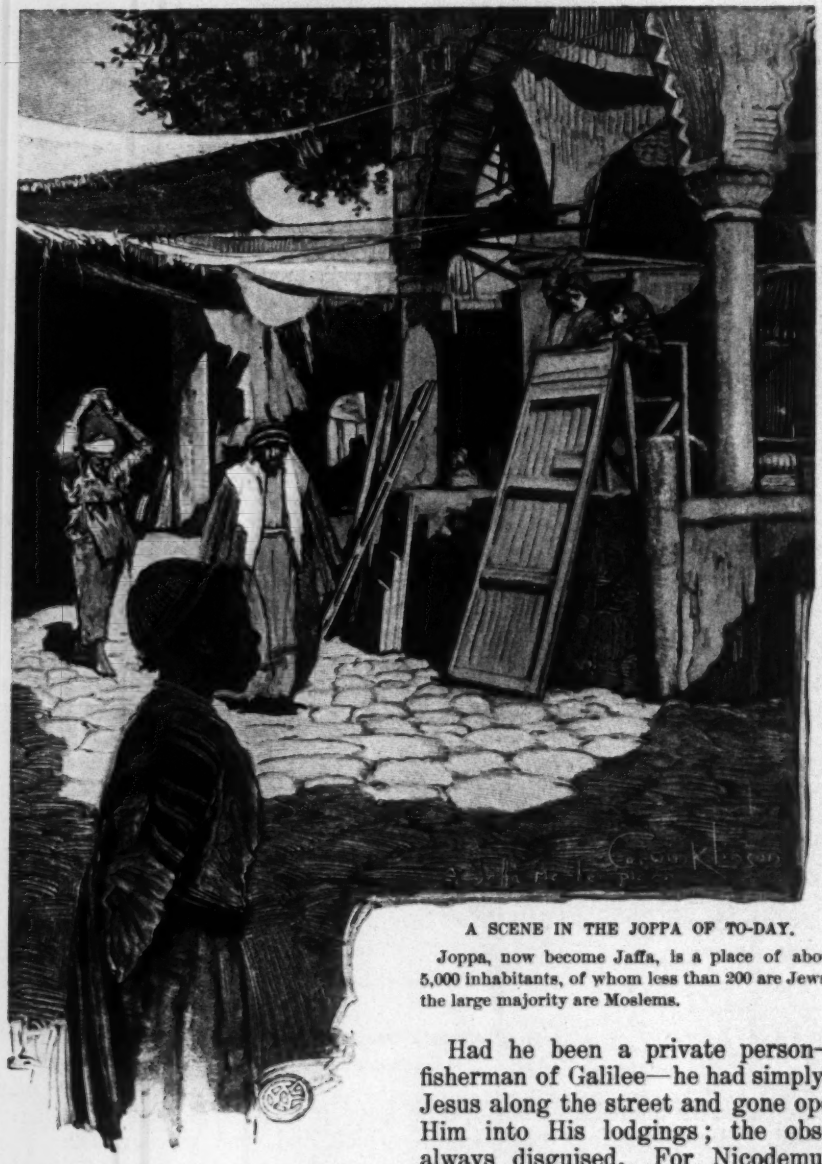
convictions. Between a sceptic and a critic there is this immense difference, that the former demands evidence which cannot be given, and the other only waits for trustworthy evidence to yield full rejoicing faith. Nathanael is the representative of a class of men to be found in all ranks and places, but chiefly among the educated and quiet folk in their retreats, who have not found the Christ, but who would give all they possess to see His face. They read every book and weigh every argument: they say no word against faith, and envy every one who believes; but whatever they lose they are determined not to lose a good conscience, and whatever they suffer they will not suffer the charge of hypocrisy.

Nathanael was so fortunate as to have a man of affairs for his friend, whom Jesus took possession of by a word; and it is refreshing to read how Philip bethought himself at once of the student busy seeking the Messiah among his books; how he carried the news of his own discovery to Cana with overflowing confidence; and how he anticipated the immediate satisfaction of Nathanael. How pathetic is it also to imagine the wistful eagerness of the guileless spirit to receive the glad news—the perplexity which clouded Nathanael's face as he heard of Nazareth, and the sad conclusion that this new prophet, who had satisfied uncritical Philip, could not be the Messiah. It was impossible that He should come from that disreputable Nazareth and contrary to the word of prophets. And yet is the question of Jesus to be settled by ancient books and theological arguments? Does it count for nothing that honest Philip has seen Him and been taken captive? Are personal testimony and experience to be ruled out of court? There are times when the sword of common sense cuts the meshes of reasoning, and it was nothing else than an inspiration when Philip advised his learned, speculative, conscientious friend to see Jesus for himself.

A FISHERMAN OF GALILEE.
A study from life.

It may seem as if Nathanael passed overswiftly from reasonable doubt to enthusiastic faith, but this transition was the great tribute to Jesus' skill and understanding. The Master did not invite a discussion on Nazareth, nor cite quotations from the prophets. What good had been gained by an academical victory over Nathanael? Jesus went to the root of religion, and answered the deepest demand in that heart. Can any one unravel the tangled skein of my thoughts, and feel the force of my temptations, and fulfil the best desires of my soul? Can he explain me to myself? Then he shall be my master, and I shall be his disciple. This is the position of the honest soul, and Jesus answered Nathanael's unuttered prayer. As the patriarch Jacob had wrestled until daybreak to know the name of God, Jesus declares Nathanael a better Jacob—an Israelite with Jacob's desire and without Jacob's guile. And when the good man acknowledges the Divine power which had read his heart and life, and accepts Jesus as the King of Israel, Jesus assures him that this is only the beginning of revelation and that the same who has explained Nathanael to himself will reveal God also to him, and that, like Jacob in his dream, this guileless soul will yet see the heavens opened, and the angels ascending and descending on the Son of Man. And that was how Jesus made a critic into a disciple. He satisfied him.

The second interview was with a *formalist*, who was the most honest Pharisee Jesus met, and it took place on the Master's first visit to Jerusalem. Among the ruling classes there was at least one man who gave a friendly hearing to Jesus. He held high rank in the Council of the nation and had a



A SCENE IN THE JOPPA OF TO-DAY.

Joppa, now become Jaffa, is a place of about 5,000 inhabitants, of whom less than 200 are Jews: the large majority are Moslems.

reputation for theology, and might have been inaccessible to new ideas. One may be sure that Nicodemus would miss a certain academic flavor in Jesus' speech dear unto scholars, and that his ecclesiastical reverence would be shocked at Jesus' iconoclasm. Still it remains that one honest man recognizes another, and an earnest seeker is ready to welcome truth. The Master had the note of sincerity, and Nicodemus was irresistibly attracted. For years he had been weary of empty rites, hackneyed phrases, barren methods; he craved for reality, and Jesus was real. If there was a secret of truth, this young provincial had it, and Nicodemus determined to have an interview with Jesus.

Had he been a private person—a mere fisherman of Galilee—he had simply followed Jesus along the street and gone openly with Him into His lodgings; the obscure are always disguised. For Nicodemus to accompany Jesus from the Temple might have created a sensation, which would have been most hateful to his temperament and would have led to unprofitable gossip. Besides his scholarly dislike to vulgar notoriety he was bound to consider the effect his action would have on his colleagues, with whom he was bound to act in concert, and on the public, who looked to him for guidance. An irresponsible person might be rash without danger; from him Jerusalem had a right to expect caution and gravity. It may be allowed, as the fourth Evangelist suggests, that fear had something to do with the expedient of Nicodemus. Nothing is more common than the union of physical courage which despises

pains with intellectual cowardice which refuses light; and of physical cowardice which shrinks from pain with intellectual courage which is afraid of no truth. Of the latter type was Nicodemus, the Erasmus of Jesus' day. His habits made him timid, and he missed the high place which might have been his; but he was honest, and his bravery grew with practice, so that in the end he was one of the faithful few who laid the Master to rest.

St. John seems to have had a house in the capital, and there most likely Jesus and Nicodemus met in the stillness of night, with no sound to disturb save the spring wind blowing down the street, with no witness save John, quiet, watchful, sympathetic, standing in the shadow of the room. They present a vivid and suggestive contrast: the old Rabbi, pallid, thought-worn, weary, the type of that which has grown old and is ready to vanish away; and the young prophet, the child of the open air, with the light of hope upon his face, representing that which is to be. It was the day of transition, and it could not pass without suffering, for the old man's heart would almost break before he closed the door on the venerable and pious traditions of the past which had been his faith; and, before Jesus had finally opened the gate of the new, His hands would be pierced with nails. So in this humble place the old and the new met face to face, and through the open window entered the wind of God.

With his first words Nicodemus reveals his position, and one is struck by the immense difference between the old and the new. Nicodemus acknowledges at once that Jesus is a Rabbi, and that He has Divine sanction, which was very candid and generous, and thus it is evident that after this courteous opening he proposed to discuss the idea of the Kingdom of God on the lines of Jewish history. Jesus anticipates this futility, and interrupts the smooth flow of the good Rabbi's speech with one of His most startling sayings: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, unless a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God." Nicodemus began with one idea of religion, and Jesus with another. To the Jewish scholar religion was the acceptance of dogma, the observance of ritual, the performance of good works, with the conventional view of God as a judicial and national Deity. To the Galilean prophet religion was an intuition of goodness, a spirit of sonship, a service of liberty, with God as the universal Father, spiritual, compassionate, beneficent. Unto Nicodemus religion was a rule; to Jesus it was a life, and one could only shift from the one position to the other by an inspiration from above. How often had Nicodemus desired to escape from his environment, of which he was weary, with its words, forms, unreality, and find himself in a new, fresh, real world! As if an old man, gray, bloodless, shriveled, should be born again, and begin life with the wonder, trust, and gladness of a little child. This vague longing Nicodemus had cherished beneath his formalism, but had put aside as a dream; and now Jesus had come to confirm the secret expectation of his soul. This was how a doctrinaire passed into a disciple. Jesus emancipated him.

A JEW OF JERUSALEM.

The third interview was with a *sinner*, Zaccheus, a chief publican in Jericho: and had any one been in the town when Jesus passed through, he had been apt to suspect that there were two men called Zaccheus, with the most remarkable physical likeness and the most extreme moral unlikeness. A Pharisee would give an exceedingly discouraging biography of Zaccheus: that he had prosecuted a disreputable business with brazen effrontery, and accumulated a fortune out of the sufferings of the poor; that he had been guilty of many acts of gross injustice, and that he associated with the most abandoned people; that he never attended the synagogue; and that, as he, the Pharisee had reason to believe, he led a wicked life. And all this the Pharisee believed, for this was the only Zaccheus the Pharisee knew. When Jesus caught the look in the publican's face, and remembered what he had heard of him, He saw another Zaccheus, who had once cherished the enthusiastic dreams of youth and had been lowered by circumstances into an unfortunate business; who had allowed himself to do many things which filled him with disgust, and who winced under the ostracism of society; who could not cross the door of the synagogue because he had been excommunicated, and who had flown in the face of conventional religion be-

cause conventional people had insulted his wife and children; who would have given all he had to win the good opinion of his fellow-men, and who longed for some one to hold out a helping hand to him. This was the Zaccheus Jesus knew.

For years the religious people of Jericho had been doing all they knew with Zaccheus, and they had made a poor business of their efforts at salvation. They had tried advice, denunciation, ostracism, excommunication, in vain: one plan they had not thought of, and that was believing in Zaccheus. This was the original idea of Jesus, who did not preach at Zaccheus, but instead thereof asked his hospitality. He could have stayed at any house in Jericho; He went to the house of a man who had been put in the pillory and pelted for a generation. When the Master said, "Zaccheus, come down, I must abide at thy house to-day," the publican heard the Gospel for the first time, and saw the clouds break above his head. One man trusted him, and that man Jesus of Nazareth. As Jesus went along the street with him under the reproach of the people, as the Master spake kindly to His host, who had never received a gracious word in his life from a good man, as the Friend of women and children gave gentle, respectful greeting to Zaccheus' family, the heart of Zaccheus melted within him. Jesus had treated him as if he were the most honorable, generous, and upright man in Jericho. This, God knew, he had not been; but this, with God's help, he was going to be. "Lord, the half of my goods I now give to the poor." Jesus had not asked him. "If I have wronged any man, this day shall I return him fourfold." Jesus had not suggested such misdeeds. Before the charity of the Master the chains of avarice, and dishonesty, and pride, and bitterness broke, and Zaccheus stood a free man before God and his fellow-men. This was God's Zaccheus. Who had been right, the Pharisee or Jesus, in his judgment or his method? "Behold him," said Jesus in the triumph of grace, "he also is a son of Abraham." And so Jesus saved a sinner by believing in him.

(To be continued.)

A JEW OF JERUSALEM AND HIS DONKEY.